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VOLUME XI

SCHELE DE VERE—STUART

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MAXIMILIAN SCHELE DE VERE

[1820—1898]

JOHN S. PATTON

THE life of Maximilian Schele De Vere was rich in the achievements of the teacher and literary scholar, but very meager in known personal details. An *étude intime* of the good professor will never be made because of his baffling reticence. Among the well-attested facts is the place of his nativity, Wexiö, Sweden, where, on the first day of November, 1820, he was born to the social station of a *freiherr*. His father was a Swede, an officer in the Prussian military service, and the paternal family name was von Schele. De Vere was the maternal name, but beyond this, and that she was French, nothing is known of Dr. Schele's mother. When the young scholar came to America he gave the coupled names of his parents, Schele De Vere, as his own, and invariably wrote the connective with a capital D; but at the University of Virginia, where he lived for fifty-one years, he was known as Dr. Schele—or Mr. Schele, as he seemed to prefer—and any one who inquired for Dr. De Vere was regarded as unacquainted with him. The authorial De Vere, which occurs on the covers of two or three of his early books, does not seem quite right to those who knew him, and was probably a bookbinder's error. A friend once induced him to write something about his life, but the few resulting pages were quite free of the personal details so necessary to a sketch of this kind. "Here" [at Wexiö], he related, "in a grim old mountain castle, my first years were spent but, at the age of eight, I was suddenly, with the whole family, transplanted to southern Germany. . . . . I was young enough, with organs of speech quite pliant yet, to learn German rapidly, and even to outstrip my father, to whom *sechs hundert und sechs und sechzig* remained a shibboleth for life. It so happened that the fortress he commanded lay near the Polish frontier, and the great magnates of that unfortunate nation frequently came across to break the monotony of their semi-barbarous life by a glimpse of the festivities and great ceremonies of the city. These visits were returned, and thus an opportunity was offered to acquire at least one of the idioms of the Slavic family. It is a common saying that to him who was born a Slav, or had the rare good luck of learning to speak their language, no other idiom presented any difficulty. When I

here add that according to almost universal custom in better families the children were entrusted to a French *bonne,* or governess, and that French was the common language of the household, it will be seen how easy it was made to speak several languages, and thus to acquire riches that do 'not give themselves wings and disappear.' That the medal has its reverse need hardly be told; thus it fell to my lot to have a nurse from Brittany to rule over my earlier days, and now, at three score and ten, the Frenchman who meets me will smilingly say: 'You are a Frenchman,' and at once temper the sweet savor of the compliment by adding 'though not a Parisian—evidently a Breton.' So much for the unlucky 'burr' which has stuck to me through life with a pertinacity that I have often thought almost fiendish. . . . It had been a sudden but most pleasant change from the gruesome old castle, buried amid lonely and most melancholy pine forests, and a climate varying from six months' green winter to six months' white winter, to lovely Silesia, where the giant mountains rise gently from the vast plains, covered with golden wheat fields and rich vineyards. But youth is restless; we all wished to see what was on the other side of that gigantic barrier that shut us out from the 'dew-dropping South.' It was then that my father adopted a rule which, like so many things we do as unconscious tools in the hands of our great Master on high, never knowing what strange returns may come back to us from 'bread cast upon the waters,' afterwards gravely influenced my fate in life. He found out that I longed to see Italy, 'to walk in the forum where Cæsar had bled and Cicero had spoken,' and to gather the golden fruit, as it grows in the garden of the Hesperides. Thus he summoned me—how I dreaded these interviews with the stern old soldier!—and kindly said: 'You wish to see Italy. I have no objection. Nothing helps more to form the mind than to see other nations with other creeds and other manners than ours, and yet our equals, if not superiors. You shall have what you need to spend six months beyond the Alps as soon as you can read me an Italian paper.' Oh, how I studied and worked during every leisure hour! By night and by day, week after week, until I could stand the required test, and the next morning I started on the first of my many outings of the kind. I learned a new language and saw a new country, little thinking then that the knowledge acquired for mere pleasure and to satisfy my father's whim, as I thought it then, would before long become the means of earning my daily bread."

At seventeen Schele entered the University of Berlin, and remained three semesters. At Bonn he studied during two, and formed a close friendship with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. After another semester at Berlin, that university conferred upon him the

degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1841, two years before he came to America. The following year Greifswald made him a *juris utriusque doctor*. It is said that he studied Roman law in the Eternal City; that he was first in the military and then in the diplomatic service of Prussia; and that he fought with the French in Algiers. His military and diplomatic services were crowded into about a year, 1842-1843, the year of his departure for America. In this time the French, led by General Bugeaud, were making the decisive campaign in Algiers against Abd-el Kader, which broke that Emir's power, razed his forts, and scattered his rude armies; but young Schele owed military service to Prussia, if to any government, and it is impossible to think of him in the rôle of Dalgetty.

In 1843 Dr. Schele came to America. It is not surprising that he went to Boston, the seat of the most prosperous American university. George Ticknor had been one of its professors, and was still living there; Longfellow was of the faculty. Both of these Americans knew their Europe, and cultured Europe knew them. Longfellow's books were on sale in perhaps all the cities across the Atlantic, for the fidelity and elegance of his translations had won a large sale. His "Outre-Mer" delighted cultivated readers in Europe and America, and his "Voices of the Night" was heard around the world. Undoubtedly they reached Schele at Berlin, Bonn, or Greifswald.

After a brief year in Boston, during which he studied modern Greek, the chair of modern languages in the University of Virginia became vacant by the resignation of Dr. Charles Kraitsir. One likes to think that Ticknor, whom Jefferson invited to this professorship when it was founded, pointed Dr. Schele to Virginia and was influential in procuring his election, which occurred on September 25, 1844. Every member present at the meeting of the visitors voted for him—Chapman Johnson, rector; John H. Cocke, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, William C. Rives, and Samuel Taylor.

It was in the closing months of his twenty-fourth year that he reached the University, and sought the presence of the chairman of the faculty, the distinguished scientist, William Barton Rogers. While Dr. Schele was the youngest member of the faculty, he found others of congenial age. Dr. Cabell and the younger of the Rogers brothers were seven years older. Gessner Harrison, Courtenay, and William Barton Rogers were in middle life, and George Tucker and Henry St. George Tucker were the patriarchs of the little community of scholars. It was a delightful social circle into which he was admitted. At the center of the circle, locally speaking, were the families of the professors, living now in quiet and peace on the University lawn, from which the tumults and alarms of past years

of reckless undergraduate escapades had been banished by the steady growth of sentiments of respect and esteem between faculty and students. In the country around were the hospitable gentry of that day—the Randolphs at Edge Hill, the Nelsons at Belvoir, the Riveses at Castle Hill and Carlton, the Stevensons at Blenheim, to name only a few of those who gave distinction to the private and public life of Virginia. This atmosphere the young Baron from sunny Silesia found congenial. The gentle courtesy of the Virginians was matched by his own, and he contributed somewhat to the complacency of his circle. "We were sure," one who knew him in those days said, "that what Dr. Schele did was the correct thing, and that we could copy his dress and be certain of being in fashion."

After five years in this *entourage,* Dr. Schele led to the altar Eliza Wydown Rives, the nineteen-year-old daughter of the distinguished jurist, Alexander Rives of Carlton. Three days after the birth of his only child, Minna Eliza, the young mother died, and the child followed her to the grave in 1864, aged thirteen. Dr. Schele's second wife was Lucy Brown Rives, sister of the first Mrs. Schele. This marriage occurred in 1860, and, like the first, at Carlton; the celebrant in both cases was the Rev. Richard K. Meade, rector of Christ Church, Charlottesville.

It was a place "whose genius was work" wherein Dr. Schele made his home for more than half a century. Though he expected and was willing to do much, he must have been appalled at the undertaking of his predecessor to give courses in French, Spanish, Italian, German, and Anglo-Saxon and their literatures, especially at his complacent offer, in addition, "to teach the Roman (or language of the Troubadours), Portuguese, and Valachian, Danish, Swedish, Icelandish, and Hollandish, Slavonian, Bohemian, Polish and Russian"!

He was soon distinguished as a teacher and as a writer on philology. His published language studies were in a vein which has since received much attention from authors whose books are possibly more popular in appeal and more critical in tone and attitude, but less surely based on sound and catholic attainments. His first work was more technical, a Spanish grammar and 'Outlines of Comparative Philology.' These and 'Leaves from the Book of Nature' (1850) constituted his ante-bellum productions.

The period of the Civil War was with him a time of literary activity. The professors were required to remain at the University and keep its classes going, although the number of students diminished to less than fifty. There was at first a disposition among them to enter the military service of the Confederacy, and two did so. For a time, indeed, the faculty were drilled in preparation for the field,

and Dr. Schele was drillmaster. His warlike employment soon ceased, and the professor of modern languages, with some leisure at command, took up the pen and gave over thoughts of the sword. Then and afterward he produced these works: 'Studies in English, or Glimpses of the Inner Life of Our Language' (1866); 'The Great Empress: A Portrait' (1869); 'Wonders of the Deep' (1869); 'Americanisms, or the English of the New World' (1871); 'Modern Magic' (1872).

For a time he was busy with translations, of which these should be mentioned: Spielhagen's 'Problematic Characters' (1869), and its sequel, 'Through Night to Light,' published the same year, and the same author's 'The Hohensteins.' Among renderings from the French were Saintine's 'Myths of the Rhine' and some of Gaboriau's novels. He also contributed to the *Southern Literary Messenger, Putnam's, Harper's,* and probably other magazines, and delivered some very graceful addresses, one of the most interesting being his remarks at the laying of the corner-stone of the chapel at the University of Virginia. To the end of his life he used his pen diligently, producing an advanced French grammar and a work on the French verb, and doing important editorial work on the 'Standard Dictionary.' In all that he wrote one finds knowledge, sureness of statement weighed and guarded against error, literary mastery, respect for things worth while and reverence for things sacred.

In 1894 Dr. Schele completed fifty years of continuous service in the University. The record was no more remarkable for the long unbroken stretch of years than for the industry, ability, and charm with which he urged upon the students who filled his lecture-room the keys to the treasures of modern literatures. It is justly said of him that, at a time when older and wealthier colleges in America had not recognized the value of the comparative method, he gave to modern philology a new dignity and offered a course which was followed by hundreds with enthusiasm. His colleagues and former students made the fiftieth anniversary of his appointment memorable by presenting to him a large punch-bowl of solid silver "in recognition of the lasting value of his half century of distinguished service and in testimony of their enduring regard." Distinguished men wrote to praise him. "His services to the science of language have been great," said a profound scholar; "his personal influence on students has been greater."

A year later, having in a fine way devoted the best years of his life to the State, Dr. Schele retired from the faculty of the University. He resided in Washington the remainder of his life, which closed at the Providence Hospital, May 10, 1898. He was buried from Christ Church, Navy Yard, in Rock Creek Cemetery, the pall-

bearers being Holmes Conrad, Leigh Robinson, Charles L. Bartlett, Oscar W. Underwood, John Sharp Williams, William A. Jones, William B. Matthews, and E. I. Renick, all of whom had been his students. Two months later the body of his wife was laid beside him.

John S. Patton.

MR. JEFFERSON'S PET

It was a bright, sunny day, such as the Indian summer is apt to bring to our favored land, when, in the little town of Charlottesville, a solemn meeting was held by its most influential citizens. They had assembled to consult about the expediency of reviving a modest country school, known under the somewhat ambitious name of the Albemarle Academy, which had originally been endowed out of the spoils of the old church establishment, but was no longer able to support itself. The worthy men who had taken the matter in charge, partly with a view to the needs of that portion of the State, which was growing rapidly in wealth and intelligence, and stood sadly in want of a good school, partly with an eye to their own interests, were much at a loss how to organize a satisfactory scheme. They were on the point of abandoning the plan, when one of them descried afar off the tall form of a horseman rapidly coming down the public road that led from an eminence called Carter's Mountain in the village. He was superbly mounted on a thorough-bred horse, and managed it with the perfect ease of a consummate rider who has been familiar with horseback exercise from childhood up. As he came nearer, the stately proportions of his frame became more and more distinct, and even the fire of his clear blue eye could be discerned under his broad-brim hat. He was clad from head to foot in dark gray broadcloth of homely cut, while his noble open countenance was rising with a firm and self-poised expression from an immense white cravat in which his neck was swathed. Fast as he came, it was evident that nothing escaped his attention:

here he noticed an open panel in a farmer's fence, and there the leaking gutter of a townsman's house; he cast a searching glance at every horse or ox he met, and courteously returned the greeting of young and old. As he was recognized by the anxious men in council, they rose instinctively from their seats on the court-house green, and an expression of welcome relief rose to every face. When one of them said, "Let us consult Mr. Jefferson," he received no reply; he had only uttered what was in every man's heart at the same moment.

So they invited their illustrious neighbor who had but a short while before exchanged the White House, with all its high honors and severe labors, for the ease and comfort of his own Monticello, to join their council and to aid them by his advice. He dismounted with the alacrity of youth, carefully fastened the reins of his horse to the railing, as he had tied them to the palisades of the President's house in Washington, after riding down horse-back to his inauguration; and unscrewing the top of his cane, he opened its three parts, which formed the legs of the stool, and seated himself on the ingenious contrivance, one of the many results of his own inventive skill. Then courteously acknowledging the honor done him by his friends and neighbors, the ex-President listened attentively to their argument, now and then throwing in a judicious question so as to elicit the most important facts, then gave his opinion. Great was the astonishment of the good men of the village when he rejected their modest plans, and spoke of them with a harshness little in keeping with his usual urbanity. But greater still was their surprise when he continued, and now urged them to convert their paltry academy at once into a college, and to do something that might redound to the credit not only of their good county of Albemarle, but of the State of Virginia. This was so far beyond the range of their vision, and the plan seemed to them so much above the means of the youthful commonwealth—especially with old William and Mary College rising before their mind's eye in all its prestige of ancient fame and ample means—that they could not at once enter heartily into his views. Still, Mr. Jefferson's words were law to his neighbors then, and when he suggested a way in which an endowment might be obtained, by subscriptions in the adjoining counties as well as in their

own, and indorsed his view by pledging himself at once to a considerable sum, they hesitated no longer, and, in their official capacity as trustees, on the spot drew up the necessary resolutions.

It was no new thing, however, with Mr. Jefferson, this idea of a great college for his native State. As far back as the year 1779, when he was called upon by the General Assembly of Virginia to prepare a code of laws, he had incorporated in it, with the reluctant consent of his eminent co-laborers, not only a provision for a university, but, what is far more remarkable and interesting, by the light of modern progress, a complete scheme of free common schools. His almost marvelous sagacity and foresight induced him to declare then—nearly a hundred years ago—that free schools were an essential part, one of the columns as he expressed it, of the republican edifice, and that without such instruction, free to all, the sacred flame of liberty could not be kept burning in the hearts of America. And what appears perhaps equally striking is that in his plan for his university, minutely elaborated so far back in the past century, he already introduced ample and wise provision for schools of applied science, such as are but now beginning to form an essential part of our best institutions. Like all great men, however, Mr. Jefferson was far in advance of his age, and we need not wonder, therefore, that his State followed him but slowly and at a great distance in his far-seeing plans. It was not till 1796 that his proposal was acted upon by the Legislature, though to their honor be it said, a law was then passed providing for a general system of free schools. The enactment, unfortunately, shared the fate of so many Virginia resolutions—it remained an empty promise on the statute-book, and was not carried into effect till in our own day.

Now, however, when relieved of his grave and oppressive duties as head of a great nation, he reverted with increased ardor to his first love, and with an energy and affection very touching in a man so eminent among the great of the world, and so overwhelmed with work and admiration alike, he devoted himself heart and soul to his favorite idea, the building up of a great university. After subscribing a thousand dollars for the new school, an example which was at once followed

by eight of his more opulent neighbors, he obtained a charter for the new "Central College," refusing with wonted modesty the use of his own name for the institution, and forthwith proceeded to select the site and erect the buildings.

Fortunately there was no lack of beautiful sites in the immediate neighborhood of his beloved home. From his lofty dwelling he looked down upon scenes favored as few are in this land abounding with fair landscapes and majestic sites. Overlooking from the terrace before his front-door the picturesque breach in the mountains through which the Rivanna makes its way from the higher table-lands of the Old Dominion to the lower districts on the sea coast, he beheld toward the west a country rich in all that makes God's earth lovely and dear to our hearts. Dotted here and there with ample woods, now rising dark and solemn in masses of evergreen, and now glorious in a rich exuberance of colors, the pride of the tulip, the gum, and the maple, with an undergrowth of rosy redbud and virgin dogwood blossoms, the land rises in rolling waves till it reaches here gently swelling hills and there abrupt towering masses, called in the homely language of the people the Ragged Mountains. And thus range follows range, unfolding in unbroken succession new beauties and varied views, till the enchanted eye, gently led upward from terrace to terrace, rests with ineffable delight upon the marvelous blue and the soft outlines of the long, lofty mountain range which stretches along the horizon from south to north, worthy of its well-known name, the Blue Ridge. The silvery band of the Rivanna binds for miles and miles the lower scenes to the mountains above, while thriving villages and cozy homesteads, each, after Virginia fashion, snugly sheltered under a noble group of oaks and locusts, suggest pleasing thoughts of happy hearts and well-rewarded labor. Far as the eye could see, all was peace and prosperity, and no visitor ever came from foreign shores who did not, upon beholding this beautiful scene, lift up his heart to the great Creator, and bless the happy people whose lines had fallen in such truly pleasant places.

There was no difficulty, therefore, in finding for Mr. Jefferson's pet a suitable and attractive site; the only trouble was to choose between so many that all seemed equally eligible. He selected a hill of commanding elevation, a little more than a

mile to the north of the village, which seemed to combine in an unusual degree all the requisites for a desirable site. Tradition, however, says that the owner of the land, a political opponent of the ex-President's, held his principles in such utter detestation that he would on no account have anything to do with him, and preferred the loss of a certain and considerable increase of wealth to the abandonment of his personal feelings. It became thus necessary to choose a less commanding eminence, which was speedily levelled down so as to present a vast plateau of nearly two thousand feet in length with a proportionate width, and, opening toward the south, commanded in that direction a vast prospect full of picturesque beauty.

Who can tell what feelings of gratification and just pride must have swelled the heart of the great man when at last he saw the first buildings rise on the ground on which he hoped to see a great and prosperous university gather within its walls a thousand of the young men of the land? He had cherished this hope amidst the throes of the Revolution, and in the very first years of the independence of his native country. When our people were still learning the first rudiments of political wisdom he had already foreseen the wants they would feel in full manhood; and while his neighbors and the whole South were still content with old corn-field schools and ill-taught academies, he bore in his mind the full-grown scheme of a university that should rival Harvard and successfully imitate the great institutions of the Old World. For nearly two-score years he had persistently pursued the great object, and, against all odds, obtained at least sufficient success to fill him with new hope and encourage him to new effort. Utterly unselfish in his great scheme, he never thought for a moment of his own interests or his fame; but with a singleness of purpose blended in rare harmony with marvelous sagacious intuition, he merely desired to prepare his countrymen for the novel and important functions to which they were summoned by their new-born independence. Fortunately he had noble coadjutors in his labors. Presidents Madison and Monroe, his successors, lent him all the wisdom and worldly experience that had rendered them famous in the councils of the nation and at the rudder of the ship of state; and inferior

only in worldly renown, but fully their equal in lofty virtues and eminent ability, Joseph Carrington Cabell stood by his side, fighting his battles in the Legislature, and winning many a victory over public and private enemies which his illustrious friend could not easily have obtained. In 1817 the three Presidents met in solemn council at Monticello to discuss the details of a university—for such Mr. Jefferson had in the meantime decided the "Central College" should become, not in name only, but in all essential features; and from that day the university became the subject of his most earnest efforts during advanced manhood, as it was the last care of his declining years.

The familiar saying that God gives the opportunity, and man has to improve it, had in the meantime found a most striking illustration in his native State. By the agency of a gentleman unknown to Mr. Jefferson a literary fund had been created by act of Legislature. It consisted of the proceeds from certain escheats, forfeitures, fines, property derelict, and similar sources of smaller value, and was intended to provide for the educational wants of the State. At a later period it was largely increased by considerable sums of money paid by the Government of the United States to Virginia for services rendered and sacrifices made during the War of Independence. This fund perhaps first suggested to Mr. Jefferson the possibility of carrying out his pet scheme; and in the sequel he knew how to employ his almost intuitive knowledge of the springs of human action, and his great skill in putting them into operation, so well as to obtain from the Legislature a lion's share for his favorite child. In the following year, acting in accordance with an act passed in early spring, and authorizing the use of $45,000 annually for the primary education of the poor, and $15,000 to endow and support a university, commissioners met at Rockfish Gap to digest and prepare the necessary measures.

It is one of the peculiarities of this country, due to its exceptional mode of development, that the great cities, New York, perhaps, excepted, are but rarely the scenes of important assemblies; for as the centres of population and wealth are shunned by legislative bodies, who prefer to meet in smaller towns, free from undue and yet unavoidable influences, so

very often, also, the greatest movements have not only originated but reached their consummation in obscure places, unknown to the world and often to the country itself. Such was the case in this instance. High up in the Blue Ridge, at an elevation from which the eye takes in at a single glance a variety of scenes unequalled on this continent for beauty and loveliness, a little river rises in a dark gorge, to fall gently from terrace to terrace, and after a brief and rapid course, abounding with falls and cascades of infinite attractiveness, to pour its waters into James River. As the mountains here sink to a low level, and thus afford one of the passes through which in older days immigrants passed from what is called the Piedmont region of the State to the great Valley of Virginia, the place has received the idiomatic name of Rockfish Gap. Here, at a modest country inn, unpretending in appearance, but offering an abundant and well-served table, far from the turmoil of cities and the excitement of politics, met a party of men remarkable for their ability and virtue amidst a people which had already given four Presidents to the Union, and was well known to possess as much private as public worth. In the low-ceiled, whitewashed room, the whole furniture of which consisted of a dining-room table and rude "split-bottom" chairs of home make, sat the President of the United States, Mr. Monroe, and two of his predecessors, Mr. Madison and Mr. Jefferson, besides a number of judges and eminent statesmen. "Yet," says one of Mr. Jefferson's biographers, "it was remarked by the lookers-on that Mr. Jefferson was the principal object of regard both to the members and spectators, that he seemed to be the chief mover of the body—the soul that animated it—and some who were present, struck by these manifestations of deference, conceived a more exalted idea of him on this simple and unpretending occasion than they had ever previously entertained." He certainly gave a striking proof here of his marvelous sagacity combined with unwearying industry. He had shrewdly foreseen that competing interests would conflict with his own wishes, and especially with the selection of a site for the new university. His sagacity was not at fault, for various other towns, and among them Lexington, where an institution, endowed by Washington himself, was already doing much good, urged their claims through able rep-

resentatives. But he was fully prepared to meet them, and came armed cap-à-pie. He first exhibited to the board an imposing list of octogenarians who were still living in his neighborhood, and thus proved more conclusively than all reasoning could have done the remarkable salubrity of the climate of Albemarle. Having thus completely defeated his adversaries, who founded their special claims for the valley upon its superior healthfulness, he next produced a piece of card-board, cut in the shape of the State of Virginia, and showed by a glance that Central College was actually the territorial centre of the commonwealth, thus establishing a strong argument in favor of his own choice. But he did not rest there; by another ingenious device he proved, on a similar piece of board, on which he had, with painstaking industry, entered the population of every part of Virginia, that he had succeeded in selecting nearly the centre of the population also, and thanks to these practical proofs of the wisdom of his choice, and the almost paramount prestige which his name exercised on the commissioners, they agreed unanimously that Central College should hereafter be the "University of Virginia."

In the following year, 1819, the General Assembly granted a charter for the new institution, and no more striking proof can be given of the earnestness with which the great founder pursued the darling device of his later years than the fact that he transcribed with his own hand, and in his well-known, beautiful writing, the minutes of the board down to the smallest detail. He who had for so many years, and in the most troublous times, ruled the affairs of a great nation, after having filled the highest offices in the gift of the people abroad and at home—he whose house never ceased to overflow with admiring visitors from every part of the globe, and who yet ever entertained the humblest of his fellow-citizens with the same scrupulous courtesy and urbanity which he showed to foreign princes and renowned generals—he whose correspondence occupied him, as he tells us, from sunrise to one or two o'clock, and often all night long—this man, so rich in honors, so vast in his thoughts, performed the very humblest labor, and condescended to the minutest details, when his pet, the University, seemed to require his attention. He recorded with his own hands the minutes of the Board of Visitors, and twice, at

least, copied their annual reports to the General Assembly. These interesting proofs of his industry and the deep interest he took in the child of his old age, are still preserved in the archives of the University, and recall forcibly the words of the wise king: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings!" Even in the purely formal interests of routine business in the visitors' record there are every now and then most touching indications of the joy of heart with which he witnessed the gradual fulfilment of his hopes; and in his letters, especially in some of the most interesting lately rescued and published by his gifted grand-daughter, Miss Sarah S. Randolph, this sentiment of intense and yet unselfish satisfaction shines forth conspicuously.

The buildings originally intended for the Central College, but now considerably enlarged, so as to fit them for a university, soon began to engross his whole attention. Every hour he could spare from his almost overwhelming correspondence, from his boundless hospitality, and the rare intervals he devoted to quiet enjoyment in the bosom of his family, was henceforth given to the superintendence of his great work. He soon found that all his energy and activity were barely able to accomplish the task, while during the same time his superior judgment and matchless address in overcoming obstacles of every kind were urgently needed to provide the pecuniary means for securing its completion. On him devolved the duty not only of furnishing the architectural plans and elevation, but also of procuring workmen, at a time when skilled labor was still rare in our cities, and almost unknown at any distance from the sea-board. With indefatigable diligence and perseverance he engaged the best bricklayers and carpenters that could be obtained, and with his own hands showed them how to measure and how to work. He prepared draughts of every subordinate detail and then watched over their faithful execution with unremitting care. Fortunately he had, among other tastes, cultivated also a special taste for architecture; and his portfolios were filled with drawings from Palladio and other great masters, as well as with copies of all the most famous structures of antiquity. He now found an opportunity to carry out the long-cherished schemes of his patriotism in providing for the education of the youth of his country, and

at the same time to gratify his great fondness for building. Each of the professors' houses, which he preferred calling pavilions, was thus adorned with a Grecian portico, in which he exhibited to his admiring countrymen models of all orders, and for ever brought before the eyes of the students the finest specimens of classic architecture. Skilled sculptors and able carvers were by him imported from Italy for the special purpose of copying in costly marble the best models, and he himself watched over their faithful execution to the smallest detail. . . .

It was his ambition that the University of his native State should give a course of education equal to any other in the United States, for he never thought of building the institution up into a monument of his own greatness. His aim was as pure as it was lofty. He loved literature and science for their own sakes, and wanted to see them cultivated in his native land; but he also valued education, and especially the highest grade of it, as an essential condition of republican institutions. No doctrine is more frequently repeated in those of his letters which refer to the University than this—that a wide diffusion of knowledge among the people is essential to a wise administration of a popular government, and perhaps even to its stability. Before deciding this grave question of the future faculty, he took pains to inform himself thoroughly on the subject, studying the history of German universities as well as of Oxford and Cambridge, and inducing his old friend and frequent visitor, Mr. Dupont de Nemours—high authority on such subjects—to write an essay on the best scheme of colleges in the United States.

When he proceeded, with all this light before him, to look around for able professors, he soon found that the most capable men in this country were already engaged, as such talents and ability as he required were then by no means redundant. To entice them from other institutions would have been invidious, and so unwarrantable as to expose him to severe censure; to take inferior men would have disappointed public expectation, and was contrary to all his hopes and aspirations. He had to turn to Europe, therefore, and fortunately was able, through a well chosen agent, in 1824, to engage a number of well-qualified professors, among whom there was

not an obscure man, nor one whose private character and general religious principles were not such as to bear the closest scrutiny. The names of Charles Bonnycastle, well known in science, and of Robley Dunglison, preëminent in the annals of medicine, have a good sound wherever they are heard, while Thomas Hewitt Key and George Long earned no small fame in Virginia, and even more, subsequently, in England, to which they returned, and where the latter still stands foremost, enjoying the highest reputation for ripe scholarship and rare critical powers. John P. Emmet, a nephew of the great Emmet, was chosen for the chair of chemistry, and an accomplished German for that of modern languages—for long years the only chair of its kind in any American college of high standing. Only the two professorships of law and moral philosophy Mr. Jefferson, with his usual tact and intuitive justness of perception, determined to bestow, at all hazards, upon natives, as the subjects here to be taught ought to be national in the highest sense of the word. He even suggested that the textbooks to be used by the professor of law should be prescribed, so that "orthodox political principles" might be taught, and "the vestal flame of republicanism" be kept alive. The Hon. George Tucker, a native of Bermuda, but long a resident and at that time a representative in Congress from Virginia, was chosen for the chair of moral philosophy, and soon justified Mr. Jefferson's choice by his success as a teacher and the fame he acquired by his literary works. Another Virginian, John Tayloe Lomax, was subsequently appointed professor of law.

But even here all the prestige of Mr. Jefferson's great name and the hearty support he received from his friends did not shield him against bitter attacks and fierce opposition, which at times threatened seriously to interrupt his noble undertaking. It must be admitted that occasionally there seemed to be good ground for objection and whenever this was the case the wise statesman did what wisdom suggests as the best remedy, but what so few of our great men even know how to do at the right time and in the right way—he yielded. Such was the violent opposition made to the election of Dr. Cooper, in 1820, by the Board of Visitors, at Mr. Jefferson's suggestion, to a chair in the State University. Dr. Cooper, well-known to history as Dr. Priestley's friend and a victim of the Sedition Law, was

reputed to be a Unitarian—an unpardonable sin, at that time, in the eyes of the clergy of Virginia. There was already a strong religious excitement existing in the State with regard to the university. The leading sects had hoped that, after the example of the great institutions of the North, the new university also would fall under the control of one of their number, and thus they watched each other with anxious jealousy. But they were all united in the still greater apprehension—unfounded as it was—that the illustrious founder would give it a decided irreligious tendency. In vain did his friends represent that, so far from any such wish, Mr. Jefferson had, on the contrary, made special and ample provision for the establishment of separate schools of theology in the immediate vicinity of the university, holding out large pecuniary advantages and valuable privileges to all divinity students. The clergy saw in Dr. Cooper's appointment a danger threatening the souls of the youth of the land; they raised what Mr. Jefferson called a "hue and cry" against him, and soon were reinforced by a powerful party in the State Legislature. They succeeded in annoying and provoking their victim seriously; he criticised their action in severe terms, and even allowed himself to be carried away so far as to accuse, in his correspondence, the Presbyterians of a desire to restore a "Holy Inquisition." But soon his good sense triumphed over the feeling of vexation, and, yielding to the force of public opinion, and his own views of expediency, he caused the appointment to be canceled on terms equally satisfactory to all parties.

How deeply he felt these mortifications, however, may be judged from a letter he wrote afterward to his friend, Mr. Cabell, in which he says: "It is from posterity we are to expect remuneration for the sacrifices which we are making for their service of time, quiet, and good-will, and I fear not the appeal. The multitude of fine young men whom we shall redeem from ignorance, and who will feel that they owe to us the elevation of mind, of character, and station they will be able to obtain from the results of our efforts, will insure their remembering us with gratitude: we will not, then, be 'weary in well-doing.'"

* * * * * *

Mr. Jefferson's interest in the success of the university seemed but to increase now that it was fairly launched on its

career. It looked as if he had regained all the activity and assiduity of his youth, and presented an almost unique example of energy after four-score years. He ordered all things, and watched with his own eyes that everything was done well. In former years he had stood, hour after hour, on the little terrace before his dining-room window, watching through a telescope the workmen as they were busily raising story upon story. But now he was no longer content with such distant observation. Almost daily he would ride from his home on the mountain, crossing a dangerous stream and passing over execrable roads, to spend several hours at the university, observing everything, correcting errors and suggesting improvements, and then return in the same way, making ten miles on horseback, and working incessantly with body and mind alike. He was specially interested now in framing a code of laws for the government of the young men, and tried, unsuccessfully, as it proved, to ingraft upon this code some of his own peculiar political doctrines. Thus he rejected at once all idea of punishment. No slavish fear, he said, no dread of disgrace, ought ever to be the motive of a young man's actions. He proposed to govern them solely by appeals to their patriotism and honor, and framed his laws accordingly. The students themselves were to form a part of their government, and to establish a court for the trial of minor offenses and the infliction of punishment on delinquent fellow-students. Unfortunately the youth of the land were not yet prepared to be governed by appeals to "their reason, their hopes, and their generous feelings," as the illustrious founder had hoped in his ardent admiration of ideal republicanism. Offenses were committed, and, being allowed to pass unpunished, led to graver disorders, till, passing from step to step they reached a point of excess which could no longer be tolerated. When at length the professors interfered, forbearance having become impossible, the students fancied their rights were violated, and declared open resistance.

On the very night on which the Board of Visitors had assembled at Monticello to prepare business for their annual meeting at the university, these disorders culminated in open rebellion. Mr. Jefferson's mortification was intense. He felt that public confidence would be shaken, and the growth of the institution would be checked; but he was specially grieved by

this evidence of the erroneousness of his favorite idea of self-government. With sorrow in his heart, and grief mingled with indignation in his features, he accompanied his distinguished guests the next morning to the university, summoned the students to their presence, and then addressed them in forcible terms, representing to them the heinousness of their offense, and appealing in touching, tender terms to their better feelings and their sense of honor. Mr. Madison and others followed his example, and so impressive were the words of these venerable men that the ringleaders came forward, one by one, confessing their guilt. Mr. Jefferson witnessed the affecting scene with silent sorrow; but when a near kinsman of his appeared, and thus proved to him that the efforts of the last ten years of his life had been foiled, and all his bright hopes of what he would do for his native land had been destroyed by one of his own blood, his self-control gave way, and he indulged for once, in words of burning indignation and violent reproach. The principal rioters were expelled, and among them his guilty kinsman, and others more lightly punished; but from that day a stricter code of laws was introduced. Even now, however, the government of the university was strictly based upon the moral sense of the students, and every effort made to cultivate truth and uprightness among them. To this day this is the leading principle—no marks of merit or demerit are given, no fines imposed, no threats held over the young men. Their word is taken without question, and a falsehood punished so instantly and so severely by their own condemnation that no attempt to obtain honors or avoid punishment by prevarication has been made for nearly a generation! Another principle inculcated by Mr. Jefferson has largely contributed to this happy result—that the government of a great institution depends largely on the friendly social relations between students and professors. Hence he placed the former, in their dormitories, close to the door of their teachers, counting upon the happy effects of daily intercourse and foreseeing that the mutual kindly sympathy thus created could not fail to become an important aid in educating the moral faculties as well as in cultivating the understanding. This custom also has ever since been kept up: the professors are at all times accessible to the students, and perfect confidence and mutual

sympathy bind them to each other. What he thus wished others to do, Mr. Jefferson took good care to practice himself with scrupulous exactness. The professors were regularly invited two or three times a week to dine with him at Monticello, and the memory of those who longest survived their illustrious friend returned during their lifetime with unmixed delight to those meetings, when he interested them for hours by pouring forth the rich treasures of his mind, and cheered them by his kindly sympathy with all their joys and their sorrows. The students, also, were frequently invited, and four or five every Sunday. He received them with great kindness, entertained them with rare tact, and never failed to impress them deeply with the elevation of his character and the tender kindness of his heart. On these occasions he generally ate by himself in a small recess connected with the dining-room; for, being at that period of his life somewhat deaf, he could not hear well amidst the clatter of knives and the chat of a merry company, and yet, with unselfish regard for the comfort of others, did not wish to impose any restraint upon their enjoyment.

The attention he had heretofore so minutely bestowed upon the erection of buildings, and the laying out of grounds was now given, with a far deeper interest, to the studies to be pursued in his beloved university; for he was, of all men, perhaps, best qualified to judge of what was best for the lofty aim he had in view. His own acquirements surprised even the accomplished foreigner and the far-famed savant by their extensiveness, and if his knowledge was not always equally accurate, he was too wise a man ever to fancy himself infallible, and willing to learn not from the scholar only, but with equal readiness and humility from the simple mechanic. It may safely be said that there was no branch of human knowledge in which he was not more or less proficient. His favorite readings in the last months of his life were—next to the Bible, for which he ever expressed the most profound admiration and reverence—the great writers of ancient Greece, whose majestic grandeur and ripe art he appreciated with rare enjoyment. And yet he would turn with true zest from the lofty flights in which he had accompanied their genius to the workbench and turning-lathe which he kept near his bedroom, or

saunter into the garden and watch with intense delight the blooming forth of a bulb or the growth of a tree he had planted with his own hands. No wonder, then, that in his scheme of studies for the university he went far in advance of his contemporaries, anl provided for wants which the majority of colleges have but recently thought proper to satisfy. Mention has already been made of the ample provision he made for schools of applied science, such as are now the boast of the leading colleges of the land, and of the important position he assigned, from the beginning, to the study of modern languages, by the side of Latin and Greek and Hebrew. But he went even farther; the first man in this country, he wisely discerned the eminent usefulness of Anglo-Saxon, mainly as a help to the proper understanding of our mother tongue, and while he wrote—more than fifty years ago—to the Hon. J. E. Denison strongly recommending the taste for "the recovery of the Anglo-Saxon dialect," which he had noticed in English writings, and the actual publication of existing "country dialects of English, which would restore to our language all its shades of variation," he labored like a diligent pupil in the cause he so warmly urged upon others. His manuscript work on the "Anglo-Saxon tongue," since published for gratuitous distribution by the university, is a most touching instance of his indefatigable assiduity, and at the same time a striking evidence of his vast knowledge and sagacious appreciation of precious lore. In accordance with these views he prescribed a a course of lectures to be delivered on Anglo-Saxon—the first chair of its kind that was devised abroad or at home.

Thus he was closely and personally engaged, from morn till night, from season to season, in getting the great institution into operation, delighted to see at last his patriotic schemes approaching a happy realization. In the early part of 1826, and throughout its beautiful spring, he was still watching keenly, and even minutely, over all its concerns, with unclouded vigor of intellect, but, alas! no longer with the energy and elasticity of former years. His wrists were swollen and crippled by an accident, he moved with difficulty, and finally, a serious chronic affection consumed slowly but irresistibly the scanty remnant of his former strength. His utter unselfishness, never more touching than in the last days of his life, led

him to conceal the ravages of this disease, and to decline all help from others. He still joined the family circle and entertained visitors; above all, he still manifested the most lively interest in the welfare of the university; and only a few weeks before his death he once more rode the ten miles, going and coming, to see his darling pet.

JAMES AUGUSTIN BROWN SCHERER

[1870—]

STANHOPE SAMS

JAMES AUGUSTIN BROWN SCHERER, Ph.D., LL.D., has a twofold place in the history of Southern literature. He has done distinguished and enduring work both as an educator and as a man of letters, and in both fields his labors have been always helpful to the cause of literature and enlightenment in the South.

Dr. Scherer was born in Salisbury, North Carolina, May 22, 1870, coming of sterling Lutheran stock. His father, grandfather, several uncles, and three brothers were Lutheran ministers. The father came from Germany in 1748. He was the Rev. Simeon Scherer, and his wife was Harriet Isabella Brown. Although his father's death, when he was young, left James to his own resources, he was determined to get a thorough education. For a considerable time he worked as clerk in a store; finally acquiring enough means to begin his academic training in the preparatory department of Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg. The climate, however, proved too severe, and he went to Roanoke College in Virginia, from which he was graduated with the degree of A.B. in 1890. At college his taste and capacity for both literature and oratory were decidedly marked. As he had already decided upon following the ministry, he took up missionary work at Pulaski, Virginia. A year and a half later he was ordained to the ministry by the South Carolina synod, and a year later, 1892, he was sent as a pioneer missionary to Japan.

His labors in Japan are worthy of special mention. He acquired the difficult language so thoroughly as to be able to teach and preach in it and to translate into colloquial Japanese the Small Catechism of Luther. His abilities and his sympathy with the people so enlisted the interest of the Emperor that Dr. Scherer was several times employed by the Government upon important tasks. But here again his health proved unequal to the climate, and he was forced in 1896 to return to America. While in Japan he married Bessie Brown, daughter of the Rev. Faris Brown of Ohio, herself a trained and successful missionary.

He was promptly called to the pastorate at Cameron, South Carolina, and later to that of St. Andrew's Church, Charleston. In 1904

he was chosen by the Lutheran synod as president of Newberry College, and at once began the work of building up that institution. So successful was he in this task that in a few years Newberry College took its place in the first rank of the denominational colleges of the South. By 1908 he had, probably, developed the college to its utmost limits, at least for the time; and he was, fortunately, at once summoned to a far wider field. He was elected president of Throop Institute, a richly endowed technical university, at Pasadena, California, which is projected along somewhat novel lines and planned for an extensive and expansive career in education of mind and body.

As a writer, Dr. Scherer's present fame rests chiefly upon his books on Japan, although he himself sets most store by a volume entitled 'Four Princes,' being "a story of the Christian Church centred in four types"—Paul, Constantine, Bernard, and Luther. Another volume, 'The Holy Grail,' a collection of essays and addresses on more literary lines, won for him a very wide audience and reputation. But in his books on Nippon—'Young Japan,' 'Japan Today,' and 'What Is Japanese Morality?'—he spoke with authority and charm upon a subject in which the American public was intensely interested. They were by far the most interesting and the most authoritative books in their particular field, and they achieved at once a large circulation and more thoroughly established the reputation of their author.

Dr. Scherer is still (1909) in the prime of his life, and has just begun labors in another field of literature and education. It is to be expected, therefore, that he may do still more excellent and enduring work in both careers. In literature he now has well under way a story of "Cotton," treated somewhat after the manner of Maeterlinck's "La Vie des Abeilles" (The Bee). He purposes to deal with the vast influences of cotton as a theme worthy of the highest and sincerest literary treatment.

Stanhope Sams

MARTIN LUTHER

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THREE distinct attributes are essential to the successful career of a great religious reformer—a dual nature, a single purpose, and boundless courage. However otherwise great a reformer may be, if he do not combine in himself these three peculiarities, his work must fall short of the highest success, and prove a mere preparation, like that of Huss, or an unfruitful abortion, as with Savonarola. Of course, moreover, the times must be propitious. Yet it will scarcely suffice to say that the age was not ripe for reform before Luther. Doubtless this is in a measure true, but it is equally true that ripe times must often wait for the right man. The three groping "councils of reform" show plainly enough that the reawakening world, like some terrified child, had long been crying for a religious guardian whose torch of truth should dispel the surrounding gloom—

> An infant crying in the night;
> An infant crying for the light;
> And with no language but a cry.

As the rugged Carlyle so truthfully says, "Alas, we have known times call loudly enough for their great man; but not find him when they called! He was not there; Providence had not sent him; the time, calling its loudest, had to go down to confusion and wreck because he would not come when called." The world waited for the Reformation, and waited precisely until the day when a rare man could be found who, like Saul of Tarsus, combined in himself those three attributes of duality, simplicity, and bravery.

As to duality, if a man is to be a religious leader of men, he must not only be religious, he must also be a man. He must have both a real communion with God and a genuine sympathy with his fellows. Communion will mean joy; sympathy will mean passion, or compassion, or suffering. He must know how to be obedient to the delectable heavenly vision, and he must also learn obedience through the things which he suffers,

being one of like passions as we are. He must be a saint, but he dare not be a hermit. A hermit can become a herald, nothing more. The great religious leader must be a soul who with one hand can seize the very horns of the altar, while the other is busy with the multifold cares of a troubled workaday world. As one has said: "The incarnation of the divine in the human is the key to all truth, the summary of all life."

Coupled with this spiritual duality there must be singleness of purpose, simplicity of aim, absolute sincerity of vision. "The eye must be single." Paul could say, "This one thing I do." He determined to know only one thing. And for this determination, be it noted, he needed something more than moral earnestness. There was also required a keenness of mental vision that could pierce through the shells of things down to the truth; distinguishing that which is essential to the "one thing," and letting the non-essential go very much as it will. Thus it is that sincerity, seen from the other side, is called tolerance. Sincerity is not only moral singleness, it is also simplicity and keenness of vision.

And, finally, there must be bravery unbounded.

When a man with these attributes comes into an age that is crying for religious reform, Judaism is straightway transmuted into a gospel for the world, or the hidden ear of mediæval Christianity ripens suddenly into "the full corn in the ear"—you have a Paul or a Luther. . . .

Mention has been often made of the likeness between the characters of Luther and St. Paul. Even Renan perceives it, and he had scant sympathy with either. In his life of St. Paul, the French sceptic says: "That historical character which upon the whole bears most analogy to St. Paul is Luther. In both there is the same violence in language, the same passion, the same energy, the same noble independence, the same frantic attachment to a thesis conceived as the truth." The analogy is not confined to character, but may be traced also in the careers of the two men. This parallel may be fanciful, but it is certainly interesting. Paul was brought up a Pharisee of the Pharisees, Luther a Catholic of the Catholics. Both received scholarly and yet devotional training, Paul under Gamaliel, Luther influenced by Staupitz. Both were driven

by the compulsion of an inner experience to find solace in the gospel instead of in the law. Both therefore broke with their religion—Paul with Judaism, Luther with Rome. Both were persecuted, and escaped their foes only by the stratagem of their friends (see Acts ix. 25). Paul's intrepid journey to Jerusalem (Acts xxi. 13) is paralleled by Luther's journey to Worms; Paul's defence before Agrippa by Luther's before Charles. Both had to contend with fanatics who abused the liberty of the gospel; both had to rebuke their chief associates for weakness—Paul withstanding Peter, Luther reproving Melanchthon. Finally, if any one desires a parallel for the plain speech of Luther in the writings of St. Paul, he has but to read the Greek of certain passages in the Epistles which our translations have euphemized.

What St. Paul's writings did for the church of every age Luther's writings did for the church of the Reformation. He was a voluminous author. His most important work, of course, was the translation of the Bible, finally completed in 1534. His original writings have often been compared with those of St. Paul. Renan, again, says that in all literature "the work which resembles most in spirit the Epistle to the Galatians is Luther's 'Babylonian Captivity of the Church'." His remarkable essay on "The Liberty of a Christian Man" abounds in the brilliant, almost blinding, flashes of paradoxical truths for which St. Paul is famous. His "Introduction to the Epistle to the Romans" might have been written by St. Paul himself—must have been written by a man who had lived St. Paul's experiences. The chief reason for all of this striking similarity of style and matter lies in the simple fact that the Paul-like Luther did in effect but rediscover St. Paul. The first great principle of the Reformation was the supreme authority and efficacy of the word of God, which St. Paul had called "the power of God unto salvation." It, not the church, nor the councils, nor the Pope, was to furnish the only infallible rule of faith and practice. And the heart of the word of God Luther proclaimed to be the doctrine of justification by faith. This he drew bodily from the Epistles of St. Paul. The truth is, the "Church of St. Peter" had practically forgotten all about St. Paul, and had forgotten most of the Bible. Paul and his "power" were buried beneath the rubbish of tradition and the

solid rock of a superb institution. Luther's work was the overthrow of this institution—in so far, at least, as it served as a sepulchre—and a ruthless sweeping away of traditions. The word, uncovered, did the rest. The Reformation was but a return to the apostles. The reformer led back to the planter. Ruler and mystic had had their day, had served their part, but the church had lost the seed which is the word, and Luther was the farmer-monk who found it again. And the power of the seed does not lie in the husk, which is works, but in the kernel, which begets "faith in the bottom of the heart."

The story of the monk Bernard was beautiful, but it was also passing sad. Its sadness consists in its solitude. Somehow the life of Bernard, whom Luther called the holiest of monks, lacked strikingly the power of self-perpetuation. He was startlingly alone. There was not that in his life which had power to communicate itself to other lives and transform them, as he had been transformed. He remains to this day a unique specimen of a wonderful solitary fruit, a "hidden ear," hung in the church's granary for men to admire; he did not become a seed. He had "the form of godliness," good works; but somehow he could not transmit to the world "the power thereof." His life was hidden, immature, imperfect. Itself the fruit of a dwarfed and degenerate seed, it could not regenerate others. It is as though one should discover, on a stalk of growing corn, a beautiful hidden ear. To the outer vision this ear seems perfect in form and development. But, strip down the husks, look into the heart of the ear, and you see that the grain lacks that fulness and hardness and ripeness which alone mean reproductive power. Pluck such an ear from the stalk, let the grain fall into the ground and die—will it bear fruit a hundred fold? Such was the beautiful life of Bernard. He died, and the world went on as before. His fruit had been lovely and fair, but it had missed its fulness; it had not been filled out by *faith*. His story therefore remains a mere biography, it is not history; the record of a career, not of a movement. He became a model, but he never became a life. He was an example, but not a seed.

Luther, on the other hand, became a tremendous force in the world, not only for his own time, but increasingly with the times to come. It is not that his works were holier than

those of the saintly Bernard, but that he had the kernel of *faith* in the bottom of the heart. His was not a hidden life. Yet the glory is not to him, but to the divine principle within him. As in no age, since the planting of the church, has the period since the Reformation witnessed the power of "the full corn in the ear," the power of a reduplicating life. The quickening power of the church to-day touches thousands of human lives and transforms them, because it is a life impelling from within, not an example beckoning from without. "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." Each age has had its planters, and its rulers, and its mystics, and its reformers. But the signal glory of this age is not its planting, wide as that has been, nor yet the spreading of the blade at the magic touch of Christian rulership, nor yet the hidden saintly lives of its meditative mystics. The glory of this age is that the church is becoming reformed through having the spirit of Christ formed within it. The ripening corn of this present Christian age receives its nutrifying milk from the sincere, uncovered word, . . .

The Evangelican Lutheran church, whose formal bond of union is the Augsburg Confession, comprises to-day a total baptized membership of nearly sixty million souls, of whom five-sixths are to be found in Europe. Germany and Scandinavia are the Lutheran strongholds. In North America growth has been very rapid during the last twenty years, so that the Lutheran and Presbyterian churches now vie with each other for third rank in the matter of numerical strength, the Methodists and Baptists leading. The Lutheran church has grave difficulties to contend with in this country, arising chiefly from the fact that it must deal with large numbers of communicants who do not speak the English language, and are not yet in touch with American institutions. Lutheran ministers preach the gospel in fourteen different languages in the United States, and superintend the transition of the children of thousands of European parents into a true American citizenship, thus achieving a home mission work of enormous magnitude and of untold importance.

ABÉLARD AND HÉLOÏSE

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. . . Pierre Abélard is the most brilliant and most tragic figure in the history of the church. The wealth of his knightly family provided his youth with the tutelage of the great nominalist, Roscellin, whose influence forever fixed the cast of his brilliant mind. The conflict of nominalism with realism, that is to say, of the rationalist with the mystic, of Aristotle against Plato, forms the moving power in the whole history of scholastic philosophy. Abélard proved to be such an apt disciple of Aristotelianism that when he afterwards studied dialectics in Paris, under the Platonist, William of Champeaux, he gave "infinite trouble with his subtle objections, and not seldom got the better" of his master.

Having become at last an accomplished adept in the use of William's own weapons, he drove his erstwhile master in merciless triumph from his chair in the university, himself becoming the cynosure of intellectual Europe and the very idol of the city of Paris. Notwithstanding the tumult of the times, so unfavorable to the pursuit of scholarship, more than five thousand pupils shortly gathered around his chair from every quarter of the Continent. The close of the century in which he labored found the university numbering its pupils as ten thousand instead of a few hundred, while Paris itself had grown from a town of insignificant proportions to a "city of two hundred thousand souls, walled, paved, with several fine buildings and a fair organization." Far and away the chief agent in this wonderful municipal development was the magnetic personality of Abélard, whose mind, in point of sheer keenness and brilliancy, stands almost alone in the intellectual annals of the more modern world. Before he was forty years old he had reached the highest academic position in Christendom, finding himself the centre of a life such as the world had not witnessed since the palmiest days of Athens.

Then it was that Nemesis crossed his pathway in the guise of a gentle girl. Hitherto absorbed in mental pursuits, the scholar had given no thought to love. But now he suddenly

became infatuated with the eighteen-year-old niece of a canon named Fulbert, in whose house he quickly contrived to find lodgings. The student was soon lost in the lover. Day after day a murmuring throng was turned away untaught, while Abélard's melodious voice could be heard through Fulbert's window, tremulous with the songs of an ardent love.

It was the world-old story of Faust and Gretchen. Marriage, under the laws and customs of those days, would have been fatal to Abélard's prospects—a consideration of greater importance to the unselfish Héloïse than even her own fair name. "She asked," he writes, "what glory she would win from me, when she had rendered me inglorious and had humbled both me and her. How great a punishment the world would inflict on her if she deprived it of so resplendent a light; what curses, what loss to the church, what philosophic tears, would follow such a marriage! How outrageous, how pitiful it was, that he whom nature had created for the common blessing should be devoted to one woman, and plunged in so deep a disgrace. Profoundly did she hate the thought of a marriage that would prove so humiliating and so burdensome in every respect to me."

To appease the wrath of her uncle, however, Héloïse finally consented to a strictly secret marriage, although "weeping and sobbing vehemently." Fulbert straightway broke his faith and divulged the marriage. Whereupon, when questioned by the curious, the young wife, thoughtful only of her husband's welfare, denied the report absolutely! Abélard weakly connived in this denial by removing her from Paris to the convent of Argenteuil; whereupon her infuriated relatives wreaked vengeance upon him in an unspeakably shameful manner, that left him forever a crushed and broken man.

Ordering Héloïse to take the veil at Argenteuil, he himself sought seclusion in the monastery of St. Denis. But his students followed him. After several years of restless life at St. Denis, he endeavored to bury himself in the hermit life of the desert. But "no sooner was his place of retreat known than he was followed into the wilderness by hosts of students of all ranks, who lived in tents, slept on the ground, and underwent every kind of hardship in order to listen to him." To the establishment thus founded he gave the suggestive name of "The Paraclete" (The Comforter).

His ecclesiastical enemies had long been numerous and exceedingly bitter, for the brilliant monk was charged with heresy, in an age when orthodoxy was everything. These made his wrecked life a torture. Restlessly retiring from The Paraclete, he once again sought quiet, this time as abbot of the bleak monastery of St. Gildas. Upon taking this step he made over the property of his deserted establishment to the Abbess Héloïse, who, with her nuns, had been turned homeless into the world through the inveterate hatred of her husband's foes. Here she spent the remainder of her life, surviving the unfortunate Abélard more than twenty years.

He was most miserable at St. Gildas. Wherever he turned, in fact, cloud upon cloud settled thick and dark before him. After nine years of painful struggle in this abbotship, he endeavored once more to find eremite retirement, and it was under such circumstances that he wrote the pitiful "Story of my Calamities." This little narrative fell into the hands of his ever faithful wife, whereupon ensued a correspondence, which, for genuine tragic pathos and human interest, is said to be without an equal in the literature of the world. For it chanced that the intellectual gifts of Héloïse were no less unusual than those which distinguished her both for beauty of person and for the unselfish devotion of her affections. Once when the French philosopher, Cousin, was asked who was the most lovable woman of history, he answered, "Héloïse, that noble creature who loved like a Saint Theresa, wrote sometimes like a Seneca, and whose charm must have been irresistible, since she charmed Saint Bernard himself."

After several years of troubled seclusion the tumultuous Abélard was impelled to return once more to the arena of his former triumphs, at Paris; but now at length he was destined to meet the gladiator who was to put an end to his astonishing and erratic career. We have dwelt thus long upon the life of Abélard, not only because of its deep human interest, but also in order to bring out the complete contrast between him and the only man that ever vanquished him, the ascetic Abbot of Claivaux. After his defeat the condemned and excommunicated Abélard found final asylum in the hospitable abbey of Cluny. After two years of humble prayer and penance, he died, broken-hearted, at the age of sixty-three. Although

despised and outcast then, the development of subsequent centuries has shown that in many of his fundamental positions he was simply in advance of his age, the keenness of his penetration piercing a future which to less brilliant eyes was veiled. . . .

Legend says that when the body of the noble Héloïse was at last placed in the monolith coffin beside his own he opened his arms and clasped her in a close embrace. In death, at least, they were not divided. The cemetery of Père Lachaise, in Paris, is continually visited by crowds of men and women who take wreaths and flowers to lay in solemn pity upon the tombs of these who loved "not wisely, but too well," and afterwards endeavored to expiate their folly by lives of the most piteous sacrifice.

LAND OF THE RISING SUN

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In what senses may Japan be called the Land of the Rising Sun? Leaving aside the obvious geographical fact that Japan is appropriately called Sunrise-Land because it lies so very far east, let us consider what thought is first suggested to our minds by the fact of the sunrise. Is it not a thought of beauty? Is there anything on earth more beautiful than this every-day event of the sunrise? Stand at dawn "tiptoe upon a little hill." Watch the sky clothe herself in crimson for the coming of her king. Then see him come in majesty, "rejoicing in the east"—that splendid sovereign "of this great world both eye and soul"—and the mind is fairly thrilled with a sense of all the beauty wherewith "God the Beautiful" has blessed His splendid world. So Japan the land of the sunrise, is a land of the sunrise beauty.

The first journey I took, on the day after landing, was by rail from Yokohama to Kamakura. We got into a little railway-car quite different from those we have at home, for it was built on the European model; the porter locked us in; a little engine gave a mighty shriek, and then glided out, through green rice-fields and across narrow streams, into the

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country. The miniature train hurried with a fair degree of speed through villages most picturesque, their houses thatched with straw; across rice-fields, laid out with perfect orderliness, the peasants wading knee-deep in the water; through groves of giant trees, under the bluest of blue skies, in sight of the purple mountains, onward to the ancient capital of Kamakura. Once a city of a million souls was here; now nothing but a fishing village remains, with one sole remnant of the ancient glory.

I mean the mighty Buddha. It is an image of solid bronze reared in honor of the great Gautama, who has more followers to-day than any other man that ever lived; an image which for centuries has been the Mecca of pious pilgrims from throughout the Empire. The approach is through an avenue of tall and stately trees, which give hospitable entertainment to numberless jet-black crows, cawing boldly in the branches just above us, as though well aware that all life is safe within the sacred groves of Buddha. At the end of the avenue is the idol, the most celebrated and beautiful in all this idolatrous island. Gautama is represented as sitting in a lotus bower, his hands folded placidly before him. The eyes, which are of pure gold, are cast down in modest contemplation; the entire expression is profoundly sweet and thoughtful. To get a proper idea of the size of this colossal image, you must know that it is almost fifty feet in height, or as tall as an ordinary three-story dwelling. The great, gentle mouth is over a yard in width and the ears are six feet in length. There are upon the head eight hundred and thirty curls of bronze, each nine inches long. The thumb measures three feet around, and the distance from one great folded knee to the other is nearly twelve yards. As a work of colossal art, Dai Butsu is grandly beautiful. Idol though it be, one cannot but feel a sense of awe as he looks with upturned face into the vast placid countenance of this noble Buddha, who has seen the strifes of centuries and before whose "eternal calm" millions have bent in humble adoration. Not without meaning are the sonorous words at the gateway:

O stranger, whosoever thou art, and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou enterest this sanctuary remember that thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is the temple of

Buddha and the gate of the Eternal, and should therefore be entered with reverence.

With a feeling indeed of reverence, not for the idol itself, but for the blind yet devoted faith of millions, we turned thoughtfully away.

Out to the open sea!

In a little boat we sailed through shimmering waters to the fairy island of Enōshima, fabled to have risen from the sea in a single night. The legend is possibly true, for much of Japan is of volcanic and cataclysmic origin. The place is sacred to the goddess of Good Luck. Up the single zigzag street we climb, beset on every side by venders of beautiful shells and various other wonders of the deep. Through densely wooded summit we press to the open, with its marvellous view of the sea and the curving mainland beyond. The blue Pacific breaks white on the beach beneath us. In the distance are many white and graceful ships, skimming the waves like birds. Around us are myriad evergreens and brilliant flowers. And far, far away, swimming amid bright clouds, all his roughness lost in that enchantment lent by distance to the view, and wearing his eternal crown of snow, looms Fuji the Peerless, king of all the mountains in this mountainous land, and most perfect in form of all the mountains in the world. A perfect cone, truncated; the base lost in clouds, seemingly suspended, like some vast splendid vision, in the turquoise sky! It is a sight one can never forget.

Yet there are still more beautiful sights in this wonderful Sunrise-Land, this country where beauty abounds. The people themselves say:

"Do not say 'Kekkō' until you have seen Nikkō!"

Kekkō means beautiful, and Nikkō is their favorite beauty spot. There is probably no other place in the whole world that combines in such marvellous degree the beauties of art with the beauties of nature. As for the landscape, it varies in impressiveness from the awful sublimity of great volcanoes to the placid gleam of crystal lake and boisterous rush of waterfall. One day we climbed a cliff, whence one peers timorously into an ulcered chasm wherefrom in former days the lava spouted, but where to-day seven soothing streams glide

down the scarred and frowning walls, as if in gentle endeavor to smooth out the wounds of the ancient battle. The town of Nikkō, founded in the year 820, finds a home for itself in the very heart of these awful hills; but the erosive power of water does its work even on the greatest heights, whence more than twenty brooks leap into bright cascades, miniature Niagaras. The largest has a fall of three hundred and fifty feet for its slender silver stream. In plain view towers the peak of Nan-Tai-Zan, more than eight thousand feet in height; its rival, Nyō-Hō-Zan, is to be seen upon the right; while in the rear stands restless Shirane, the tallest and most fearful of all the Nikkō volcanoes, which was in eruption so recently as 1889. Everywhere grow tall and stately cryptomeria, at times set out in ancient avenues many miles in length, and rivalled in our own country solely by the great trees of California.

But I spoke of the beauties of art. It is characteristic of the Japanese to seek the most beautiful surroundings for their shrines. They are notably a race of beauty-worshippers. You can visit no great mountain-peak, no large cascade, no peaceful lake, without finding there some shrine or temple to the gods of nature. It is only to be expected then, that Nikkō should be rich in art, to match its natural wealth. Iyeyasu, the greatest Japanese of all history, finds his last resting-place where the best of nature can do him tribute with a tomb. He was buried here in 1616, and his illustrious successor, Iemitsu, keeps him solemn company. About these famous tombs great temples have been reared, which excel in prodigal magnificence anything else in Japan. A single waiting-room will sometimes represent a fortune. The most exquisite decorations in wood and silk and gold everywhere abound. In neighboring groves rise graceful pagodas, with towering monuments of stone or bronze. It is all a vast palace and a paradise. Japan the Beautiful!—Land of the Rising Sun; land of the sunrise beauty.

But the rising sun suggests to the thoughtful mind not merely the idea of beauty. As one watches the ascent of that mighty blazing ball, he is impressed also with a sense of the mystery and awesomeness of nature. What would happen should the sun for a single instant delay his ordered coming? Who upholds his vast weight? What power propels him from

his bath in the eastward sea? What pilot guides him in his daily course across the sky? The sunrise, to a thoughtful mind, is suggestive of the mystery and power of nature, so that we cry with Ossian:

> Whence are thy beams, O sun—thine everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thine awful beauty—the stars hide themselves in the sky—the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave—thou thyself ridest alone!

ADOLESCENCE

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Bravery has always been the chief ideal of Japanese character. What beauty meant to the Greeks, and right to the Romans, and purity to the Hebrews of old, bravery has meant to Japan. A man may be whatever else he pleases, but if he only be brave, he keeps the respect of his fellows, and may even become a demigod. An old proverb runs, "Among flowers, the cherry; among men, the warrior." Every one knows that the cherry-blossom is queen in the "Flowery Kingdom;" so is the soldier the king among men. In the middle ages, the development of bravery was undertaken with deliberate system; and in the schools of the Tokugawa period martial exercises were made a part of the daily curriculum. This was of a kind far different from the training in the military schools of the West; with us our soldier-work is play, but in Japan it was earnest to the death. The highest test of physical courage is the willingness to yield one's own life; and the institution of *hara-kiri* was drilled into the very marrow of the nation. The young men at school "went through again and again the tragic details of the commission of *hara-kiri,* and had it impressed on their youthful imaginations with such force and vividness that when the time for its actual enactment came, they were able to meet the bloody reality without a tremor and with perfect composure." Even the women were taught the equivalent duty of *jigai*—that is to say, "piercing the throat with a dagger so as to sever the arteries by a single thrust-and-cut movement." The samurai maiden in service was bound by loyalty to her mistress not less closely than the warrior to the lord,

and the heroines of Japanese feudalism were many. Judged from the ethical point of view, suicide is the most cowardly of crimes. But the Japanese, blind to the moral aspect of the deed, have exalted it into a virtue because it tests physical bravery. And the elaboration of suicide into a national institution, practised and belauded for centuries, has doubtless done more than anything else to make the Japanese soldier so daring.

Next to bravery itself, the quality which the Japanese most highly prize is patriotic loyalty. The roots of this virtue were traced in the first part of this book to the religious tenets of filialism. In Oriental usage the term "father" is so broad as to include any superior, and the obligation of filial piety becomes the more intense as the authority ascends. In the schooling period of Japan, the retainer was taught loyalty to his *daimyō* by the most heroic methods. For example, upon the death of his lord, he was to be ready for a living burial for himself, only his head remaining above ground, while he was left to starve slowly to death, and that without murmuring. Many a heroic retainer endured this supreme test of loyalty. Kusunoki, one of Go-Daigo's generals, and a paragon of Japanese patriotism, prayed for seven lives that he might give them all to his master. Iyeyasu and his followers succeeded in binding the *daimyō* to the Shogun as the retainer was bound to the *daimyō,* and thus Japan was welded into a unity such as few countries have seen. Iyemitsu compelled all of the *daimyō* to live at the capital during six months of the year, and to leave their wives and families there for the other half. The *daimyō* took oath to be obedient to his orders, sealing the pledge with their blood. He assumed the additional title of Tai Kun ("tycoon"), meaning "great prince," and it was retained by all of his successors. But the loyalty of retainer and *daimyō* and Shogun alike was ultimately centred in the Emperor. Although his rule seemed often enough to be no more than a name, yet his "heavenly descent" and the mysterious seclusion that veiled him appealed powerfully to the sentiment of the people, who have ever held him in awe. Thus there resulted a unified organism of government, based upon an ever centralizing loyalty, which endures essentially to this day, and gives Japan a power out of all proportion to mere size. The

Emperor is the soul of the realm, to which the whole body does reverence; the Shogunate (now supplanted by the clan ministry) being the brain, while the masses furnish the brawn. Loyalty is the life-principle that binds all into a common whole, for loyalty is even the law of the Emperor, who worships his own ancestors.

The Tokugawa period provided full opportunity for drill in the habit of thoroughness. Iyeyasu set an example in the study of the Chinese classics that was eagerly emulated by posterity. So ingrained has Chinese become in the literary language of Japan that no one can master the latter who does not know also the former. Consequently, a Japanese school-boy does not learn to "read" until he is sixteen or seventeen years of age, because of the immense multiplicity and complexity of the Chinese ideographs. That is to say, where an American school-boy has to learn an alphabet of only twenty-six simple letters, the Japanese school-boy must master at least five thousand out of a total of sixty thousand ideographs, most of which are exceedingly complex, and many of which are differentiated only in the minutest particulars. But consider what this means towards thoroughness. Poring over these "Chinese puzzles" for generations has had the effect of emphasizing the native tendency of attention to detail until thoroughness has become a most marked characteristic. Coupled with an inherent estheticism, which the Tokugawa influences fostered into exquisite taste; and linked with the Oriental habit of patient industry, Japanese thoroughness has produced the most minutely perfect specimens of art that have ever delighted the world. An artist will chisel at a little block of ivory for years—not to reap pecuniary reward, but to satisfy his passion towards perfection—until at length you hold in your hands a tiny figure which is a microcosm in itself, and will yield to the microscope alone the completeness of its dainty perfections. The same is true of *cloisonné* work, and of the exquisite productions in lacquer. I have before me as I write a napkin-ring of Kyoto *cloisonné* that is less than two inches in diameter, with a band not quite an inch wide, upon which I have counted seventy-eight separate designs, made in twenty shades of color, and from at least four hundred pieces of metal. It is an object-lesson in Japanese thoroughness.

Now, it used to be said by critics, that while the Japanese are thorough in minutiæ, they lack the capacity for thoroughness in things that are really worth while. It was pointed out that while producing ivory carvings at home, they had to send abroad for their battleships; but the critics were in too great a hurry. You cannot build battleships without a shipyard. The nation now has its docks and ship factories at Yokosuka, where, in an amazingly short space of time, Japanese officers have so emulated the example of Peter the Great of Russia that now the Japanese are beginning to build vessels that vie with those of any nation in the world.

If any additional proof were needed of Japanese thoroughness, it has certainly been furnished in the course of the great war with Russia. With a foresight that overlooked nothing, and with an attentiveness that scrutinized everything, they planned and executed a campaign which for sheer thoroughness has never been surpassed in human history. Doubtless the school in which they perfected this priceless habit was the seclusive session of the Tokugawa.

A mental quality which is the complement of thoroughness is the equally valuable habit of alertness. This also was taught to an already nimble race until they have become a nation of "prestidigitators." Sleight-of-hand is nothing but a dexterity so rapid that the movements are lost by the eye, resulting in effects that had no visible cause. For the last fifty years, Japan has played the rôle of magician, while the audience of nations has gazed open-mouthed at this marvellous handling of great implements whereof the little land had but now been altogether ignorant. As Lafcadio Hearn suggests, Japan has been playing *jiu-jitsu* with the complex civilization of the West. This is an art, or a science, which grew out of the silence of those hermit-days when Japan was developing her peculiar genius to perfection. It is occult, but its mystery is the mystery of swiftness coupled with scientific skill. That is to say, *jiu-jitsu* is embodied alertness. The first time I saw it practised was on the grounds of our old college campus, where we had two or three Japanese students. One of them was standing one day at a ball-game, when a great strapping student from the backwoods came clumsily and threw him on the ground. The dapper little man arose

smiling, flicked off the dust from his clothes, and quietly bided his time. No one foresaw what was coming. He waited until the big bundle of brawn stood lost in contemplation of the game, then he came swiftly behind him and with just a flash, just a touch that was nothing—there sprawled his great foe on the ground! We who saw it were mystified, but the big victim was most mystified of all. He had felt nothing until he felt the ground. Later on I witnessed private exhibitions in Japan, but came away hardly the wiser. It is remarkable skill in anatomy joined with marvellous agility—it is not strength, but softness and swiftness—it uses the strength of the foe as the strongest weapon against him—its name calls it "the science of gentleness." Experts in *jiu-jitsu* appear to achieve the miraculous. There lies a stalwart antagonist with a bone broken, a great tendon strained, or even in a state of suspended animation: how was it done? Not by force, but by swift softness. He was lured on to overreach himself, until there was a sudden, invisible, nimble flash, and it was over. But there is no need to write further, for has not Japan played *jiu-jitsu* with Russia while all the world wondered? The chief secret of her brilliant campaign is in her astounding alertness, which is a marked characteristic of the race. For quick receptiveness and rapid assimilation of mental food they are without parallel in the history of the world; the will springing out into action as soon as the concept is formed. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the brave;" but Japan combines the boldness of the lion with the swiftness of the deer.

It is of no use to school the heart and the mind, however, unless the will also be trained. The most important lesson that it can learn is self-control. And let it be remembered that Buddhism, with all of its errors, brought this greatly needed lesson to Japan. The Japanese by nature is intensely individual—impatient of restraint, impetuous, restive, headlong—eager to live his own life in his own way, to fulfil the mission of the individual, heedless of the welfare of the race. Buddhism came and laid its soothing hand upon him. It bade him be still, to repress his desires, to seek his Nirvana in extinction, to lose his one life in the All. The Japanese has never been a thorough convert to Buddhism, simply because it

contradicts his nature. But by an age-long familiarity with its teachings, which were drilled into his mind from early childhood, he received from this great religion of repression precisely the will-discipline he needed. Unlike the phlegmatic Chinese, his impassiveness is not innate, but acquired. "Childhood" under the tutorship of Buddhism has enabled him to bridle his fiery will in such fashion that he guides it in what direction he pleases. When at length he came out from his seclusion suddenly into the dazzling arena, it was to this Buddhistic schooling of the will that he owed the strength so to restrain himself from surprise, and so to direct his wonderfully developed powers of mind and heart as to become the modern wonder of the world.

MOLLY ELLIOTT SEAWELL

[1860—]

GAILLARD HUNT

MOLLY ELLIOTT SEAWELL was born in Gloucester County, Virginia, at her father's country place, "The Shelter," in a house which had been a hospital during the Revolution. Her paternal grandmother was the sister of John Tyler, tenth President of the United States. Her father, John Tyler Seawell, was a lawyer and scholar. He surrounded himself with classical books, which he read a great deal to the exclusion of modern literature. His wife was a Miss Jackson of Baltimore, a beautiful girl and a charming woman up to the day of her death at the age of seventy. Readers of Miss Seawell's books can trace the influence of her father upon her mind. She is a modern novelist, but she adheres to well-established standards of taste, and the words she uses can be found in old dictionaries as well as new. In her occasional controversial articles, also, she shows that she imbibed from association with a lawyer power to reason to a point.

Where Miss Seawell spent her childhood and youth the Chesapeake Bay makes rivers and inlets into the land at points a few miles apart, and the inhabitants row or sail to see one another instead of driving; while many of the houses stand by the water's edge. "The Shelter" was at some distance from the water, but the aquatic spirit of the region affected John Seawell's daughter, and a member of the household was an uncle, Joseph Seawell, who had been a lieutenant in the Navy, until the Civil War broke out, and who told her many stories of ships and the sea. Thus it was that, when she began to write, she naturally turned to naval and sea topics, in the treatment of which subjects she has excelled.

Her first important production was a naval story for boys called "Little Jarvis," which won the prize offered by the *Youth's Companion* in 1890; from this point her reputation as a writer may be said to have been established, nor has she since written anything of merit so enduring as this story of the heroic death for duty's sake of a noble-hearted boy. The critic must go further and say that there are few American story-writers who have shown so happy an inspiration in the choice of a subject or so true an artist's touch in the treatment. It belongs among the classics of American literature, and by itself should have served to make its author famous.

The basis of "Little Jarvis" is an incident in American naval history, and Miss Seawell has written several historical novels, biographies and historical stories and articles. From the historian's point of view, they show no more than a familiar knowledge of her subjects and skill in the use of that knowledge without exhaustive research. While her historical books for boys serve their purpose well, her instinct is obviously that of the story-writer rather than of the historian. Her historical novels, however, catch the spirit of the scene in which they are laid and show dramatic talent. They show also versatility in the choice of subjects, and she has depicted European events as well as American. 'The House of Egremont,' for instance, is a novel of the time of James I, who is one of Miss Seawell's favorite characters, and the scene shifts from England to France and back again to England. The historical atmosphere is well painted; of the characters, the old men and women are good; the young ladies and gentlemen conventional; the comedy characters enlivening; but the low-born heroine, "Red Bess," is admirable; indeed, better than all the other characters considered together, being, in fact, one of the strongest portrayals Miss Seawell has ever made. The chief merit of the book lies, however, in the situations, which are often described with real power. The plot is not the strong point in this or in any other of her novels.

In 1895 Miss Seawell won the New York *Herald* prize for the best story with "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac." The chief professional story-writers in the country competed, as well as many amateurs, and her success over all was a notable achievement. As for the piece itself, the most that can be said is that it is amusing, the movement being quick and the dialogue humorous. It has the characteristics of a play rather than of a story; and in due season it was turned back into the dramatic form in which evidently it had first been cast, and had a successful theatrical career.

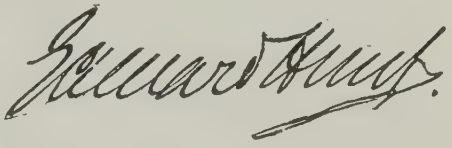
The construction of a modern play is hardly literature, for it is the art of building up about a simple plot situations and actions to please the eye, and creating characters who talk in crisp and catching dialogues to please the ear. It is only meant to be acted and is seldom read. That it is a difficult art is proved by the fact that there are hardly any successful playwrights in our country, although many persons write plays that are rejected by theatrical managers who would be glad to accept them if they had merit. Where so many fail Miss Seawell has succeeded, and several of her plays have appeared on the stage and been well patronized by the public, while dramatic critics have commented upon them favorably. Undoubtedly, the future holds further rewards for her in this lucrative field.

In 1906 Miss Seawell's novel 'The Victory' appeared. The his-

torical basis is the Civil War, and the scene is laid in tide-water Virginia, which she knows as she can never expect to know any other land. Here, then, we find real richness of local coloring; here the characters are drawn from real life; and here is the infinite and never-flagging interest which must always attach to the pathetic picture of broken homes and the desolation of hopes. The whole tone, too, is mellow and unmarred by bitterness. The reader may object to the complications of the heroine's heart history and to an ending which seems unreal; but he puts down the book with the feeling that he has read something that was worth his while and that he will not forget. In another of her Virginia novels, 'Children of Destiny,' there is not nearly so great a display of power as in 'The Victory,' but that, too, has the charm of truth, and in it figures a woman, Mrs. Blair, who is one of her most real and beautiful characters. Her first novel was another Virginia story, 'Throckmorton'; it did not establish her reputation, but it is a good story and the character of the old general is probably the best of her old Southern-gentleman types.

This brief notice of her work considers only those books that are typical of the kind of writing Miss Seawell has done. The best, in the writer's judgment, are the naval stories and the Virginia novels, and these reach a high level. The future holds in store for her development in the various fields in which she has already entered, and it is not probable that she will enlarge a scope which already covers a wide field. Her greatest material success will doubtless come from further playwriting.

After her father's death, about eighteen years ago, Miss Seawell went to Washington with her mother and sister, and there she has established her permanent home in the winter, usually spending her summers in Europe. She has become the center of a circle of friends who are attracted by her colloquial talents and her goodness of heart, as well as her rare intellectual gifts.



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THE TRUE STORY OF COMMANDANT LIÈVRE

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RANK and fortune are everything. That I know, not from having them, but from the want of them. To cast a man upon the world with nothing but merit is like throwing him headlong into a den of tigers with a wooden sword to defend himself. If I knew how to use a pen as well as I know how to use a carbine, I could make this much clearer, but the plain recital of what I have done and suffered will be a convincing argument that what I say is true.

I was born in the town of Marne, while my father was there on conscript service. He was a man of sense and of spirit, and lost his life—how do you think? In a quarrel with a brother officer over a dancing dog! My mother, poor soul, soon followed him into the other country. I had a great-uncle in Marne, a notary, and I was about to say that he fed and

clothed me until my sixteenth year—but let that pass. He kept me from starving, and I was never arrested for being in rags.

I think I could have stood my hard fare and thin jacket better if I had not seen at intervals the little Marquis de Ravenel—the handsomest youngster imaginable, a younger and slighter boy than I, always galloping over the country on his pony, and a regular little prince thereabout, for he was the heir of the splendid château on the hill. He stood for me as the embodiment of youth and happiness. He was a fiery little fellow, and would fly into rages with his tutor and his grooms, and even his horses and dogs; and I remember seeing him one day on the highway, in a gust of temper, swearing like a pirate and wanting to fight a groom twice his size, who ran away laughing, but looked frightened too. Oh, how I longed to be like that little Marquis!

My uncle did not think I had the capacity for the profession of the long robe; and God knows if I had the capacity, I had not the taste, for I meant to be a soldier. My uncle determined to make me apprentice to an apothecary. We argued the point, and my uncle brought a clinching argument to bear on me in the end—he put me on bread and water. I stood it stoutly for exactly nine hours—but hunger is a creditor who will not be put off with promises to pay—so, next morning, I was busy at pounding drugs in a mortar. I pounded industriously for about an hour, thinking all the time what a shabby trade was drug-pounding compared with soldiering, and my reflections brought me to the point of resolving that if ever I engaged systematically in the business of killing my fellowmen, I would at least give them an equal chance with myself—in short, I concluded to run away and enlist. Having thus determined, I sneaked out of the apothecary's shop, and without going through the formality of asking my uncle's consent, I made for the high-road at the top of my speed.

Never shall I forget that day. It was at the beginning of May, and not ten thousand poets could describe its beauty, or the rapture it inspired in my breast; so, being a plain soldier, please excuse me from trying to tell of it. By hook and by crook, with the assistance of a few francs I had, I managed, next day, to reach the little town where the conscript depot was, and just as the officer in charge was about shutting up

his bureau for the night, I presented myself. Now, being under eighteen, I had been wondering how I would get in the army, and had gloomily determined that it would be my fate to enlist as a drummer: but one look on the officer's part at my height and figure showed me he meant to have me. I may say, now that I am as yellow as a kite's foot, with my face embroidered by several sabre cuts from Kabyle swords, with the rheumatism all over me, and one knee as stiff as iron, that I was a stalwart fellow at sixteen.

"Eighteen, did you say?" said the officer, taking down his book. I had said nothing, but I was put down as eighteen. The Sergeant who took me into another room and examined me, as a butcher examines a bullock, would not have let me go for a hundred francs; and so, before I slept that night, I was enlisted in the forty-third regiment of the line. So came to an end the first epoch of my life and so opened the second.

I would like to tell all that happened in the next twelve years, but I perceive that when one is writing about one's self the smallest particulars appear important, and if one put down all that appear interesting, a hundred books could be written in each life. I shall, therefore, only say that I early perceived my fate was in my own hands. The system of conscription has this advantage, that it brings one into contact with all classes of people; and the fact that there must be a separation of classes among the enlisted men, opens a door to those, like myself, who wish to make an honorable place in the world; and when my term of enlistment was up, I saw myself, at twenty-one, a sub-lieutenant.

Perhaps, if I had known the agonies of trying to live upon my pay, my heart might have failed at the last moment. My regiment was commonly known in the army as the Misers—there were so many poor men in it that our brother officers affected to believe that we were saving up millions. Occasionally, one of us made a good marriage; but immediately on making it the lucky man would either resign from the army altogether, or get a transfer to some other regiment. And thus we remained the Misers, that is, enduring all the penury of the miser, without his substantial gains.

Let it not be supposed that I spent all my youth in the pursuit of virtue and knowledge. Unluckily, no. But as I know

that I can never bring myself to relate exactly all the faults, the follies, the rebuffs, the disappointments I suffered, so will I pass over them in silence—but I had my share—I had my share. One, however, I will admit. I was fool enough, and found a man willing to co-operate with me in folly, to get in debt two thousand francs. When I tell you that I learned to like horse-flesh before I paid that money, perhaps it will be understood what I suffered. I was very lonely. I was too poor to have friends; even too poor to have enemies. At last my debt was paid; and on the very day that I had got my release, and was feeling as happy as a king, I fell into another snare, more terrible, more hopeless—I fell in love.

We were then stationed at St. Quentin. The town is well known. I came across an account of it written in 1783, and I own that it might be written in this year of 1845—so little has it changed—even to the promenades on the grass-grown ramparts. It was on a June evening, walking on those green ramparts that I met Renée Dufour. She was the daughter of the new Commandant, General Dufour. From the first moment that Renée's eyes met mine, it was all up with Pierre Lièvre.

I saw her often. Her father was very kind to me, and so was her old aunt, who was supposed to act a mother's part toward Renée. And Renée was very, very kind to me.

I will not attempt to describe her, but I cannot forbear mentioning the soft splendor of her eyes and the exquisite slenderness of her figure. She was not strictly beautiful—I believe the women of over-powering fascinations never are—but I will say no more.

Once there was to be a great military ball. I had not thought of going, but Renée asked me to go, and that was enough.

It was a very magnificent ball. The night was glorious, and the moon and stars looked down on a vast illuminated place, where fountains played, and music swelled and died, and the breath of roses ascended. The *coup d'œil* of the ball-room was splendid. At the top of the room stood General Dufour, a soldierly man with his breast covered with decorations—none of your time-of-peace decorations, but all earned by hard knocks—and at his side stood Renée, smiling and pal-

pitating with pleasure. I danced with her once, and afterward I fancied her eyes followed me pretty steadily; but I dismissed the thought as one only fit for a vain fool. I stood about, scarcely knowing anyone, except my brother officers, who were busily engaged. I felt that divine elation with which every human soul greets Love, the conqueror. I saw Renée dancing with the younger officers, promenading with the older men, whom she seemed to bewitch. I had no eyes for anything but her. Finding myself close to General Dufour after awhile, he turned as if to speak to me. The next moment he seemed stricken dumb, uttered a slight groan, put his hand to his head and fell forward. I caught him in my arms. His daughter must have seen it, for she ran forward. At the first look she turned to me and gasped:

"Get a priest."

There were plenty of military surgeons at hand in a moment. I slipped out, ran to the house of a curé opposite, hauled him out of bed, and had him at the door of the ball-room in ten minutes. I looked in, and saw at the head of the room General Dufour lying on a sofa, his daughter kneeling by him on one side, a surgeon on the other. The group was directly under the gallery of the musicians, who, mute and awe-stricken as the gayly dressed crowd below, sat motionless, holding their instruments. There was a slight commotion, and the surgeon said, in a clear voice:

"He wishes a priest."

I caught the surgeon's eye at that moment, and opening the door wider, he saw the curé about to enter. He whispered something to the dying man and then to the girl. Renée raised her eyes as I advanced slowly, ahead of the curé.

He carried, wrapped in a veil, the sacred pyx. At the sight all present fell on their knees; and from the musicians' gallery, as if by inspiration, came the celestial thrilling of the violins in the *Stabat Mater*. The strains, ineffably sweet and solemn, filled the vast hall, as the curé walked, with bent head, toward the dying man. The offices were soon over, and as the curé was reading the prayer for the dying, Renée said, softly:

"He is gone."

She was a soldier's daughter, and she walked bravely and

quietly out of the room on the surgeon's arm. I followed her without my own volition. There were others with me. The General's carriage was drawn up at the bottom of the marble stairs. She turned as she reached the head of the stairs, and, looking at me, managed to say:

"I thank you all. I thank the curé and Lieutenant Lièvre."

Never shall I forget the expression of her face, as she stood for a moment, the lamplight and the starlight falling upon her bare head, in her white gown, with a white mantle dropping off her beautiful white neck.

Next morning a great piece of good fortune befell me. I was ordered, with a part of my regiment, to Algiers. I call it good fortune, for I could have no peace near Renée Dufour, and it was a thousand times better for me to be far away from her, where I could neither see her nor hear her name. Before I left St. Quentin for good, I wrote her a very respectful note; and after some weeks, when I was at Toulon, I got a reply from her. It was brief—but just the kind of sweet, sincere thing that she might be expected to write. Like a fool, I imagined something in it—a word or two which indicated a continuing interest in me; but I soon saw the folly of such vain imaginings. That very night, at mess, General Dufour's death being mentioned, Captain Duval-Choisy, a steady, reliable fellow, said he supposed that Mademoiselle Dufour's marriage with the Marquis de Ravenel would follow soon. He had heard on good authority that the Marquis, a handsome, dashing young man, with nothing against him but a rather hasty temper, was always with her now, with the consent of her relations. This gave me a great deal of pleasure. What a fitting match for her! Youth, love—for she had no fortune—rank and wealth. And de Ravenel must be a fine fellow; a hasty temper was nothing. I was in such spirits with this news that I ordered champagne, and laughed and talked more gayly than ever before in my life. I even tried to sing, and I have no more voice than a crow. I took my gayety with me to my quarters, and sat up looking at a black and starless sky, and listening to a restless night-wind until near daylight, all the time rejoicing at Renée's good fortune. What a thing it was for a man to be well born and rich! I was neither.

It was in May, 1830, that with a part of my regiment—the

Misers—I was ordered to embark on board the Diadème, ship of the line, at Toulon. There were in round numbers thirty-five thousand men engaged in that first great African expedition. I remember that everything was done to inspire us with enthusiasm, but it was not in the Bourbons to inspire soldiers. And when the poor old Duc d'Angoulême came down to review us—such a melancholy, cadaverous, croaking, tongue-tied, lantern-jawed, megrim-haunted creature never was seen—the men laughed at him, and the officers swore at him, under the rose. It was frightfully depressing when he undertook to make us a speech. There was Marshal Marmont—I happened to see him in the Duc's suite when that speech was made—and I thought the old soldier would have died of disgust. The Duc told us that none of us would come back, advised us to settle our worldly affairs, and make our peace with Heaven. The men looked quite blue when they were marched back to their quarters, and the officers felt bluer still. It is a very terrible thing to begin a campaign in bad spirits. Soldiers are apt to die when they are in bad spirits. Some of us remembered what the Emperor had said concerning the Duc's wife—she was "the only man in the family"—but we dared not speak of this, for any mention of the Emperor always affected the army deeply, and the authorities, very properly, ordered us to keep silent on the subject of Napoleon. The Bourbons were in a bad way with the army after the Revolution. They might forbid us to talk of Napoleon, but we only thought of him the more—and we forced them to bring his ashes back to us before many years.

We were to embark on May 11th, and ten days beforehand two of our sub-lieutenants were obliged to be sent to the hospital—one to have his leg cut off, the other raving with fever. Two more had to be drafted into our battalion immediately, and one was the Marquis de Ravenel, from a crack lancers regiment. Although myself only a few grades ahead of him in rank, I happened to be the senior officer present when he reported. The others all had wives and families to say farewell to—I, alas! had no one.

He was as handsome, as dashing, as ever. How admirably would he suit with Renée Dufour! We had a very pleasant conversation, and the next morning, when the battalion was

about to be paraded before me, I admired him more than ever. The men were drawn up under some trees on the edge of the town—we were encamped instead of being in barracks—and they certainly appeared very well. I was about to compliment de Ravenel upon the smart appearance of his men, when, as he approached, I saw that he was pale with rage—he looked as he did that day, so many years before, when I had seen him raving with the groom in the high-road. And this is what he said to me—his superior officer:

"So you are the man for whom Renée Dufour refuses to marry me. You, a beggar, a vulgarian, fit only to associate with her footman."

He spoke in a low voice, and I, staggered for a moment, replied in the same low tone:

"M. le Marquis, return to your quarters and consider yourself under arrest."

As quick as a flash he raised his sword, and gave me a swinging blow over my head with the hilt, and I knew no more. I did not know anything for several days. When I recovered consciousness I was in a hospital ward, and Duval-Choisy was sitting by me. I said to him, with an effort:

"Do you think de Ravenel will be shot?"

"He is shot already," answered Duval-Choisy, bluntly, "and by his own pistol, too—that is to say, it is so given out—but let me tell you, my dear Lièvre, although de Ravenel's body and the smoking pistol were smuggled out, I have grave doubts whether he is not just as much alive as you or I. His family are powerful at court, and royalists are not shot nowadays—there are not enough of them to be rashly disposed of. So don't trouble yourself about de Ravenel."

I found that the general opinion was the same as Duval-Choisy's. The offence was so flagrant that it could not be passed over; striking an officer is punishable with death, and the sentence is generally carried out in our army. De Ravenel's family had got to him at once; and before the court-martial could be notified, here had come the story of his suicide. There were many suspicious circumstances about the prompt removal of the body; the military authorities were strangely reticent; and I had a hint given me from a high quarter that I need

not suffer my mind to be agitated about de Ravenel's tragic fate.

I recovered rapidly, and was ready to leave with my battalion, on May 11th. I had heard no word of Renée Dufour in that time. I had some hours of madness before leaving, when I felt like writing her a letter, bidding her farewell, but some instinct of manliness stopped me. Even if she were insane enough to wish to marry me, her family would be justified in preventing it. I had nothing; I could give her nothing. No. The story of her preference for me, which had maddened de Ravenel, was mere idle gossip, because I had got the priest for her father when she asked me. She had probably never thought of me again.

At last, on a June evening, we sighted Algiers, and next morning the debarkation began. Everybody knows what followed. We beat the Algerians and the Kabyles and all the other tribesmen in all the pitched battles when they dared to face us, but they kept up a harassing guerilla warfare which was infuriating. We had to build a chain of block-houses along all the territory outside the city of Algiers to protect our outposts and the few people who dwelt there.

The first year or two was exciting enough. Many of us got promotion—I got my captaincy—but after that, there was a time of stagnation. There were troubles in France and the troops were withdrawn, leaving only a handful in Africa. I had done my share in the campaign, and after that the homesickness which seizes every Frenchman away from France seized me. We were quite idle, the authorities being content that we should simply hold what we had got—and to be idle in Africa, as it was then, was very dreadful. The officers who had friends at home got ordered back, but I with a few other Misers, remained on the plain around Algiers.

The men suffered more, of course, than the officers. From some of the best disciplined regiments in France they grew to be among the worst. At every departure for France there would be an outbreak from those who remained behind. Expeditions were organized against the Kabyles and Bedouins to counteract this and give the men something to talk about—but soldiers, unluckily, can think—and when they saw that we could not keep what we took, that we were not numerous

enough to make a strong demonstration against the tribesmen, that beyond our line of block-houses we were powerless, and, above all, the occasional finding of a soldier with his head cut off, it was hard upon them. They would talk about the Emperor then; there was no stopping them. For my own part, I stood the ordeal fairly well. I tried to put Renée out of my head—and how well I succeeded may be imagined when I say that I never looked at those great, brilliant, golden stars of the African nights, which seem so large and so near, without thinking of her, and wondering if she were still alive, and if she were married—and this dreamer was a battered, middle-aged Captain of the line! And this lasted for thirteen years. Yes, I was thirteen years in Africa. Of course I might have gone back to France many times, but, unluckily, I learned Arabic, with many of its dialects, very well. It has always been my perverse fortune to get in trouble, not through my faults—which are numerous enough, and all well grown for their age—but by my few good qualities. The authorities put me into the *Bureau arabe*. I, a soldier, was made a clerk. In vain I swore I would resign, I would leave the army, I would turn Mahometan, but it was no use. After my time the officers were astute enough never to acknowledge how much Arabic they really knew; but I, in an insane moment, had boasted of mine, and I had thirteen years in which to repent of it. Algiers in the 30's was a dreary place, half desert, half Paris, French, African, the Arab slipper-maker next door to the French milliner—a boulevard on the edge of the desert. I think I grew morose in the thirteen years when I was a French grand-vizier. As chief of the bureau, I had the privilege of ordering Arabian heads to be cut off. I did not avail myself of the privilege, but sometimes longed rather to cut some other heads off. I grew to be "old Lièvre" among the young sub-lieutenants. I kept away from the quarters where the French ladies with their smart gowns were to be found. The ugly ones I did not like, and the attractive ones always reminded me of Renée; so I avoided women altogether.

At last this slavery to a bureau became intolerable. One day I determined to be free. I went to head-quarters and announced that I would like to be relieved from the *Bureau arabe*. The Commandant smiled, and made out my orders at

once. I was to proceed to Fort Mastagnan, nearly two hundred miles from Algiers, and take command of the little fort, with a garrison of—what do you think? One hundred and fifty *disciplinaires.*

To command a mud fort, two hundred miles in the interior, with a garrison of a hundred and fifty rapscallions under punishment! Of course the Commandant expected me to beg off at once, and to go back to doing a clerk's work in the *Bureau arabe.* But I swore to myself that I would not go back to the *Bureau arabe.* The Commandant did not urge me. He evidently thought that a slight experience of Fort Mastagnan would bring me to terms; so he let me go. Within a week I was ready to start. It was a weary journey. My first sight of Mastagnan was not as melancholy as one might suppose; for *disciplinaires* are soldiers after all, and have the same childish light-heartedness of other soldiers. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and although it was in the rainy season, the sun shone every day at that hour. The fort was perched upon a plateau, with great mountain-peaks towering over it, and the sun glinted upon the silvery mountain-torrents that foamed down the face of the rocks.

My ragamuffins were drawn up to receive their new Commandant, and although not very smart looking—except one man who was orderly to the former Commandant—they were not very bad looking. The officer whom I was to relieve recommended his orderly to me.

"A very sharp fellow—calls himself Laurent—has a life-sentence for striking an officer, but I think he expects it to be commuted very soon. I can't make him out; I am afraid he is a gentleman; he writes a better hand than I do, and except for his damned superiority in everything, has not a fault."

"I will take him," said I.

The first time my orderly and I came face to face I saw he was the Marquis de Ravenel, and he saw that I was Captain Lièvre, and each knew the other recognized him. But never saw I such coolness and self-possession as Laurent's. He had, at last, learned self-control. Not a wink betrayed him, and I, scorning to be outdone by my orderly, was as cool as he. This, then, explained the mystery. By some sort of juggling his family had saved his life, and had got him off

to Africa, ostensibly for life. They had probably been working all the time for the commutation of his sentence, the restoration of his civil rights, and he would return to France something of a hero, to be rehabilitated with title, money, and everything. But suppose the impulse to kill me should come upon him? Well, he had plenty of chances. We got on from the start—Laurent's face quite inscrutable, while I, in a very little while, had trouble to keep from smiling every time I saw, or even thought of, the Marquis touching his cap to Pierre Lièvre, holding my horse, running my errands, standing at attention whenever I spoke to him.

As with my predecessor, he did everything better than I did. His accent was Parisian—mine, I am afraid, was not. He wrote and spoke half a dozen other languages besides, of which I knew not a word. He had made himself a kind of mandolin, on which he played charmingly, while he sung airs from the operas that had been new thirteen years ago, and he was leader of the *disciplinaires'* band. Oh, it was a comedy to see us together! I wondered often if he remembered Renée Dufour. Alas for me! I had not forgotten her.

Meanwhile I had been looking closely about me, for the Commandant of a fort in the enemy's country, with a garrison of *disciplinaires,* needs to keep his eyes open. The fort had good walls, stout and high. On the northern side it was protected by an inaccessible precipice. We had one field-piece, and plenty of ammunition and provisions. I considered the fort practically impregnable, *if* I had a good garrison. I had no doubt they would fight; *disciplinaires* are generally good fighters; but suppose the tribesmen should come, five or six thousand strong, as they might, for they had lately begun to attack us in vast numbers when they attacked at all. Then, if only the *morale* of the *disciplinaires* could be kept up—but there is something overpowering to the rude mind of a private soldier in the thought that he is outnumbered fifty to one, even though he be well armed and protected. After considering this part of it, I sat down to do what I had always intended, but had not, until then, set about, and that was, to make my will. But when I actually began it, I was troubled with two difficulties—I had nothing to leave, and nobody to leave it to. So I did not make a will.

I am happy to say that I found Fort Mastagnan a great improvement on the *Bureau arabe*. I was as well satisfied as ever in my life. True, I had the same old pain at my heart, but that I should have had anywhere. And the sight of those solemn peaks piercing the clouds, and the vast loneliness of the hills and valleys around the fort in the mountains, was soothing to my soul.

Some months passed. We often saw bands of Kabyles and other tribesmen stealing along the valleys at nightfall, the light trampling of their horses' hoofs faintly audible in the clear air. Sometimes the morning sun shone on a group of dazzling white burnouses disappearing quickly in the gorges of the mountains. We had not so far had a single Kabyle carbine fired at us, but it was coming.

One night in December, when the air was sharp, as I sat at my supper of barley-broth and mutton—it was mutton, mutton, mutton, summer and winter—Laurent entered my room, and saluting, said, calmly:

"Sir, the tribesmen are pouring down the mountain-side."

I seized my field-glass and ran out. There was no moon, but the sky was bright with stars, and by their faint, unearthly shimmer I could see a cloud of horsemen pouring, as Laurent said, out of the great mountain-gorge above us. On they came, in myriads. The Arab horses rush noiselessly down the steepest declivities in an indescribable manner; it is more like the flight of eagles than the bound of horses. The riders, enveloped in their white burnouses, out of which their black eyes gleam like points of flame, looked ghostly, and if I were a poet, instead of a plain Captain of the line, I could tell, as it should be told, the weirdness, the wildness, the barbaric majesty of the sight. It was as if some great serpent of the night were unwinding himself, to spring upon that little fort on the mountain-side—for as the Arabs came into the plain, the vast circle coiled around the fort, and then gave one prolonged savage shriek of hate, and menace and triumph. There were not less than eight thousand of them in sight—and we were a hundred and fifty.

Meanwhile my rapscallions were under arms by the tap of the drum, and I proceeded to harangue them.

"It is a movement in force," said I. "Thousands of tribes-

men cannot move without the knowledge of our superiors. We shall be rescued—be sure of that—and meanwhile we must take care of ourselves. You know what Arabs do for their prisoners. Not always this—" I passed my hand across my throat—"that is mercy; but to be slowly tormented to death, to be dragged at the heels of horses, to die of blows and thirst and hunger—*that* is the punishment reserved for French prisoners—and afterward their heads are cut off. Now, my children, let us not die in that manner."

A shout arose from my fellows at this.

"However," said I, "there is small danger of that, for I have arranged, if ever the Arabs get over the stockade, to blow us all up at the first wink!"

This they cheered tremendously.

"And more," said I, "there is a chance for every one of you to wipe out everything against you. Gallantry in the face of an enemy will condone any crime a soldier may commit. *Vive l'armée!*"

At this, a great cheer went up. Fear and hope—the two great mainsprings of human action—had been touched, instead of a hundred and fifty *disciplinaires,* I had a hundred and fifty heroes.

And now my awkward pen falters and I can scarcely go on. Oh, for the burning words of a Froissart to tell what happened when eight thousand Kabyles and Bedouins came surging upon us! In the darkness the trampling of their horses' feet sounded like thunder. They had each a long, single-barrelled rifle, but they soon found that rifle-balls do not penetrate thick walls. We knew they would attempt to storm the place, and when we saw a hundred dark heads over the parapet on the south side, it took not a minute for us to direct all our fire at them, while our one gun was dragged across the courtyard, and pointed through a hole in the wall. And when it barked out, I heard, for the first time, the Arabs shriek with pain; for these followers of the Prophet are great and admirable in agony and death. They suffer and die with majestic calmness. But the very suddenness of the assault drew from them a yell that smote the black heavens above them.

All night the *disciplinaires* fought as I never saw men fight before or since—such coolness, such discipline!

All through that first dreadful night Laurent was my aide-de-camp as well as my orderly; and when the mountain-tops grew rosy in the coming dawn, he was at my side, cool, smiling, and spick and span as ever. That is the way with the thoroughbreds. I am afraid I was frowzy and rather ill-tempered. About sunrise the Arabs gave us a little peace, and, still under arms, we had something to eat. Laurent—that is, the Marquis de Ravenel—brought my coffee and barley-bread to me upon a tray with a white napkin. I was a long time eating and drinking—all for effect—it nearly choked me. Then I ordered the band out—we had a pretty good one—and Laurent, the leader, looked at me meaningly, and I understood and nodded back, and it burst into—not *Vive Henri Quatre,* or any of those Bourbon airs, for which soldiers do not care a fig—but into *La Marseillaise!* You should have seen my poor fellows! They shouted, they wept, they embraced!—they cheered me—they cried, "*Now,* will we hold out!" Oh, it was an inspiration! They were every inch Frenchmen then! All day the attack continued intermittently. I was more sure of the *morale* of the men then than before; still I thought the day with its monotony more dangerous than the night with its excitement. As the sun sank in beauty—the day had been mild and clear—Laurent went and fetched his mandolin, and sitting in the middle of the courtyard, sang some of his gay songs, all about love and wine, and the men began to laugh and actually to dance. I daresay the Arab devils outside thought we were crazy, but we were watching them all the same.

As soon as night fell we again heard the marshalling of thousands of horsemen, the trampling of thousands of hoofs, that wild, far-reaching scream of thousands of voices. The sky became inky black with the clouds that were to pour down rain on us; the air grew sharp, and a cold wind from the mountains swept down and roared through the gorges, and soughed among the branches of the trees. And over all hung a pall of dusk and gloom; it was as if the few souls in that fort in the African wilderness were the sole human beings in the universe. And the sudden rush of thousands of Arabs, which came at midnight, the earth trembling as the multitude of iron hoofs smote it, seemed rather the assault of demons than of men. That night we repelled them, too; every head

that appeared over the parapet was shot off. The Arabs rode round and round the fort, wheeling as they reached the one inaccessible side. This second night the sight of this vast wheel of horsemen circling around us, the hoof-beats sounding always at the same distance, began to show its effect upon the *disciplinaires*. One of them, a hale, hearty young fellow of twenty-four, grew deadly pale and faint as he listened. I was passing at the time, and afraid to notice him for fear the panic would communicate itself to the others. I saw him walk unsteadily toward the centre of the courtyard, as if to get a better view of the enemy, and suddenly he put his foot upon the trigger of his carbine, and the next moment the bullet went through his head. He shrieked out twice, "I was afraid! I was afraid!" and then breathed no more.

This first indication of panic was very alarming. Presently, Laurent, touching his cap, whispered to me, "Captain, may I get my mandolin?"

I nodded, and in a little while he was sitting under an umbrella to keep off the rain, thrumming his mandolin, and singing in a rich voice some of the songs from the operas. And he kept this up until the dreary dawn of the rainy day came. Then it was his turn to do duty, but his singing was having so good an effect on the men that I allowed him to continue an hour longer. The band then played *La Marseillaise,* and I knew we were safe as long as the inspiration from it lasted. I thought as I made my rounds that morning that surely no commander was ever placed in a more singular position. Here I was, locked up alone with one hundred and fifty criminals. We were perfectly safe as long as we thought ourselves to be safe; but the instant we doubted our safety, all was up with us.

In all that time we listened, and hoped, and waited every hour for the relief column. The authorities kept a close watch on our enemies, and they must soon become acquainted with the assembling of so many thousands of them. Yet for seven days and nights we endured the agony of waiting. Seven days and nights! Rather did it seem seven months. There was not the smallest break in the routine. At last I began to fear that the men would give way under this strain of monotony. I was convinced that were a few men killed by the enemy, it would have been better on the whole. But nothing I can write could

give the smallest idea of those seven days and nights of agony, before one morning, just at sunrise, we heard the French bugles. Oh, the rapture of that silver sound! I think every man wept, even Laurent, and in an hour the misery was over. Our enemy was flying to the mountains, our comrades were marching in, grasping our hands, embracing us, and calling us heroes. Some of the heroes, though were so unnerved that they lay in heaps upon the ground crying like nervous women. Laurent, I noticed, was overflowing with joy and happiness. He had the nerve to stand joy as well as agony.

Well, when my hundred and fifty bad fellows marched into Algiers, one bright morning, they were received as if they were the glory of the French army. Troops lined the way on both sides, all the Europeans cheered us, the ladies threw us bouquets and waved their handkerchiefs, and wept and laughed —even the Arabs and the Jews looked at us with some interest. Every man had all his misdeeds wiped out, and every man got a medal for gallantry, and every man was drafted into a line regiment, except one—Laurent.

Within an hour of the time we reached Algiers I had forwarded Laurent's application for leave; and in another hour it was returned, "Granted."

That night, after he had attended to my wants in his usual submissive manner—for he was still my orderly—he came up to me, and suddenly changing his whole aspect, he said:

"Adieu, comrade. I have got leave, and I am off to-morrow to—never mind where. You have been an excellent master, and I will give you a certificate of character to that effect whenever you want it."

"Thank you, comrade," replied I, offering him my hand, which he shook warmly. Next morning Laurent was gone—to France on a merchant vessel. The Commandant, who knew a good deal more than he would admit, made a wretched business of an explanation to me, but I knew that Laurent had influences at work which would get him to France the instant his time was up. No doubt, it was all arranged months beforehand. I was made a Commandant, and given the cross of St. Louis; and then the resolve came into my mind to return to France, and to begin a search for Renée Dufour.

I reached Paris one afternoon in April, and going to a

lodging near the Champs-Élysées, recommended to me by a brother officer, engaged a modest apartment, and the very first person I met on the stairs when I came home at midnight was my old acquaintance Duval-Choisy. He seemed pleased to see me, asked me about Mastagnan, and invited me to sit on his balcony and smoke before going to bed.

I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful and brilliant as Paris that spring night. The lights, the cheerful crowds on the streets, the merry cafés, and, over all, the solemn stars and great, vivid moon that had shone over Mastagnan. Next us was a splendid hotel lighted from *entresol* to attic; a ball was going on and we could hear the rhythm of the music borne out on the soft night-air of April, and could see the dancers whirling past the windows. He watched it in silence for some time—I was thinking of that other ball, now more than fourteen years ago, and, as always, thinking, thinking of Renée Dufour. But I could not bring myself to ask Duval-Choisy about her, although I felt sure he knew. Presently he spoke, without looking at me—he was always a kind-hearted fellow.

"That hotel belongs to the Marquis de Ravenel; you have not forgotten him? Of course, he did not commit suicide. His family got him sent to Africa for life, it was said, but as soon as the citizen-king came in, they began to work to have him pardoned, and they succeeded. He was at Mastagnan; did you recognize him?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Of course, that wiped out everything. His family made a hero of him; his mother bought this hotel for him, and he married Mademoiselle Dufour at last."

The music rose and fell as before, but the air of the melodious waltz seemed to me to blend strangely into the strain of the *Stabat Mater* that I had heard played at that other ball so long ago.

I said not a word. Duval-Choisy continued, after a little while:

"I have heard that Renée Dufour remained unmarried all those years, not for the sake of de Ravenel, but for some other man—someone who had been kind to her at the time of her father's death—there was a mysterious reason for her con-

duct. She rewarded de Ravenel's constancy in the end, but I do not think she has the air of a happy woman."

The ball was still going on, but at that moment a woman dressed in white, with diamonds flashing all over her, came out on a little balcony directly opposite ours. She raised her face, and the moonlight fell upon it. How sad it was! And it was the face of Renée de Ravenel.

RAPHAEL SEMMES

[1809—1877]

RAPHAEL S. PAYNE

WHEN a boy of seventeen Raphael Semmes was a midshipman in the United States Navy. The habits of discipline he formed then adapted him to a career of adventure and exploit. He was made immune to exposure, and nature had endowed him with great courage and a rare moral poise. In time of real peril he invariably rose to the heroic ideal.

His parents having died in his youth, he was welcomed to the home of his uncle, Raphael Semmes, in Georgetown, D.C., where he was reared by his aunt, Mrs. Matilda Semmes, with the same fidelity and prudence that she bestowed upon her own thirteen children, among whom was the late Thomas J. Semmes of New Orleans, one of the Committee of Fifteen who drafted the Ordinance of Secession; a member of the Confederate Senate, and for a generation ranking as the first lawyer of Louisiana. In those days Georgetown was the "Court End" of Washington, and the Semmes home was the scene of much pleasant hospitality. Mrs. Semmes, who possessed gracious manners, a brilliant mind, and withal a militant, patriotic, and religious spirit, entertained and met at social functions many of the prominent persons there who figured in the military, naval, and political circles of the National capital. She knew personally every President from Monroe to Lincoln, also Webster, Marshall, Taney, Clay, and Calhoun, while Jefferson Davis, Prentiss, Toombs, Alexander Stephens, the Lees, the Maurys, McBlairs, Sinclairs, Buchanans, Masons, Yanceys, Garlands, John Slidell, Bayard, Pinckney, Wirt, and others who achieved fame in the Civil War, were the contemporaries, and many of them the companions, of her sons and daughters. In this atmosphere of extraordinary culture and this school of courage, honor, and patriotism, was molded the character of Raphael Semmes, his imagination enriched and his literary taste nourished.

A native of Maryland, he drew his sword in defence of his State and his people with the same self-sacrifice and high purpose that marked the course of General Lee and other Confederate leaders who fought under the old flag. Semmes was a versatile man, whose attainments were as solid as they were varied. He was not only versed in seamanship, and all the practical points of marine con-

struction, mechanics, and supplies, but a master of international law, a sagacious judge of men and events, and a polished scholar who could express himself with force, dignity, and grace, whether on the rostrum, with his pen, or in informal conversation. An impressive trait in his nature, for a man otherwise so engrossed, was a sincere and profound religious conviction, which he never paraded, but revealed both in his personal example and his loyal devotion to his church. This was strikingly illustrated on the morning of the battle with the *Kearsarge,* when he entered the little Catholic chapel at Cherbourg and received the sacraments with all the humility and zeal of the simple French peasant-folk among whom he knelt. He then wrote his will, addressed a touching letter to his wife and children in America, and prepared his ship for action.

Although a martinet in the hour of authority and duty, he had a fine emotional temperament and personal magnetism that bound his men to him with "hooks of steel." They not only obeyed his commands with enthusiasm, but loved and admired their commander with almost filial devotion. He in turn entertained genuine affection for his officers and crew, as is disclosed in his description of the spectacle on the *Alabama* when sinking: "When I looked," he wrote, "upon my gory deck at the close of the action and saw so many manly forms stretched upon it with the glazed eye of death or suffering from agonizing wounds, I felt as a father feels who has lost his children—his children who had followed him in sunshine and storm to the uttermost ends of the earth, and been always true to him." Semmes idolized his ship, and carried a sentiment in his heart for the beautiful craft which, as he declared, "was both my battlefield and home for two long years of vicissitudes."

In his pen picture of the *Alabama,* he reveals true literary skill. He begins with a fascinating description of her lines and pose, investing her with romantic interest. He then depicts in technical yet graphic diction how she was built, equipped, and manned.

When the battle-ships of to-day, with all the majesty and power of their lines, the destructive force of their armaments, their inherent capacity of resistance and marvelous flight of speed, are compared to the primitive, frail, and airy architecture of a vessel like the *Alabama,* the chronicles of her cruise read like fiction. Lieutenants McIntosh Kell and Arthur Sinclair, Master J. S. Bullock, and others of her official family, have pictured this will-o'-the-wisp of the ocean as "a thing of beauty," fashioned with grace, and as captivating when under full sail chasing the enemy as some phantom enchantress! But Semmes's nautical eye knew her as no other, and to readers of the present generation the Admiral's description of the historic vessel will show a striking contrast to the modern

battle-ship. In his 'Memoirs of Service Afloat' he wrote: "When her awnings were snugly spread, her yards squared, and her rigging hauled taut, she looked like a bride with the orange wreath about her brow ready to be led to the altar. She was 900 tons burden, 230 feet long, 32 broad, 20 deep and drew when provisioned and coaled for a cruise 15 feet of water. Her model was of the most perfect symmetry, and she sat upon the water with the lightness and grace of a swan. She was barkentine rigged, with long lower masts, which enabled her to carry large fore and aft sails as jibs and trysails, which are of so much importance to a steamer in emergencies. Her sticks were of the best yellow pine, that would bend in a gale like a willow wand, without breaking, and her rigging was of the best Swedish iron wire. Her scantling was light. Her engine was of 300 horse-power, and she had attached an apparatus for condensing from the vapor of the sea all the fresh water her crew might require. She was a perfect steamer and a perfect sailing ship, at the same time, neither of her modes of locomotion being at all dependent upon the other. Ordinarily she was a 10-knot ship, her speed having been overrated by the enemy, but she could make 13¼ knots under both steam and sail. Her armament consisted of eight guns, six 32-pounders in broadside, and two pivot guns amidship; one on the forecastle, the other abaft the main mast—the former a 100-pounder rifled Blakley and the latter a smooth-bore 8-inch. Her average crew before the mast consisted of 120 men. She carried 24 officers and cost $250,000."

Semmes was a comprehensive observer who enjoyed true comradeship with nature and with men. He not only saw with the vision of a trained seaman, but he looked at the panorama of life with the eyes of a scholar and the reason of a philosopher. He knew every tint of the firmament and every mood of the sea. The glory of an ocean sunrise, the radiance of the evening sky, the mystery of twilight, the tranquil charm of "a calm," the majesty and tumult of a storm—all appealed to his well-ordered mind, whether in contemplation or in the throes of action. This enthusiasm over the sublimity of the elements, the vigilance with which he studied his crew, his observations of the customs, habits, and institutions that prevailed at the strange ports where he touched, together with the introspection of the man himself, whose horizon for months at a time knew no limit, find faithful expression in his military memoirs —a literary form of which he was a master.

As human nature is oftenest governed by impulse, and as the function of the historian, according to the best critics, is to analyze and expose the motives that actuate men of a certain period, to fathom the undercurrent of affairs, Admiral Semmes's books are

something more than entertaining narratives of the Mexican and Civil wars; they have, indeed, the value of a classic as showing the temper, patriotism, and statesmanship of those times. In treating of the fanaticism that prevailed, and the injustice shown toward the South during the reconstruction period, he brings into play powers of invective and satire whose poignancy will be felt as long as there remains a hostile memory of the breach between the sections.

In his manly and logical appeal to President Johnson, in a private letter to his brother when in prison at Washington awaiting trial for treason, and all through his 'Memoirs,' he not only vindicates his own course, but proves a superb fencer with his pen when dealing with the doctrine of States' Rights. In his first production, published in 1852, 'The Campaign of General Scott in the Valley of Mexico,' his style is marked by that felicity and faculty for observing details which impart so much charm to the 'Diary of Sir John Evelyn.' His high culture, fine appreciation of art, and his sense of the social amenities of life, are patent in his critical comment on paintings by the masters in the galleries at Puebla; then the *pretium affectionis* he attaches to rare books in the libraries; his impressive description of church festivals; the gaiety and color with which he pictures the amusements of the people, their costumes, and the native charm, vivacity, and coquetry of the Mexican women. But the author is at his best in his 'Memoirs of Service Afloat,' which abounds with forensic flights that are models of style; as, for example, his address* just before the duel between the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge*.

This address proved to be Admiral Semmes's valedictory, and although he lost both the victory and his ship, it stirs the pulse of patriotism after a lapse of nearly half a century, and forms a part of the history and literature of the South.

Raphael S. Payne

*See page 4763.

AT THE SIEGE OF VERA CRUZ

From 'The Campaign of General Scott in Mexico.'

THE night of the 24th was a beautiful star-light night—as well as I remember, there was no moon—and the relief party, for the navy battery, reached its station—after running the gauntlet of the enemy's fire, on a portion of the route—a little before sunset. We bivouacked our men in a clump of bushes on the southern, or off-slope, of the sand-hill, on the brow of which the battery was placed; cooked an excellent supper, with plenty of hot coffee; smoked a cigar, and went to bed; that is to say, each one of us made a hole in the sand, to conform to the angularity of his figure, and pulled a blanket over his head. Meanwhile the engineers, with relief working parties, were busy with the repair of our defenses, which had been rendered almost untenable, and a detachment of volunteers kept guard while we slept. Although our position sheltered us from the direct fire of the enemy, which indeed has ceased since night set in, yet an occasional shell, thrown at random in our direction, exploded in fearful proximity to us. The novelty of my position, and the excitement of the scene around me —the engineers working away at our sand-bags, like so many specters, by the starlight, the sentinel, at a little distance, pacing his solitary round, and the sailors collected in small groups, discoursing, *sotto voce,* but not so *sotto* either, but that every now and then, a "d—n my eyes" could be heard—prevented me from sleeping. Perhaps, after all, a little sensation of nervousness, occasioned by the thought of being set up, on the morrow, to be shot at by three batteries, had more to do with my wakefulness, than at the time I was willing to confess to myself. In the early part of the night, the walls of the city abreast of us, and on our right, were brilliantly illuminated by the burning of some sheds and other buildings in the suburbs; no doubt, fired by the Mexicans themselves, to unmask new pieces, which they were placing in position, to oppose us. About midnight I wandered to a small eminence, in the neighborhood of our battery, to look forth upon the scene. It was perfectly calm. The fleet at Sacrificios was just visible through the gloom, and was sleeping quietly at its anchors, without

other sign of life, than a solitary light burning at the gaff-end of the commodore. The castle of San Juan de Ulloa, magnified out of all proportion by the uncertain twilight, and looking ten times more somber and defiant than ever, appeared to enjoy equal repose. Even the sea seemed to have gone to sleep, after the turmoil of the recent norther, as the only sound that reached the ear, from that direction, was a faint, very faint murmur, hoarse and plaintive, as the lazy swell, with scarcely energy enough to break, stranded itself on the beach. The cricket and the katydid, and myriads of other insects—the south is the land of insects—chirruped in a sort of inharmonious melody, reminding one of his far-off home and of fireside scenes. But if nature was thus inclined to repose, man was not, for Death still held his carnival within the walls of the beleaguered city. Those horrid mortars of ours were in "awful activity." The demons incarnate, all begrimed with powder and smoke, who served them at this midnight hour, having received a fresh supply of shells and ammunition, since the lull of the norther, seemed to redouble their energies, to make up for their lazy day's work of yesterday. They gave the doomed city no respite, not even for a single moment, as the air was never without its tenant, winging its way on its errand of death. I sat and watched these missiles for an hour or more, and I shall never forget the awful scream, apparently proceeding from several female voices, which came ringing on the night air, as one of those terrible engines of destruction exploded—carrying death and dismay, no doubt, to some family circle. No sight could have been more solemn and impressive—the imagination dwelling all the while on the awful tragedy which was being enacted—than the flight of those missiles through the air. The night was just dark enough to admit of their burning fuses being seen, as they traced those beautiful parabolas, peculiar to this kind of projectile. And then, the awful precision with which they would explode, called forth my constant admiration. They seemed to be hid but a single second or less, behind the dark curtain of the city walls, before the terrible explosion—reverberated and magnified, as it passed through the streets, by the walls of the houses—would almost stun the ear—I was only seven hundred yards off, and the humidity of the atmosphere was

highly favorable to the passage of sound. Occasionally, several would be in the air at the same time—I counted as high as five on one occasion—chasing each other like playful meteors, and exploding in quick succession like a *feu de joie*. We were astir, the next morning, at early daylight—our boatswain's mate having aroused all hands, in man-of-war fashion, with a shrill note from his "call"—silver whistle—and a voice resembling the growl of a grizzly bear. By sunrise, we were at our work; the seamen handling their long 32s and 68s like toys, and the officers delivering their fire in quick succession, and in the right place. The enemy was not long in replying to us. The same three batteries that had handled Captain Aulick so roughly yesterday, concentrated upon us again to-day, apparently with renewed energy. In addition to this, the castle, which by this time had discovered the true point of attack, began to throw a monster shell at us, at intervals. We had constant occasion to admire the spirit and accuracy, with which the Mexican artillerists handled their pieces. Their shot, which were much lighter than ours, came whistling just over our heads, or buried themselves in the sand-bags, at the muzzles of our guns, with a spiteful and sullen sound, as if in a rage of disappointment at not being able to reach us. Now and then, one would come whizzing through the embrasures, taking off some poor fellow's head, or having spent itself on the parapet outside, come hopping in lightly on the platform, where we were working the guns. We collected several of these, and sent them back again—two at a time to the enemy, with our compliments. At heavy artillery exercise, the Mexicans are perhaps our equals—their practice is very constant—but they fall far short of us, in the management of light pieces in the field. It so happened that the two navies were opposed to each other, on this occasion; the little battery, immediately in front of us, and the hottest and most efficient of the three, being commanded by Lieutenant Holsinger, an intelligent young German, who had been several years in the Mexican service. We, of the Raritan—Captain Forrest being represented by a thirty-two—paid our particular respects to this gentleman. Our piece fired with the accuracy of a rifle, as did all the solid-shot guns, and we were consequently enabled to pitch our heavy metal "right into him." We shot away his colors twice, which

the gallant fellow as often replaced, though we must have been riddling his slight redoubt, and slaying his seamen at every discharge. About seven o'clock, in the day, the army battery, No. 4—twenty-four pounders—opened its fire and rendered us friendly assistance, by diverting the attention of Fort Santiago—though this fort being more distant than the other two, had done us but little damage. The mortars continuing, too, to throw their shells with spirit, the whole constituted that "awful activity" described by the general-in-chief, in his dispatch.

ON THE ROAD TO PUEBLA

From 'The Campaign of General Scott in Mexico.'

We were again in motion at eight o'clock the next morning. It had snowed, during the night, on the top of the Malinche, at the base of which is situated Acajete, and a keen north-wind rendered the weather quite cold—so much so, that we wrapped ourselves, at starting, in our overcoats and serapes. As we rose a slight eminence, soon after leaving Acajete, the splendid view of the volcanoes of Puebla burst upon us, and after the first exclamations of surprise and admiration had passed, we rode along for some time in silence, absorbed by the grandeur of the spectacle. Ahead of us, rose the majestic Popocatapetl, to the height of 17,700 feet above the level of the sea; and a little to the right, Istaccihuatl to the height of 15,700; the former presenting the appearance of a regular cone, with some two thousand feet from its summit downward, covered with snow, and the latter, a nearly horizontal serrated ridge, on which the snow lay fantastically piled, like so many fleecy clouds. The rays of the morning sun gave a brilliant and dazzling effect to those snow-crested peaks of the Andes, and the nearer landscape was exceedingly picturesque; an extensive valley running away many leagues to the left, between receding mountains, well cultivated in maize and barley, and broken by occasional patches of woodland. The barley—it was now the 28th of May—was just beginning to indicate by its golden hue, its fitness for the sickle. On our right, the country was more uneven in surface, and was cut up into small fields by hedges of maguey.

A ride of two hours and a half brought us to the thrifty little manufacturing town of Amosoque, which contained about two thousand inhabitants, and was the largest village we had passed through since leaving Perote. It is celebrated, more than any other locality in Mexico, for its manufacture of spurs; and most of us availed ourselves of the opportunity of arming our heels anew with this knightly appendage. They are made entirely by hand, without the aid of other than the most simple machinery, and some of them were very fair specimens of art, being fancifully and ingeniously inlaid with gold and silver. The rowels were enormously large, some of them measuring an inch and a half in diameter. I am not sure but Seymour's, who began now to ape the air of a dragoon, and who had picked out the largest pair he could find, measured even more. We spent the hour we halted here very agreeably, in wandering through the different spur and saddle manufactories, and in inspecting, in company with the general and the padre, the principal church.

In the yard of this neat and well-kept building, were several magnificent yew trees, which grew to a great height and attracted our attention by being covered with a beautiful creeper filled with scarlet flowers, called the *yedra;* the two thus formed a living cone of green and red in striking contrast. The interior of the edifice was rich in paintings—many of them of merit—and in ornaments of gold and silver; and the padre took evident pride in showing us through its various parts, and pointing out to us the objects of most interest. . . . . The inhabitants of Amosoque received us with something like cordiality—probably due to General Worth's popular rule in Puebla, only ten miles distant, and which he had occupied two weeks before—paying General Scott, in particular, marked respect, as he passed through the streets, and not unfrequently stopping to gaze with evident admiration upon his large and commanding figure.

IN PUEBLA

From 'The Campaign of General Scott in Mexico.'

In company with a messmate and two or three other officers of the army, I visited, by appointment, the palace of the bishop. It is an immense quadrangle, covering nearly an entire square, and inclosing three large *patios,* in one of which were choice specimens of fruits and flowers. We here again saw the splendid creeper called the *yedra,* with which we had been so much struck at Amosoque. It had climbed a tall pine, which it has so completely covered in every part, as not to leave a single leaf of the tree visible; and formed, as before, a living cone of the deepest green, dotted profusely with tiny scarlet flowers. Having entered the gateway of the principal *patio,* we ascended to the second story of the building, by a flight of wide stone steps, over one of the landings of which hung a painting most appropriate to adorn the threshold of a bishop's palace. It was the Virgin Mother and infant Saviour—the latter feeding a flock of sheep; thus admonishing the holy father, as often as he went forth into the world, of his duty to "feed his flock." Reaching the *portales,* or corridor of the second story, encircling the *patio* of the building, in which were hung also several paintings of a religious character (and but indifferent execution, as the reader might suppose, from the exposed situation in which we found them), we were led through a room in which there was a specimen of the famous Gobelin tapestry; thence through another, containing the portraits of the bishops, before noticed, and finally into a suite of other rooms, where, to our astonishment and surprise, we found one of the largest and best collections of pictures in America. There were, save a piece or two by Murillo, one by Rubens, and one by Rafael, no originals of the great masters, but many copies which did no discredit to their famous pencils. We spent two hours in passing through these rooms, and had barely time to give a passing glance of admiration to the most celebrated pieces. The pictures, though generally of a religious caste, were not entirely so. We noticed several of quite a mundane character, as the exit of the three Graces from the bath; one of the nymphs playfully holding a mirror

to the others, and all in such glorious *déshabille,* as would suffice, one would think, to quicken the lazy current of life in the veins even of an old bishop. There was a Magdalen, too, in which the lascivious, voluptuous woman was but imperfectly hid in the upturned eyes of the saint; and if two little cherubs, that looked as much like cupids as cherubs, presenting her with a wreath of flowers, had been blotted from the picture, one's imagination, instead of soaring aloft to heaven, would have been forcibly called down to earth. The coloring —save that the hair, as it flowed in graceful profusion over the breast and arms, was scarcely dark enough to form a sufficient contrast—was most exquisite, and the attitude, one of perfect ease and grace. Our guides—the bishop himself, being absent at his country-seat—not being connoisseurs, could not tell us by what pencil this gem of the arts had been produced.

Indeed, this was the case with regard to most of the splendid paintings in the rooms, and having no catalogue to assist us, we were obliged to depend upon our own recollections of the subjects of the pieces, and the uncertain lights of style, of coloring, and composition of the various masters, for a knowledge of their respective works. There were two Fornarinas in the collection, one said to be an original by Rafael, and the other a copy. They were both very fine, and the original so perfect a conception of a beautiful Italian face, that one felt half disposed to fall in love with it, himself. The adoration of the infant Saviour by the wise men of the east, by Rubens, was perfect in the grouping of its figures; the expression of awe and humility depicted in the faces of the worshipers; and the rich coloring for which this great master is so celebrated. Having but little of the enthusiasm of the artist, although I am fond of good pictures, and none of the jargon of the professional critic, I will not weary the reader with a detailed description, or even an enumeration of the several pieces, good, bad, and indifferent, which we alternately inspected. I will mention but one other which chained the attention of us all, and to which we, *nem. con.,* awarded the tribute of our admiration. It was evidently the production of some great master of the French school; but of whom, we could not learn. The subject was the sick child; and in point of conception, coloring and execution, it was most perfect. It

represented the little sufferer sitting on the lap of its mother, in the most natural attitude imaginable, with its head drooping, with half-closed eyes, upon its breast, in all the languor and lassitude of disease—its wasted arms hanging listlessly by its side, and the pallor of death in its beautiful features. But the expression of deep anguish and anxiety depicted in the mother's face, and the tearfulness of her eye, as she looked up to a picture of the Virgin in prayer, while the physician was feeling the pulse of the little sufferer, and seemingly meditating on the remedies to be applied, struck us as the triumph of art, indeed.

From the picture-gallery we passed into the library, composed of about fifty thousand volumes, as we were informed, and distributed in three several suites of rooms. The books were neatly packed in cedar cases (which spread an agreeable odor through the apartments), and were, as one might suppose, chiefly of a religious character; though history, law, medicine, the exact sciences, and the *belles-lettres* claimed their share. All the old fathers of the church were there, in the dead languages, in which they respectively wrote, looking learned and forbidding in their parchment bindings, and brazen clasps; all the polemics of the Italian school, and indeed everything which could throw a ray of light upon the origin and progress of the Christian religion. The literature of these rooms was not all "black letter," however. There were volumes here, to which the tired ecclesiastic might resort, after a night's vigil over the ponderous tomes of the fathers, for cheerful amusement. I noticed, among the rest, a superb edition of 'Don Quixote,' with plates, such as to look upon was to laugh. They showed us, here, among other curious and rare volumes, a fine old edition of the Bible, published in polyglot, in London, by Thomas Roycroft, A.D., 1657. The text is arranged in parallel columns of Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Greek, and is compared with early translations in Samaritan, Greek, Chaldaic, Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopic, Persian, and the Latin vulgate. Elaborate and voluminous dictionaries and grammars of the Aztec tongue, and other cognate Indian languages—works of the untiring and zealous old ecclesiastics who followed close upon the heels of the conquest—were also shown us. While the learned old priests were unlocking all

these various stores of erudition for our inspection, we, of course, looked wise, and like wise men, held our peace—limiting ourselves to venturing, now and then, upon a half-forgotten classical allusion, as we chanced to recall some of the shreds and patches of our college learning. In this manner we passed, no doubt, quite creditably—considering that we were barbarians swarming fresh from our northern hive of land-robbers—through the musty ordeal of the *salas* of the library; and I fancied, after breathing such an atmosphere, that I felt quite learned myself, until I emerged from the twilight into the open streets, and the glare of the sun, and the bustle of the busy multitude dispelled the illusion. Our visit to the bishop's palace will long remain upon my mind as a pleasant reminiscence. My only regret is that I did not see the venerable old prelate himself, as he was spoken of as one of the *sabios,* or wise men of Mexico. He was represented, however, by a very clever and agreeable priest, one of the professors in the adjoining college. We did not visit this latter building, but were informed it contained five hundred scholars—day scholars included. What a babel of confusion must have been here, in the hours of study! The most noisy of all schools in the world is a Mexican school, where it seems to be a part of the routine for each scholar to sing in a sort of nasal undertone, his lesson, pretty much after the fashion he is taught to love his Maker, viz: "With all his might, with all his soul, and with all his strength."

THE KEARSARGE AND THE ALABAMA

From 'Memoirs of Service Afloat.'

In the way of crew, the *Kearsarge* had 162, all told—the *Alabama,* 149. I had communicated my intention to fight this battle to Flag-Officer Barron, my senior officer in Paris, a few days before, and that officer had generously left the matter to my own discretion. I completed my preparations on Saturday evening, the 18th of June, and notified the Port-Admiral of my intention to go out on the following morning. The next day dawned beautiful and bright. The cloudy, murky weather of some days past had cleared off, and a bright

sun, a gentle breeze, and a smooth sea, were to be the concomitants of the battle. Whilst I was still in my cot, the Admiral sent an officer off to say to me that the iron-clad frigate *Couronne* would accompany me a part of the way out, to see that the neutrality of French waters was not violated. My crew had turned in early, and gotten a good night's rest, and I permitted them to get their breakfasts comfortably—not turning them to until nine o'clock—before any movement was made toward getting under way, beyond lighting the fires in the furnaces. I ought to mention that Midshipman Sinclair, the son of Captain Terry Sinclair, of the Confederate Navy, whom I had sent with Low, as his first lieutenant in the *Tuscaloosa,* being in Paris when we arrived, had come down on the eve of the engagement—accompanied by his father—and endeavored to rejoin me, but was prevented by the French authorities. It is opportune also to state, that in view of possible contingencies, I had directed Galt, my acting paymaster, to send on shore for safe-keeping, the funds of the ship, and complete pay-rolls of the crew, showing the state of the account of each officer and man.

The day being Sunday, and the weather fine, a large concourse of people—many having come all the way from Paris—collected on the heights above the town, in the upper stories of such of the houses as commanded a view of the sea, and on the walls and fortifications of the harbor. Several French luggers employed as pilot-boats went out, and also an English steam-yacht, called the *Deerhound.* Everything being in readiness between nine and ten o'clock, we got under way, and proceeded to sea, through the western entrance of the harbor; the *Couronne* following us. As we emerged from behind the mole, we discovered the *Kearsarge* at a distance of between six and seven miles from the land. She had been apprised of our intention of coming out that morning, and was awaiting us. The *Couronne* anchored a short distance outside of the harbor. We were three-quarters of an hour in running out to the *Kearsarge,* during which time we had gotten our people to quarters, cast loose the battery, and made all other necessary preparations for battle. The yards had been previously slung in chains, stoppers prepared for the rigging, and preventer braces rove. It only remained to open the

magazine and shell rooms, sand down the decks, and fill the requisite number of tubs with water. The crew had been particularly neat in their dress on that morning, and the officers were all in the uniforms appropriate to their rank. As we were approaching the enemy's ship, I caused the crew to be sent aft, within convenient reach of my voice, and mounting a gun-carriage, delivered them the following brief address. I had not spoken to them in this formal way since I had addressed them on the memorable occasion of commissioning the ship.

"Officers and Seamen of the Alabama!—You have at length, another opportunity of meeting the enemy—the first that has been presented to you, since you sank the *Hatteras!* In the meantime you have been all over the world, and it is not too much to say, that you have destroyed, and driven for protection under neutral flags, one half of the enemy's commerce, which, at the beginning of the war, covered every sea. This is an achievement of which you may well be proud; and a grateful country will not be unmindful of it. The name of your ship has become a household word wherever civilization extends. Shall that name be tarnished by defeat? The thing is impossible! Remember that you are in the English Channel, the theatre of so much of the naval glory of our race, and that the eyes of all Europe are at this moment upon you. The flag that floats over you is that of a young Republic, who bids defiance to her enemies, whenever, and wherever found. Show the world that you know how to uphold it! Go to your quarters."

The utmost silence prevailed during the delivery of this address broken only once, in an enthusiastic outburst of *Never! never!* when I asked my sailors if they would permit the name of their ship to be tarnished by defeat. My official report of the engagement, addressed to Flag-Officer Barron, in Paris, will describe what now took place. It was written in Southampton, England, two days after the battle.

Southampton, June 21, 1864.

Sir:—I have the honor to inform you, that, in accordance with my intention as previously announced to you, I steamed out of the harbor of Cherbourg between nine and ten o'clock on the morn-

ing of the 19th of June, for the purpose of engaging the enemy's steamer *Kearsarge,* which had been lying off, and on the port, for several days previously. After clearing the harbor, we descried the enemy, with his head off shore, at the distance of about seven miles. We were three-quarters of an hour in coming up with him. I had previously pivoted my guns to starboard, and made all preparations for engaging the enemy on that side. When within about a mile and a quarter of the enemy, he suddenly wheeled, and, bringing his head in shore, presented his starboard battery to me. By this time, we were distant about one mile from each other, when I opened on him with solid shot, to which he replied in a few minutes, and the action became active on both sides. The enemy now pressed his ship under a full head of steam, and to prevent our passing each other too speedily, and to keep our respective broad-sides bearing, it became necessary to fight in a circle; the two ships steaming around a common centre, and preserving a distance from each other of from three quarters to a half a mile. When we got within good shell range, we opened upon him with shell. Some ten or fifteen minutes after the commencement of the action our spanker-gaff was now shot away, and our ensign came down by the run. This was immediately replaced by another at the mizzen-mast-head. The firing now became very hot, and the enemy's shot and shell soon began to tell upon our hull, knocking down, killing, and disabling a number of men, at the same time, in different parts of the ship. Perceiving that our shell, though apparently exploding against the enemy's sides, were doing him but little damage, I returned to solid-shot firing, and from this time onward alternated with shot and shell.

After the lapse of about one hour and ten minutes, our ship was ascertained to be in sinking condition, the enemy's shell having exploded in our side, and between decks, opening large apertures through which the water rushed with great rapidity. For some few minutes I had hopes of being able to reach the French coast, for which purpose I gave the ship all steam, and set such of the fore-and-aft sails as were available. The ship filled so rapidly, however, that before we had much more progress, the fires were extinguished in the furnaces, and we were evidently on the point of sinking. I now hauled down my colors, to prevent the further destruction of life, and dispatched a boat to inform the enemy of our condition. Although we were now but 400 yards from each other, the enemy fired upon me five times after my colors had been struck. It is charitable to suppose that a ship of war of a Christian nation could not have done this, intentionally. We now directed all our exertions toward saving the wounded, and such of the boys of the ship as were

unable to swim. They were dispatched in my quarter-boats, the only boats remaining to me; the waist-boats having been torn to pieces. Some twenty minutes after my furnace-fires had been extinguished, and when the ship was on the point of settling, every man, in obedience to a previous order which had been given the crew, jumped overboard, and endeavored to save himself. There was no appearance of any boat coming to me from the enemy, until after my ship went down. Fortunately, however, the steam-yacht *Deerhound,* owned by a gentleman of Lancashire, England—Mr. John Lancaster—who was himself on board, steamed up in the midst of my drowning men, and rescued a number of both officers and men from the water. I was fortunate enough myself thus to escape to the shelter of the neutral flag, together with about forty others, all told. About this time, the *Kearsarge* sent one, and then tardily, another boat. Accompanying, you will find lists of the killed and wounded, and of those who were picked up by the *Deerhound;* the remainder, there is reason to hope, were picked up by the enemy, and by a couple of French pilot boats, which were also fortunately near the scene of action. At the end of the engagement, it was discovered by those of our officers who went alongside of the enemy's ship, with the wounded, that her mid-ship section, on both sides, was thoroughly iron-coated; this having been done with chains, constructed for the purpose, placed perpendicularly, from the rail to the water's edge, the whole covered over by a thin outer planking, which gave no indication of the armor beneath. This planking had been ripped off, in every direction, by our shot and shell, the chain broken, and indented in many places, and forced partly into the ship's sides. She was effectually guarded, however, in this section, from penetration. The enemy was much damaged, in other parts, but to what extent it is now impossible to say. It is believed he is badly crippled. My officers and men behaved steadily and gallantly, and though they have lost their ship, they have not lost honor. Where all behaved so well, it would be invidious to particularize, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of saying that Mr. Kell, my first lieutenant, deserves great credit for the fine condition in which the ship went into action, with regard to her battery, magazine and shell-rooms, and that he rendered me great assistance, by his coolness, and judgment, as the fight proceeded. The enemy was heavier than myself, both in ship and battery, and crew; but I did not know until the action was over, that she was also iron-clad. Our total loss in killed and wounded, is 30, to wit: 9 killed, and 21 wounded.

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It was afterwards ascertained, that as many as ten were

drowned. As stated in the above despatch, I had the satisfaction of saving all my wounded men. Every one of them was passed carefully into a boat, and sent off to the enemy's ship, before the final plunge into the sea was made by the unhurt portion of the crew. Here is the proper place to drop a tear over the fate of a brave officer. My surgeon, D. H. Llewellyn, of Wiltshire, England, a grandson of Lord Herbert, lost his life by drowning. It was his privilege to accompany the wounded men, in the boats, to the *Kearsarge,* but he did not do so. He remained and took his chance of escape, with the rest of his brethren in arms, and perished almost in sight of his home, after an absence of two years from the dear ones who were to mourn his loss. With reference to the drowning of my men, I desire to present a contrast to the reader. I sank the *Hatteras* off Galveston, in a *night* engagement. When the enemy appealed to me for assistance, telling me that his ship was sinking, I sent him all my boats, and saved every officer and man, numbering more than a hundred persons. The *Alabama* was sunk in *open daylight* —the enemy's ship being only 400 yards distant—and ten of my men were permitted to drown; indeed, but for the friendly interposition of the *Deerhound,* there is no doubt that a great many more would have perished.

Captain Winslow has stated, in his despatch to his Government, that he desired to board the *Alabama.* He preserved a most respectful distance from her, even after he saw that she was crippled. He had greatly the speed of me, and could have laid me alongside, at any moment, but, so far from doing so, he was shy of me even after the engagement had ended. In a letter to the Secretary of the Federal Navy, published by Mr. Adams, in London, a few days after the engagement, he says:—"I have the honor to report that, toward the close of the action between the *Alabama* and this vessel, all available sail was made on the former, for the purpose of regaining Cherbourg. When the object was apparent, the *Kearsarge* was steered across the bow of the *Alabama,* for a raking fire, but before reaching this point, the *Alabama* struck. Uncertain whether Captain Semmes was not making some *ruse,* the *Kearsarge* was stopped." This is probably the explanation of the whole of Captain Winslow's strange con-

duct at the time. He was afraid to approach us because of some *ruse* that we might be practising upon him. Before he could recover from his bewilderment, and made up his mind that we were really beaten, my ship went down. I acquit him, therefore, entirely of any intention of permitting my men to drown, or even of gross negligence, which would be almost as criminal. It was his *judgment* which was entirely at fault. I had known and sailed with him, in the old service, and knew him *then* to be a humane and Christian gentleman. What the war may have made of him, it is impossible to say. It has turned a great deal of the milk of human kindness to gall and wormwood.

A TRIBUTE TO MAURY

From 'Memoirs of Service Afloat.'

One word before I part with my friend Maury. In common with thousands of mariners all over the world, I owe him a debt of gratitude, for his gigantic labors in the scientific fields of our profession; for the sailor may claim the philosophy of the seas as a part of his profession. A knowledge of the winds and the waves, and the laws which govern their motion is as necessary to the seaman as is the art of handling his ship, and to no man so much as to Maury is he indebted for a knowledge of these laws. Other distinguished co-laborers, as Reid, Redfield, Espy, have contributed to the science, but none in so eminent a degree. They dealt in specialties—as, for instance, the storm—but he has grasped the whole science of meteorology—dealing as well in the meteorology of the water, if I may use the expression, as in that of the atmosphere.

A Tennesseean by birth, he did not hesitate when the hour came "that tried men's souls." Poor, and with a large family, he gave up the comfortable position of Superintendent of the National Observatory, which he held under the Federal Government, and cast his fortunes with the people of his State. He had not the courage to be a traitor, and sell himself for gold. The State of Tennessee gave him birth; she carried him into the Federal Union, and she brought him out

of it. Scarcely any man who withdrew from the old service has been so vindictively and furiously assailed as Maury. The nationalists of the North—and I mean by nationalists, the whole body of the Northern people, who ignored the rights of the State, and claimed that the Federal Government was paramount—had taken especial pride in Maury and his labors. He, as well as the country at large, belonged to them. They petted and caressed him, and pitted him against the philosophers of the world, with true Yankee conceit. They had the biggest country, and the cleverest men in the world, and Maury was one of these.

But Maury, resisting all these blandishments, showed, to their horror, when the hour of trial came, that he was a Southern gentleman, and not a Puritan. The change of sentiment was instantaneous and ludicrous. Their self-conceit had received an awful blow, and there is no wound so damaging as that which has been given to self-conceit. Almost everything else may be forgiven, but this never can. Maury became at once a "rebel" and a "traitor," and everything else that was vile. He was not even a philosopher any longer, but a hum-bug and a cheat. In science, as in other pursuits, there are rivalries and jealousies. The writer of these pages, having been stationed at the seat of the Federal Government for a year or two preceding the war, was witness of some of the rivalries and jealousies of Maury, on the part of certain small philosophers, who thought the world had not done justice to themselves. These now opened upon the dethroned monarch of the seas, as live asses will kick at dead lions, and there was no end to the partisan abuse that was heaped upon the late Chief of the National Observatory.

Maury had been a Federal naval officer, as well as philosopher, and some of his late *confrères* of the Federal service, who, in former years, had picked up intellectual crumbs from the table of the philosopher, and were content to move in orbits at a very respectful distance from him; now, raised by capricious fortune to *place,* joined in the malignant outcry against him. Philosopher of the Seas! thou mayest afford to smile at these vain attempts to humble thee. Science, which can never be appreciated by small natures, has no nationality. Thou art a citizen of the world, and thy historic

fame does not depend upon the vile traducers of whom I have spoken. These creatures, in the course of a few short years, will rot in unknown graves; thy fame will be immortal! Thou hast revealed to us the secrets of the depths of the ocean, traced its currents, discoursed to us of its storms and its calms, and taught us which of its roads to travel, and which to avoid. Every mariner, for countless ages to come, as he takes down his chart, to shape his course across the seas, will think of thee! He will think of thee as he casts his lead into the deep sea; he will think of thee, as he draws a bucket of water from it, to examine its animalculæ; he will think of thee as he sees the storm gathering thick and ominous; he will think of thee as he approaches the calm-belts, and especially the calm-belt of the equator, with its mysterious cloud-ring; he will think of thee as he is scudding before the "brave west winds" of the Southern hemisphere; in short, there is no phenomenon of the sea that will not recall to him thine image.

LETTER TO SAMUEL SEMMES

Mobile, Ala., August 12, 1865.

My Dear Brother:—The cessation of the war leaves me at liberty to renew my correspondence with you, without subjecting you to suspicion and annoyance; and I need not say to you how grateful to the yearnings of my heart is this long-suspended privilege. You have been frequently in my thoughts during our unfortunate struggle, and I have often felt much solicitude on your account, lest a part of the odium and ill-will which a zealous performance of my duty has called down upon my head from a "mad nation" should attach to you and your family; and operate to your injury. I have never inquired as to your opinions and conduct during the war, being content to leave you the same liberty of choice and action that I claimed for myself. I knew that whatever you did you would do like a man of honor, and I rested satisfied. Besides, you had been for some time retired from active life by your want of health. As for myself I have nothing to regret, save only the loss of our independence. My conscience,

which is the only earthly tribunal of which a good man should be afraid, bears me witness of the uprightness of my intention in choosing my course, when, with many regrets, I severed my connection with the old Government and hastened to the defense of my home and section; and now, upon reviewing the whole of my subsequent career, I can see no act with which I have to reproach myself as unbecoming a man of honor and a gentleman. I approved the secession movement of the Southern states, although I had no agency in it. I thought that a separation of those two sections of our Republic, which had been engaged in a deadly moral conflict for thirty years, would ultimately result to the great advantage of them both. The world was wide enough for them to live apart, and peace, I thought, would be the fruit of their mutual independence of each other. Although I cared very little about the institution of slavery, I thought that the subordinate position of the inferior race was its proper position. I believed that the doctrine of State's Rights was the only doctrine which would save our Republic from the fate of all other Republics that had gone before us in the history of the world. I believed that this doctrine had been violated, and that it would never be sufficiently respected by the controlling masses of the Northern section to prevent them from defacing with sacrilegious hands our national bond of union wheresoever its letter was meant to guard the peculiar rights of the South. Believing this, there was but one course which a faithful Southern man could pursue, and maintain his self respect. I pursued that course. When the alternative was presented to me of adhering to the allegiance due to my State or to the United States I chose the former.

Having taken my side, I gave it zealous and earnest support. I spent four years in active service and only ceased to labor for my cause when it was no longer possible. I rendered this service without ever having treated a prisoner otherwise than humanely and I may say, often kindly, and without ever having committed an act of war, at any time, or in any manner, which was not sanctioned by the laws of war, yet my name will probably go down to posterity in the untruthful histories that will be written by bigoted and venal historians as a sort of Blue Beard or Captain Kidd. But I am con-

tent, my brother. My conscience is clear; my self respect has been preserved, and my sense of manhood remains unimpaired. I think, too, the South will be content, notwithstanding her immense losses and sacrifices. If she had yielded to the intolerant exactions of Northern selfishness and fanaticism, without appealing to the arbitrament of war, she would have played a craven and unworthy part. It is better to lose everything than our honor and manhood. I know you will believe me, my brother, when I tell you that I should feel greatly humbled, in my own opinion, were I this day entitled to wear an Admiral's flag in the old navy, and in possession of all the means and appliances of wealth, if I thought my honors and rewards had been gained by a sacrifice of creed. The preservation of my own self-respect is infinitely preferable to all such gains. I have come out of the war poor, but, God willing, I shall make a support for my family. The president treats me as an outlaw, unworthy of amnesty. I have nothing to say. If I am deemed unworthy to be a citizen I can remain in my native land as an alien.

A magnanimous people would have passed an act of general amnesty, it being absurd and ridiculous to talk about Rebels and traitors in connection with such a revolution as has swept over the length and breadth of this land, in which States, and not individuals merely, were the actors. But enough of this subject. I am still in Mobile, but as yet uncertain where I shall go, or what I shall do. If I save five or six thousand dollars out of the wreck of my affairs, it will be fully as much as I expect. I think of retiring into the country, where, upon a small farm, I can live in obscurity and peace the few years that will remain to me. My children are all grown; are well educated, and will be able if "the worst comes by the worst," to take care of themselves. Remember me kindly to your family, my dear brother, and let me hear from you. We have become old men. We have both had our troubles, but the chain of affection which binds me to you remains unaffected by the cares of the world, and is as bright now as when we slept in each other's arms.

Your affectionate brother,

R. Semmes.

HENRY ELLIOTT SHEPHERD

[1844—]

MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS

HENRY ELLIOTT SHEPHERD was born at Fayetteville, North Carolina, January 17, 1844. He was the son of Jesse George Shepherd, a prominent lawyer and jurist of his State. His mother was Catherine Dobbin, a sister of James C. Dobbin, Secretary of the Navy under Pierce at the time when the Japanese were first brought, through their famous treaty with the United States, to an appreciation of the superiority of Western civilization. As a youth in Fayetteville, Henry E. Shepherd had the privilege of tutelage under, and association with, this distinguished uncle, who had been a foremost instrument in the world-policy of introducing to the nations the most remarkable people of the beginning of the Twentieth Century. Through him chiefly, and through others, the boy was imbued with a love of literature that was carried into his camp life as a mere stripling in the Confederate Army, and which burned as ardently through the darker days of reconstruction.

After a period of school life at Heymount and then at Donaldson Academy, the latter an institution following most rigidly the old classical type of instruction, Shepherd entered Davidson College at the age of fourteen. Subsequently, he left the college to go with his favorite teacher, Major D. H. Hill, to the military academy established by him at Charlotte. Here the pupils of the future Confederate leader received remarkable training for the "irrepressible conflict" through the very phraseology of the examples to be found in Major Hill's text-book on algebra.

From the military academy in the Old North State, Shepherd went to the University of Virginia, October 1, 1860, where he pursued literary, classical, and historical courses with distinction under Holmes, Dudley, Gildersleeve, McGuffey, and Schele De Vere, until the outbreak of the war.

When Virginia was invaded, Shepherd, then a youth of seventeen, enlisted under D. H. Hill at Yorktown, in 1861. But, because of his military training, he was soon detailed by the State of North Carolina to the drilling of raw recruits at Raleigh and other places. It has been said that when he was appointed to the First-Lieutenancy in the Forty-third North Carolina troops, he was the youngest com-

missioned officer in the armies of the Confederacy. He served gallantly, and shortly after receiving the special commendation of his command, he was severely wounded and captured at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. He was held as a prisoner until the close of the war, to go home to the scene of Sherman's desolation, far less embittered by war and the hardships of military prison than by the sight of this carnival of ruin and the mute agony of homeless women and children.

In the dark days that followed, he assiduously studied and taught as circumstances permitted. After teaching at Louisburg he went to Baltimore, Maryland, in 1868. At twenty-four, he was appointed head of the departments of English and history in the City College; and in 1875 he assumed the responsibility of the headship of public education in the city of Baltimore. He continued in office until his resignation, in 1882, to accept the presidency of the College of Charleston, South Carolina, where he accomplished a great work in upbuilding that institution. In 1897 he returned to Baltimore to take up independent work and to engage in original research in the realms of literature and history. He conducted a number of private classes in special work in this latter period, and was also engaged in lecturing in several states. He delivered the dedicatory oration at the unveiling of the monument to Edgar Allan Poe in Westminster Churchyard, Baltimore, in 1875. It should be said, in this connection, that another Southern poet, the immortal author of "Maryland, My Maryland!" had led the way in this earliest movement to honor Poe in American marble; and it was Dr. Shepherd who had the honor of delivering the principal address at the unveiling, thirty-four years later, of the portrait of James Ryder Randall in the State House at Annapolis, in January, 1909, one year after the death of the gifted Southern lyricist.

Dr. Shepherd received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Davidson College and the University of North Carolina in 1883, the degree of Master of Arts having been previously conferred upon him by Davidson and Lafayette. Not the least of his labors in the field of literary achievement are the publications from his active mind and pen, beginning with his 'History of the English Language,' published first in 1878, which ran through several editions in the six years thereafter. This volume, published at an early age, was in the nature of a pioneer work on philological study in America. In the publishing center of the more wealthy and populous North, the critics, curiously brought up in the belief that erudition and literary production were alike improbable in the South, where "slavery had been so long the inhibition of culture," the book seems not to have attained wide repute, however much it may have been

consulted in later works on similar lines. Philological research has gone forward with leaps and bounds since the publication of Dr. Shepherd's 'History of the English Language'; but abroad the volume was given extended and complimentary notice in *The Westminster Review* as late as January, 1886.

Dr. Shepherd is also the author of the following books: 'A Study of Edgar Allan Poe'; Essays in *Modern Language Notes;* 'A Commentary upon Tennyson's "In Memoriam"'; and 'Life of Robert Edward Lee.'

In addition, he has contributed to 'The New English Dictionary,' *The American Journal of Philology,* and many other educational journals.

In all his career, Dr. Shepherd has always been an ever ready source of knowledge and assistance, not only to his numerous pupils, but to strangers as well. In fact, his course in this regard may be open to criticism in the light of advancing his own interests, from the standpoint of a coldly business view. A lawyer, a doctor, or any follower of a learned calling, would scarcely consider the free giving of professional advice to all who sought it. Yet such has ever been the case with Dr. Shepherd—his aid and encouragement may be had by the poorest comer.

Matthew Page Andrews

CRITICAL STUDY OF "IN MEMORIAM"

From 'A Commentary upon Tennyson's "In Memoriam."' Copyright, Neale Publishing Company, and used here by permission.

It is impossible to reveal in adequate form the genius of a great master of either prose or poetry by mere abstract description, however faithful in conception or forceful in presentation that description may be. The concrete study of the poets alone reveals their power—the power of Dante in the *Divine Comedy,* Goethe in *Faust,* Shakespeare in *Hamlet,* Milton in *Lycidas,* Tennyson in *In Memoriam.*

The first edition of *In Memoriam* was published in 1850, the year of Wordsworth's death and of Tennyson's accession to the office of Laureate. While many verbal or phrasal emendations have marked the fastidious revisions of the poet, there have been few additions to the body of the work. The most noteworthy of these is probably the section designated in later editions as No. 39, which was incorporated into the text in 1869. Among the supreme achievements of elegiac English poetry, *In Memoriam* assumes the first place. Those that precede it in point of time and form part of the series of masterpieces to which it belongs are Milton's *Lycidas,* 1638; Dryden's *Ode In Memory of Mrs. Killigrew,* 1686; Shelley's *Adonaïs,* 1821. Matthew Arnold's *Thyrsis,* a poem, inspired by the death of his cherished friend, Arthur Hugh Clough, did not appear until 1866, sixteen years later than *In Memoriam.* Its grace and delicacy of execution, as well as its tenderness and plaintiveness of tone, have won for it an abiding rank among the foremost elegies of our language. The elegies of the Elizabethan age and the age preceding—such as the tribute of the Earl of Surrey to his friend and co-worker, Sir Thomas Wyatt, or the many tributes evoked by the death of Sir Philip Sidney—need not be considered here.

Among the master elegies that have been named, *Lycidas* and *In Memoriam* probably sustain the most intimate relation, their points of affinity being marked, despite the differences of personal and historical surroundings that distinguish them. The circumstances of their composition, the characteristics of the times in which they were produced, and the relations sus-

tained by the two poets to the heroes of the two elegies demand at least a moment's consideration before we pass to the critical and minute study of *In Memoriam.*

Lycidas was written in 1637, and was occasioned by the death of Edward King, who had been a college friend of Milton's at Cambridge. King was lost at sea in August, 1637. The poem was published in 1638 as a contribution to a volume of memorial verses issued by students of the university as an expression of regard for King, which possibly rose above the plane of the merely perfunctory and conventional.

In Memoriam, which appeared more than two centuries later, was occasioned by the death of Arthur Henry Hallam, a young man of twenty-two, of rare promise and a phenomenal range of acquirements, who had been Tennyson's friend at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was betrothed to a sister of the poet. To young Hallam, who was born February 1, 1811, Nature had been prodigal of her gifts. Despite an aversion to the science of mathematics, such as was characteristic of that other renowned pupil of Trinity, Thomas Babington Macaulay, and of Robert Lowe during his student life at Oxford, Hallam's critical, creative and acquisitive power was of an order that ranged him among the dawning lights of his generation. Though educated for the legal profession and admitted to the bar, the strong propensity of nature impelled Hallam to the study of literature and inspired him with a zealous devotion to the masters of Italian and Provençal poetry. His admiration for the Troubadours revealed itself in the affectionate assiduity which appeared in his exegesis of their lays. Of "the world-worn Dante" he was the skilful and scholarly interpreter, a circumstance which elicited the familiar allusion in section 89 of *In Memoriam.* . . .

. . . When we compare the inner life of *Lycidas* and of *In Memoriam,* we find that no such strong bond of friendship existed between John Milton and Edward King as knit the soul of Alfred Tennyson to the soul of Arthur Hallam. It is certain that King was more marked by sweetness of temper and purity of heart than by brilliancy of intellect. In poetic power he stood at an almost infinite distance from Milton. He is a mere accessory in *Lycidas* itself to the general presentation of the picture. The Puritan poet availed himself of

King's death as an eligible occasion for setting forth in allegorical drapery—suggested by Milton's critical acquaintance with ancient and with Italian poetry—the passionate enthusiasm, the intense earnestness pervading the cause of which he was the supreme artistic exponent. In 1637 we are but five years from the beginning of the great Civil War, 1642. The policy of Laud and of Wentworth was rushing to its climax—the one in church, the other in state. All the complex forces embraced in Puritanism were converging to their issue. It is only in a subordinate or secondary sense that *Lycidas* may be regarded as a personal elegy. Religious fervor is tempered by artistic grace to a degree probably never surpassed in the evolution of our literature. It is the supreme achievement of the Puritan genius in the sphere of art and of art consecrated to religion.

In the history of our race and language no such monument has been reared to the memory of any man as Tennyson has erected to perpetuate the name and renown of Hallam.

> Who so sepulchered, in such pomp dost lie,
> That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

Although *In Memoriam* did not see the light until 1850, it is certain that the poet's "shaping spirit of imagination" began its creation not long after Hallam's death in 1833. It was written at various times and in different places in Lincolnshire, Essex, Gloucestershire, Wales—wherever and whenever, to adopt the poet's own expression, "the spirit moved him to the task." A concise review of the tendencies of the age which saw the inception of the poem is requisite to complete, or even to render intelligible, the broad lines of difference that distinguish the crowning work of Milton from the sovereign achievement of Tennyson in the same sphere of poetic art.

The fervor of the great day which had been precluded by the French Revolution was slowly sinking into the decorous and prosaic uniformity of modern and contemporary life. Sir Walter Scott and Goethe had died in 1832, the year of the reform bill—the year preceding Hallam's death; Keats, Shelley, and Byron had passed to their rest; Coleridge had long ago abandoned poetry for philosophy and criticism; a na-

tional appreciation of Wordsworth was beginning to develop; Arnold was in the early years of his Rugby epoch; Macaulay had gained assured fame by his essay on Milton, 1825; Pauline, Browning's first distinctive poem, was published in 1833; in 1834 Thomas Carlyle fixed his permanent abode in London; in July, 1833, Keble preached his sermon on the National Apostasy, which is regarded by discerning and judicious historians as marking definitely the beginning of the Anglo-Catholic movement. The teachings of the age of Laud appeared once more, inculcated by the mellow grace of Newman's style, always suggestive of immense reserve power, always lacking the very suspicion of constraint or effort. As the poetry and romance of Scott fell back upon the mediaeval day for inspiration, so the Oxford school—for Newman was an ardent admirer of Scott—reverted to a vanished Catholic age, such as Laud had endeavored to recall in his strivings after "the beauty of holiness."

GENIUS AND LITERARY CHARACTER OF EDGAR ALLAN POE

From an Address delivered upon the Dedication of the Monument to Poe in Westminster Churchyard, Baltimore, 1875.

Edgar A. Poe was born in 1809, the same year with Alfred Tennyson, the present Poet-laureate, and with Mrs. Browning, the most gifted poetess of any age. The third great era in English literature had then fairly commenced. The glory of the elder day was revived. The delusive splendor that had so long gilded the Augustan age of Anne paled before the comprehensive culture, the marvellous intellectual expansion that distinguished the first thirty years of the present century. The spirit of poesy, no longer circumscribed by the arbitrary and enervating procedures of Dryden's contemplated academy, ranged in unchecked freedom over seas and continents, arousing the buried forms of mediaeval civilisation, the lay of the minstrel, the lyric of the troubadour, the ancient splendor of the Arthurian cycle. One day was as a thousand years in the growth and advancement of the human mind. Edgar was in his childhood when the Georgian era

had attained the full meridian of its greatness. He spent five years at school in England, from 1816 to 1821. During this interval little is known of his personal history, save what he has left us in the story of "William Wilson," in which he depicts, with a power of vivid delineation worthy of the best days of De Quincey, his impressions of the school and its surroundings. We may feel assured, however, that his mind was rapidly unfolding, and with that keen susceptibility characteristic of the dawning intellect of youth, acquiring a permanent coloring from the wonderful drama that was enacting around him. The term of Edgar's school-life in England was a period of intense poetical activity and creative power, heroic emprise, knightly valor and brilliant achievement. The atmosphere was vocal with the strains of songsters, whose notes make as sweet music as when they fell for the first time upon the ears of our youthful poet, and aroused him to the consciousness of poetic power. Alfred Tennyson was seven years of age when Edgar arrived in England, and during the time of Edgar's school-life at Stokes was spending his play-hours with Malory's Morte d'Arthur upon his knees, musing upon the faded splendors of the Table Ronde, and looking forward, with prophetic vision, to the time when Lancelot, Arthur, Percival, and Galahad should regain their ancient sway, with more than their ancient renown as the mythical heroes of the British race. Mrs. Browning and Arthur Hallam, the hero of *In Memoriam,* were in their childhood; Byron, Scott, Shelley and Keats were in the zenith of their fame, and the English tongue had not been illustrated by so brilliant a constellation of poets since "the spacious times of great Elizabeth."

It were difficult to imagine that this constellation did not exert an inspiring influence upon the genius and temperament of our youthful poet—an influence which must have in some degree determined his future career. He must have listened, with that exquisite sympathy of which the poetic temperament alone is capable, to the mournful story of Keats, the "young Lycidas" of our poetic history. A strange resemblance in intellectual constitution may be discerned between these wayward children of genius—the same deep taint of Celtic melancholy; the same enthusiastic worship of supernal beauty; the same relentless struggle with the immutability of fact. The

delicately wrought sensibilities of Keats, who "could feel the daisies growing over him," strikingly recall the memory of our own poet, who imagined that he could "distinctly hear the darkness as it stole over the horizon." "A thing of beauty is a joy forever" was the animating principle of the genius of the one and the art of the other.

In 1822, Edgar, then in his fourteenth year, returned to his native land. He attained to manhood at a time when, by a transition familiar in the history of every literature, the supremacy was reverting from poetry to prose. The Romanic fervor, the Spenserian symphonies of our last great poetic era, were gradually yielding to the steady advance of philological investigation, critical dissertation and scientific analysis. A new reflective era, more brilliant than that of Pope or Bolingbroke, was dawning. The cold generalisations of reason, the relentless inductions of philosophy, chilled the glowing ardor of the preceding era. The publication of Macaulay's essay on Milton in 1825 marked the transition from the sway of the imaginative faculty to the present unsurpassed period in our prose literature. From this desultory outline of nearly contemporary literature you will observe that our poet's intellectual constitution was formed under peculiar conditions. He does not belong chronologically to the Georgian era; his position was, for the most part, one of comparative isolation—like that of Sackville, Wyatt or Collins, in the midst of an unpoetic generation, unsustained by the consolations of poetic association or the tender endearments of poetic sympathy. When Poe attained to the full consciousness of his great powers, none of these quickening influences existed, save as matters of history or poetic tradition. Tennyson, in England, was viewing nature in perspective, and involving his critics in webs as tangled and hopeless as that which enveloped the fated Lady of Shalott. Wordsworth had abjured the teachings of his early manhood. Shelley, Keats and Byron were dead, Morris and Swinburne were yet unborn, and the thrones of the elder gods were principally filled by "the idle singers of an empty day." American poetry had then accomplished little that future ages will not willingly let die. The succession of sweet songsters is never entirely broken. The silver cord that binds in perennial union the spirit of Chaucer and

the muse of Spenser is never severed, however slight and impalpable may be the filaments that bind it together. There are always some who retain the echoes of long-gone melodies, upon whom descends something of the inspiration of those grand epochs around which is concentrated so much of the glory of the English tongue. Such a position is not an anomaly in our literary history; such a relation was sustained by the chivalric Surrey, who introduced into the discordant English of his time that peculiar form of verse which was attuned to the harmonies of Milton, and by means of which Shakespeare, after a long and painful struggle with the "bondage of rhyming," rose to the supreme heights of poetic excellence. A similar relation was sustained by Sackville, the sombre splendor of whose "Induction" proved him the worthy herald of Spenser's dawning greatness; and the gentle Cowper, who marks the transition from the school of Johnson and of Addison to the advent of the Gothic revival. Such was in some essential respects the position that Poe occupies among American poets in the order of poetic succession. Having traced somewhat in detail the conditions of the age during which our poet's intellectual constitution was developed, we are now prepared to appreciate the distinctive characteristics of his genius, as revealed in his prose, but more especially in his poetry. It is known to students of our literary history that in all periods of our literature from the time that our speech was reduced to comparative uniformity by the delicate discrimination and rare philological perception of Chaucer, there have existed two recognized schools of poets, the native and the classical. In some, the classical element is the informing principle, as in Milton, whose pages, sprinkled with the diamond-dust of classic lore—

> Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
> In Vallombrosa,

afford the most conspicuous illustration of its power. A wonderful impulse was communicated to the development of literary poetry by "that morning-star of modern song," the poet Keats, and since his advent our poetry has tended more and more to divest itself of native and domestic sympathies, and to assume an artistic character. Our poetry may have lost

pliancy, but it has gained in elaboration and in verbal minuteness. Genius and imagination are not subdued, but are regulated by the canons of art, and from this harmonious alliance arises the unsurpassed excellence of the poetry of Poe.

ESTIMATE OF JAMES RYDER RANDALL

From an Address delivered in January, 1909, at Annapolis, upon the unveiling of Randall's portrait in the State House.

. . . No man was endowed with rarer charm than Randall. There are traits in his character which recall to memory the mythical as well the historical; and there was ever the image of Hamlet or the suggestion of Sir Philip Sidney, as we drank in his words of wisdom, his escapades of wit, his keen and discerning judgment, or noted the brooding melancholy which at times descended upon him like a cloud veiling the brightness of a central sun. Few subjects more fascinating to the biographer in whom the vital element of finely tempered sympathy exists have been revealed in our time than James R. Randall. Reluctantly we pass from the contemplation of the man to the analysis of the work of the poet. Absolute dualism will prove an impossibility in dealing with the man and his work, for never in all records has Newman's description, we might even say diagnosis, of personality as constituting the vital essence of literature, been more thoroughly illustrated in the concrete, than in the life and work of our Maryland poet. Every phase of his productivity seemed to reveal some special feature of his own many-sided humanity, whether he flitted from grave to gay, or moved with winged celerity from lively to severe. On the heights, or in the deeps, whether pouring out strains in *My Maryland* that thrilled an entire people more than the throb of the war drum, or in the vale of despair as portrayed in *At Arlington,* the same dominating note pervades all, the same vigorous personality confronts us. The theme and the mood may vary, but the same clear selfhood is reflected in all.

Much has been said by recent critics in regard to the inequality of Randall's poetry. Some of those who have arraigned him and decreed judgment against him seem to re-

gard this alleged inequality as one of his distinctive characteristics; next to this, they deplore the crudity of his early creations and point to the lack of wisdom displayed in bringing them into the clear light of day through the medium of publication. Each of these charges is, it seems to us, unsustained by the evidence of the poems, and by that broader range of investigation which the student of literature from the viewpoint of comparison can always summon to his aid. To make good our contention, let us cite the case of Tennyson, whose early ventures in the sphere of poetry were given to the world in 1827, when their author was a lad of eighteen. Many of them, we are assured, had been written years in advance of the date of their appearance. Most of them are marked by the undeveloped form and feebleness of conception that are impressed upon the typical creation in verse, proceeding from the chrysalis or schoolboy stage of intellectual unfolding. To compare the Tennyson of 1827 with the Tennyson of 1830 and 1832 is a suggestive and profitable task to him who delights to trace by concrete illustration the process of literary evolution.

Scarcely less set off from the Randall of boyhood, a student of Georgetown College, is the Randall of April, 1861, who at the age of twenty-two burst out into sudden blaze with *My Maryland,* written at a remote point in the distant South by an unheralded teacher of literature in a school whose renown was circumscribed by narrow and local limits. *The Palace of Art* and *A Dream of Fair Women* were produced at an age almost coincident with that of Randall in 1861, but they rose slowly to fame; appreciation was a gradual and painful growth. Yet some caviller may contend that Randall's song was forced or stimulated into an abnormally precipitate renown by the seething passion, the fervid frenzy, that dominated our life during the earlier phases of our war between the states. The plea is as sophistical as it is shallow and superficial. The great mass of poetry gendered by our national strife, passed speedily into shadow from whatever point of view it proceeded, whether it sprang to life at Boston or in Richmond, on the ramparts of Fort Sumter or along the picket lines which guarded the approach to the federal stronghold that looked down the slopes of the Potomac. Never did the

principle of natural selection apply with greater energy or with more finely tempered discrimination than in the process of rejection and conservation as it relates to the poetry of North and South tracing its origin to the season of our drama of war from the appearance of *My Maryland* in 1861, until the furling of the battle-flags with the coming of *The Conquered Banner* as the logical sequel to the catastrophe of Appomattox. That phase of our war poesy which survived the storm, and it represents but a narrow portion of that actually produced, was charged with an appealing power which swept all before it. The very logic of passion breathes through every strain of *My Maryland*. There is a blending of reason with fervor that is scarcely paralleled in the rarest anthology of ballad or of song. In this, its most striking characteristic, lies, in no small degree, the secret of its prevailing power. It addresses itself to our logical faculty and links, with its appeal to the rational nature, the passion that strikes to the very heart of sensibility. In a measure, this most wonderful of songs ever wrought into form by an American of any period brings into active play the complex elements embraced in the Platonic classification, for intellect, affections, will, are included in its far-ranging and comprehensive ideal. At what a pole of contrast does it stand in this essential regard to national odes in whatever language to the perfunctory creations of poets-laureate or official singers, and above all to the great mass of our own verse cradled into life by the seasons of storm and stress through which this vigorous young nation has passed during the single century of its broadening life. Compared with Randall's song, the *Star Spangled Banner* reveals its flagrant infirmity, metrical, rhythmical, logical, in the boldest and fiercest light. On the other hand, Randall's youthful appeal, produced in the far distant South, circled the land like a girdle of fire, and swept beyond the seas in its expanding and increasing range. Though addressed primarily and almost exclusively to his native State, it burst through all local or sectional limitations, like a tidal wave of melody.

A SKETCH OF DAVID HARVEY HILL

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. . . Our civil war developed an amazing richness and versatility of character, as well as intellectual, strategic, mechanical, social, religious, even literary attainments—as unguarded as the assertion may seem to those who are not versed in it. Yet among all its varied and diverse types it never revealed to the eye of the world a rarer personality than that of my teacher and commander, David Harvey Hill. My record is in large measure linked with his, for I was under his leadership during my Yorktown period—the first six months of the war, again in eastern North Carolina during the winter of 1862-3. He was not associated with the Gettysburg campaign, having been left in command in North Carolina, while the main body of the army advanced into Pennsylvania, June, 1863. There was a morbid, even a misanthropic, strain in his nature, largely to be traced to physical causes—chronic infirmity; but the annals of war have not set before us a more heroic or dauntless soul. Jackson's genius for war, Lee's resistless magnetism, were not vouchsafed to Hill—but in those characteristics in which he excelled, invincible tenacity, absolute unconsciousness of fear, a courage never to submit or yield, no one has risen above him, not even in the annals of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was the very "Ironsides" of the South—Cromwell in some of his essential characteristics coming again in the person and genius of D. H. Hill. The antagonism of South to North assumed its intensest form in him. It ran through all his actions, it was the dominant motive that fashioned his life. Many survivors of the great conflict will recall Hill's Algebra, in which the passionless science of pure mathematics is transformed into a political propaganda—a sort of campaign document to illustrate the cowardice of New England volunteers in the war with Mexico, demonstrating by equations the number of miles, the rate of speed that marked their retreat, as well as the other moral infirmities that nature or the powers of evil had wrought into the soul of the typical Yankee.

The intensest fire of the Southern nature burned in the heart of D. H. Hill. Not less passionate than his hate of the Yankees was the indignation he cherished toward all renegades, recreants, or apostates that marred the fair fame of the South. An exempt, a skulk, or one upon whom rested the faintest suspicion of evading duty or shirking in the critical hour of impending battle, was the special object of his wrath. The seven vials were poured upon him to the last dregs. The comment made by him upon an application for furlough submitted by a member of a brass band, "shooters before tooters," has become historic. It was a common phrase in the Army of Northern Virginia. Not less vehement was his hatred of the political cabals at Richmond, which he claimed were destroying the efficiency of the Confederate service. Intemperance or dissipation in any form was for him the unpardonable sin. Yet with all his tendency toward extremes, D. H. Hill was a man of literary attainments, an assiduous student of Holy Scripture, and as a teacher of mathematics unsurpassed among American teachers. His little volumes of essays—"The Sermon on the Mount" and "The Agony in the Garden"—I preserve with affectionate care as a memory of one who stood to me in the complex relation of teacher, commander, and unswerving friend, until in 1889 he passed to "where beyond these voices there is peace." His absolute unconsciousness of danger was enough to thrill the ordinary brain with a sort of vertigo as it revealed itself in the most phenomenal situations or supreme crises. Upon one occasion, his horse being shot under him, as he was in the act of writing an order, holding the paper in his hand, steed and rider sank to the earth and without the relaxation of a muscle or a movement of the head, he finished the order, handed it to a courier as calm and unconcerned as if reviewing the battalion of cadets in the grounds of the Institute at Charlotte. General Hill's loyal devotion to his friends was in one notable instance, at least, not without its bearing upon the fortunes of the war. During my year as a cadet in the North Carolina Military Institute at Charlotte—1859-60—there was in the corps an amiable and genial lad from the native town of General Hill, Yorkville, South Carolina, whose name was James W. Ratchford. The attachment of General Hill to his native State and

his home rose to the height of adoration, and for Ratchford as his townsman he cherished a regard that displayed itself in every relation, personal as well as official. It was during the first Maryland campaign, 14th September, 1862, that General Hill made his wonderful record at South Mountain Gap, Boonsboro, Maryland, holding at bay the overwhelming force of McClellan until Jackson had accomplished the capture of Harper's Ferry. Then the several detached commands of the army converged upon Sharpsburg on Antietam Creek, at which point the army of Lee, with not more than one-third the effective troops at the disposal of McClellan, achieved the most brilliant single day of the entire war, repelling every assault, and withdrawing leisurely across the Potomac into Virginia. The character of this campaign is in a large measure involved with the history of my old classmate and comrade, Ratchford of Yorkville, South Carolina.

At the beginning of the struggle Ratchford became an aid upon the staff of General Hill, and served in that capacity until its close. At the time that General Lee was arranging his plans for the capture of Harper's Ferry, the official orders explaining every detail of the campaign, sent to General Hill in common with the several heads of the army, were placed in the charge of his trusted aid, Ratchford, and by him were lost at the point where Hill and his staff encamped for the night on the march from Frederick to Boonsboro. The lost orders were picked up by a Federal spy, promptly forwarded to McClellan, and the whole story of Lee's movements was in the hands of the enemy. Immediately McClellan swooped down upon Hill's division with his overwhelming array, like an eagle falling upon his prey. Had not D. H. Hill stood in the imminent deadly breach, it might have been a Thermopylæ for the South. Hardly in the chronicles of war has there been a more heroic resistance or a more perilous escape. The fate of a nation seemed suspended upon the acts or the inadvertence of a single aid, a youthful staff officer whose devotion and fidelity not even malice or envy could impugn or suspect. Such was the commander with whom my fate was linked during the term of my novitiate in the army of the Confederacy. I remained on the Peninsula at Yorktown and Ship Point until the autumn of 1861. My acquaintance with

military tactics stood me in good stead, and I was especially assigned to the sad mechanic exercise of drilling the raw recruits who were coming into Yorktown from North Carolina. I acted in a similar capacity at Raleigh and at High Point during the winter and spring of 1861-'62, and I often recall, while brooding over the irreclaimable past, the faces and the individuality of the men that I trained for Lee's army, when I was a lad of seventeen fresh from academic centers, thrown at a bound from the studious cloister into the very heart of grim-visaged war. I must have drilled five hundred men for active service. Some of them won rank and fame; many are numbered with the unknown dead whose names are written in heaven.

William Gilmore Simms

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

[1806—1870]

JAMES A. B. SCHERER

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS is the best misunderstood man in American letters. Some one has written of Cooper that it was his fortune to be depreciated during his lifetime rather than after his death; but of Simms, "the Southern Cooper," it must be said that it has been his misfortune to be neglected—by his own people, at least—during his lifetime, and depreciated after his death. Charleston neglected him then, and now his most competent biographer, who had a rare chance to set him where he belongs, simply damns him with very faint praise. But his robust and heroic figure will some day defy oblivion, as it despised disaster, and he will rank with our pioneer masters.

"The Southern Cooper," a nickname born of kindly but mistaken condescension, is itself a depreciation. Simms's pioneer novels are no more sectional than Cooper's. 'The Yemassee' and 'The Cassique of Kiawah' belong just as much to the country at large as does 'The Last of the Mohicans,' for example; and 'The Partisan' is no less patriotic than 'The Spy.' Besides, Simms has equal ability with Cooper in many respects, and surpasses him in others, just as he shares in his faults. He has, perhaps, an equal story-telling power; he certainly surpasses his predecessor in versatility, culture, and productiveness, but, like Cooper, is frequently diffuse and often lacking in artistic self-restraint. He admired Cooper, and wrote of him in such a way as led William Cullen Bryant to characterize his critical essay as one "of greatest depth and discrimination, to which I am not sure that anything hitherto written on the same subject is fully equal." The two names will some day be linked in our literature just as they were in the minds of contemporary critics. Poe wrote of Simms, in 1844: "He has more vigor, more imagination, more movement, and more general capacity than all our novelists (save Cooper) combined." Dealing in the same material with great virility and massiveness of style; positive, forceful, and carelessly self-assured; grandly indifferent to the Goold-Brown school of grammarians, but with eyes always open to the large and the dramatic, although somewhat too contemptuous of dramatic form—these twin chroniclers of our romantic early history are closer to each other in

character and achievement than any other twain of our letters. It is Cooper's biographer who writes the following sentences, but he might just as well be writing of Simms: "He was as devout an American as ever lived, for he could arraign the shortcomings of his countrymen as stanchly as he could defend and glorify their ideals. He entered fearlessly and passionately into the life around him, seeing intensely, yet sometimes blind; feeling ardently, yet not always aright; acting with might and conviction, yet not seldom amiss. He loved and revered good, scorned and hated evil, and with the strength and straightforwardness of a bull championed the one and gored the other. He published reams of stuff which no one now reads, and which was never worth reading, to enforce his views and prove that he was right and others wrong. Who cares to-day, or how are we the better or the worse, if he was right or wrong in his various convictions? What concerns us is that he wrote delightful stories of the forest and the sea; it is in those stories, and not in his controversial or didactic homilies, that we choose to discover his faith in good and ire against evil. In short, he had his limitations; but with all his errors, we may take him and be thankful."

It is easy to see why Simms has suffered, since the war, with the reading public at large: his star has not yet emerged from the clouds in which the war engulfed it. An intense partisan, a fearless and always ready writer, an orator, a politician, and a strategist, he had much to do with bringing on the struggle. Once he was so bold as to beard the abolitionists in Boston—becoming the apologist for Brooks as against Sumner, and defending the divine rights of slavery! The impression has, therefore, got abroad that he was only a fire-eating rebel, and that everything he wrote was acrid with secession passion. People forget that of his hundred publications the majority not only antedate the war, but are broadly national; that his widest vogue was always in the North; that this vogue extended to England and even to European translations. Simms was so much a part of the war, when it did come, that even his ablest and recent biographer has rather more to say of it than of him, and disparages him by means of it. What wonder that the public has disparaged him?

But it is somewhat more difficult to see why Charleston should have ignored him while he lived.

Charleston, let us remember, is a place peculiar unto itself. It possesses a charm such as no other American city can compass. It is a rare old place, a European city set down by mistake on the cis-Atlantic seaboard, a place that makes one think of Dresden china and fine old lace and snuff-boxes. It is a city of faded water-colors and of the faint aromas of a finery that the Cavaliers brought with them —a fragrance elsewhere forgotten, but here mingled with magnolia

blossoms and Southern sunshine into an atmosphere of sweetness and light. The cavaliers are still here, for that matter, and aristocracy makes the atmosphere of Charleston. This aristocracy will welcome you if you please it, and load you with hospitalities as only Charleston can, provided you be an outsider; but that native is eternally isolate from the "charmed circle" who is so unfortunate as to be born north of Tradd Street or baptized north of Cumberland. Simms was blighted with this disgrace, although he had a grandfather, and "Charleston"—which is a small and sacred precinct in the city of that name—never forgave him.

Not only so, but Simms was undoubtedly robustious. He was a great vital bull of a man, and the china-shop shivered at his presence. One nice, silver-voiced old Charleston gentleman would remark on a summer morning to another nice old Charleston gentleman at the corner of Broad and Meeting Streets: "Mr. Simms, I fancy, must have been in the neighborhood last evening." "Yes," the other would smilingly reply, "he was visiting two blocks from my residence, and I could catch every word of his preachment." Charleston contains no Boswells, and Simms was too proud to cool his big heels on Lord Chesterfield's door-steps; so he always remained an outsider until he died, when Charleston forgave him, and admitted him to that garden of the gods which is called Magnolia Cemetery. There is also a fine bust of him on the Battery, where, with Sargeant Jasper, he ranks as a Charleston immortal. Some day his wish will be realized, and the old city will plant a broken shaft over his grave in Magnolia, with his chosen epitaph: "Here lies one who, after a reasonably long life, distinguished chiefly by unceasing labors, has left all his better works undone."

A sample of Simms's robustiousness which Charleston never forgot occurred during Nullification days. As editor of the Charleston *Gazette,* Simms opposed the doctrines of Calhoun and his numerous followers, standing stanch for the Union. But the Calhounites, triumphant in a local election, in September, 1831, organized a torchlight procession which marched tumultuously past the *Gazette* office on Broad Street. There stood Simms in his doorway, the massive, careless figure strongly outlined against the brightly lighted interior, as he smiled quizzically upon the uproarious troops of his foes. Some of them, offended by his attitude, hissed and otherwise insulted him, whereupon Simms taunted them as cowards. A rush was made upon the single unarmed man, but his perfect, cool bravery overawed the crowd, which shrank back to its torchlights and hooted. Although Simms afterward upheld the cause of secession with equal fortitude and boldness, matched only by his masterful ability, this

incident never was "closed," but must always be taken into consideration when reckoning his relations with Charleston.

While excluded from the inner sacred circle, Simms nevertheless had his faithful following. Charleston possessed an aristocracy of letters, as well as its aristocracy of birth, and so we find Paul Hayne and Henry Timrod the central figures in a cultured coterie whom Simms, "like a literary Nestor, gathered about him in his hospitable home." His country house in Barnwell County was no less noted for a magnetism that drew great hearts and great minds to its always open hearthstone. In the sad days that succeeded the war Simms neglected himself to look after Timrod, who, to use his own phrase, was "literally dying by inches." It was to Hayne, about this time, that he wrote with infinite pathos: "I am weary, Paul, and, having much to say, I must say no more; but, with love to all, God be with you in mercy." And Hayne has truly said of him, "The man was greater than his works."

He was great in the opulence of his versatility. A partial list of his pursuits—and he did all these things with a certain distinction and ability beyond the average—shows that Simms was at one time and another not only novelist, historian, and poet, but also playwright and essayist, lecturer, statesman, and critic, botanist and military engineer, besides being planter and man-of-affairs. He was the most prolific of American writers, as a glance at his bibliography will show. Yet his chief greatness lay in the way he dealt with life, using his powers especially in his later days with a bravery that shamed despair and a courage that quailed before no disaster. From "Woodlands," his country home, in ruins, the old man wrote: "I mean to die with harness on my back." Overwhelmed with a deluge of bereavements and with disaster well-nigh insupportable, extracts from his letters about a year before his death prove how well he kept to the harness: "I do not now write for fame or notoriety or the love of it, but simply to procure the wherewithal of life for my children; and this is a toil requiring constant labor. My recent illness is simply the consequence of a continued strain upon the brain for four months, without the interval of a single day. . . . I have been literally *hors de combat* from overwork of the brain—brain sweat, as Ben Jonson called it—and no body sweat, no physical exercise. . . . The sense of obligation pressing upon me, I went rigidly to work, concentrating myself at the desk from 20th October, 1868, to the 1st of July, 1869, nearly nine months, without walking a mile in a week, riding but twice, and absent from work but half a day on each of these occasions. The consequence was that I finished two of the books and broke down on the third, having written during this period some three thousand pages."

A man so pressed to be prolific, and so naturally ready with his pen, must necessarily have turned off many shavings. But let the reader take up Simms's trilogy of the Revolution—'The Partisan,' 'Mellichampe,' and 'Katherine Walton'; let him even read a single novel, 'Woodcraft,' or 'The Yemassee'; or, if he be pressed for time, let him choose 'Grayling,' or that marvelous description of the burning of Columbia which appeared in the *Columbia Phœnix*—and he may see for himself that in William Gilmore Simms the country possessed a writer of power who was also that "noblest work of God," a brave and honest man, of rugged mold but tender heart and wise sincerity. The man lives in his style.

He wrote much verse, and a few real poems. Of these, "The Lost Pleiad" is the best known, but "The Burden of the Desert" is superior. "The Edge of the Swamp," "The Grapevine Swing," and "Wonders of the Sea," together with several ballads in 'Areytos,' certainly deserve a place in any well-considered American anthology. But it is as a novelist of our pioneer days that Simms will loom large and larger in American literature as those days recede, until at last, together with Cooper, he will claim his place as an indispensable interpreter of history.

William Gilmore Simms was born in Charleston, April 17, 1806, and died there June 11, 1870. The early influences of his life proceeded chiefly from his father and his grandmother, the mother having died when the child was but two years old. The elder Simms—a native Irishman who had come to Charleston shortly after the Revolution—became a wanderer in the wilderness among the Indians after the death of his wife; and the motherless boy at his grandmother's knee wondered wide-eyed about the wild wood and the Indians, the aged lady herself telling him many a story of heroic doings and hairbreadth adventurings, including the weird tale which Simms afterward turned into 'Grayling.' After an absence of eight years or so, the father came back to see his boy; and subsequently—when about eighteen years old—Simms traveled with this forest-ranging father through the tangled glades of the South. Here he not only learned at first hand from the Indians those tales and singular traits that were afterward recorded in his books, but also became familiarly acquainted with such pioneer types as he there delineates from the life. But this young man came back to settle in Charleston, where in 1826 he married Miss Anna Giles. His second wife was Miss Chevallette Roach of "Woodlands," in Barnwell County, whom he married in 1836.

He had received but little actual schooling, having assisted in the support of his grandmother and himself by serving as clerk in an apothecary's shop at a very early age. But his natural bent toward

story-telling and verse-writing had made way for his talents even then, and when he sought a permanent vocation, he turned first to the law, but soon—irresistibly, as it would seem—to journalism and literature. Beginning with *The Tablet, or Southern Monthly Literary Gazette,* in 1828, and ending with editorials written for *The Courier* only a few days before his death, Simms devoted himself to his predestined calling with an assiduity unsurpassed by any American writer, in spite of his activity in many other directions, and the distractions of an unusually checkered career. A detailed but unsympathetic account of his life may be found in Professor Trent's biography ('American Men of Letters' series), to which this sketch is indebted. Invaluable assistance was also received from Mrs. Chevallette Simms Rowe, of Charleston, a daughter of the novelist, and from his eldest son, William Gilmore Simms, Esq., of Barnwell, South Carolina. Simms is not only a notable American novelist, but his name is carved deep in the history of his native State. Let it be repeated, however, after all is said, that the noblest thing about him is the way he lived his life. Like that "Hero Worker" of whom he loved to sing, he fought his way through the fierce facts of life to the unfailing Truth that ever lies beyond them, and to this he clung with a fixedness of faith in the verities that grief or pain or ingratitude never could loosen; so that when you stand to-day in the White Point Gardens at Charleston and look up toward the glorious placid brow that dominates the deeply furrowed face of this heroic sufferer as if with a certain god-like fearlessness of pain, you think how fitting it would be if the gifted sculptor had traced, underneath, that simple and fine line from "The Hero Worker," "Grief in the heart, while grandeur ruled the brain."

James A. Beebe

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FASCINATED BY A RATTLESNAKE

From 'The Yemassee.'

Thus nature, with an attribute most strange,
Clothes even the reptile, working in our thoughts,
Until they weave themselves into a spell,
That wins us to it.

The afternoon of that day was one of those clear, sweet, balmy afternoons, such as make of the spring season in the south, a holiday term of nature. All was animated life and freshness. The month of April, in that region, is, indeed,

the time,
When the merry birds do chime
Airy wood-notes wild and free,
In secluded bower and tree,
Season of fantastic change,
Sweet, familiar, wild, and strange—
Time of promise, when the leaf
Has a tear of pleasant grief—
When the winds, by nature coy,
Do both cold and heat alloy,
Nor to either will dispense
Their delighting preference.

The day had been gratefully warm; and, promising an early summer, there was a prolific show of foliage throughout the forest. The twittering of a thousand various birds, and the occasional warble of that Puck of the American forests, the mocker—the Coonelatee, or Trick-tongue of the Yemassees—together with the gleesome murmur of zephyr and brook, gave to the scene an aspect of wooing and seductive repose, that could not fail to win the sense into a most happy unconsciousness. The old oaken grove which Bess Matthews, in compliance with the prayer of her lover, now approached, was delightfully conceived for such an occasion. All things within it seemed to breathe of love. The murmur of the brooklet, the song of the bird, the hum of the zephyr in the tree-top, had each a corresponding burden. The Providence surely has its purpose in associating only with the woods those

gentle and beautiful influences which are without use or object to the obtuse sense, and can only be felt and valued by a spirit of corresponding gentleness and beauty. The scene itself, to the eye, was of character to correspond harmoniously with the song of birds and the playful sport of zephyrs. The rich green of the leaves—the deep crimson of the wild flower—the gemmed and floral-knotted long grass that carpeted the path—the deep, solemn shadows of evening, and the trees through which the now declining sun was enabled only here and there to sprinkle a few drops from his golden censer—all gave power to that spell of quiet, which, by divesting the mind of its associations of every-day and busy life, throws it back upon its early and unsophisticated nature—restoring that time, in the elder and better condition of humanity, when, unchanged by conventional influences, the whole business of life seems to have been the worship of high spirits, and the exercise of living, holy, and generous affections.

The scene and time had a strong influence over the maiden, as she slowly took her way to the place where she was to meet her lover. Bess Matthews, indeed, was singularly susceptible of such influences. She was a girl of heart, but a wild heart —a thing of the forest—gentle as its most innocent flowers, quite as lovely, and if, unlike them, the creature of a less fleeting life, one, at least, whose youth and freshness might almost persuade us to regard her as never having been in existence for a longer season. She was also a girl of thought and intellect—something, too, of a dreamer:—one to whom a song brought a sentiment—the sentiment an emotion, and that in turn sought for an altar on which to lay all the worship of her spirit. She had in her own heart a far sweeter song than that which she occasionally murmured from her lips. She felt all the poetry, all the truth of the scene—its passion, its inspiration; and, with a holy sympathy for all of nature's beautiful, the associated feeling of admiration for all that was noble, also, awakened in her mind a sentiment, and in her heart an emotion, that led her, not less to the most careful forbearance to tread upon the humblest flower, than to a feeling little short of reverence in the contemplation of the gigantic tree. It was her faith, with one of the greatest of modern poets, that the daisy enjoyed its existence; and that, too, in a degree

of exquisite perception, duly according with its loveliness of look and delicacy of structure. This innate principle of regard for the beautiful forest idiots, as we may call its leaves and flowers, was duly heightened, we may add, by the soft passion of love then prevailing in her bosom for Gabriel Harrison. She loved him, as she found in him the strength of the tree well combined with the softness of the flower. Her heart and fancy at once united in the recognition of his claims upon her affections; and, however unknown in other respects she loved him deeply and devotedly for what she knew. Beyond what she saw—beyond the knowledge gathered from his uttered sentiments, and the free grace of his manner—his manliness, and playful frankness—he was scarcely less a mystery to her than to her father, to whom mystery had far less of recommendation. But the secret—and he freely admitted that there was a secret—he promised her should soon be revealed; and it was pleasant to her to confide in the assurance. She certainly longed for the time to come; and we shall be doing no discredit to her sense of maidenly delicacy when we say, that she wished for the development not so much because she desired the satisfaction of her curiosity, as because the objections of her sire, so Harrison had assured her, would then certainly be removed, and their union would immediately follow.

"He is not come," she murmured, half disappointed, as the old grove of oaks with all its religious solemnity of shadow lay before her. She took her seat at the foot of a tree, the growth of a century, whose thick and knotted roots, started from their sheltering earth, shot even above the long grass around them, and ran in irregular sweeps for a considerable distance upon the surface. Here she sat not long, for her mind grew impatient and confused with the various thoughts crowding upon it—sweet thoughts it may be, for she thought of him whom she loved—of him almost only; and of the long hours of happy enjoyment which the future had in store. Then came the fears, following fast upon the hopes, as the shadows follow the sunlight. The doubts of existence—the brevity and the fluctuations of life; these are the contemplations even of happy love, and these beset and saddened her; till, starting up in that dreamy confusion which the scene not

less than the subject of her musings had inspired, she glided among the old trees, scarce conscious of her movement.

"He does not come—he does not come," she murmured, as she stood contemplating the thick copse spreading before her, and forming the barrier which terminated the beautiful range of oaks which constituted the grove. How beautiful was the green and garniture of that little copse of wood. The leaves were thick, and the grass around lay folded over and over in bunches, with here and there a wild flower, gleaming from its green, and making of it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most various texture. A small tree rose from the centre of a clump around which a wild grape gadded luxuriantly; and with an incoherent sense of what she saw, she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey that which, though it seemed to fix her eye, yet failed to fill her thought. Her mind wandered—her soul was far away; and the objects in her vision were far other than those which occupied her imagination. Things grew indistinct beneath her eye. The eye rather slept than saw. The musing spirit had given holiday to the ordinary senses, and took no heed of the forms that rose, and floated, or glided away, before them. In this way, the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was yet bent upon it; she saw not the bird, though it whirled, untroubled by a fear, in wanton circles around her head—and the black-snake, with the rapidity of an arrow, darted over her path without arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise would have shivered at its mere appearance. And yet, though thus indistinct were all things around her to the musing mind of the maiden, her eye was yet singularly fixed—fastened, as it were, to a single spot—gathered and controlled by a single object, and glazed, apparently, beneath a curious fascination. Before the maiden rose a little clump of bushes, bright tangled leaves flaunting wide in glossiest green with vines trailing over them, thickly decked with blue and crimson flowers. Her eye communed vacantly with these; fastened by a star-like shining glance—a subtle ray, that shot out from the circle of green leaves—seeming to be their very eye—and sending out a fluid lustre that seemed to stream across the space between, and find its way into her own eyes. Very piercing and beautiful was that subtle brightness, of the

sweetest, strangest power. And now the leaves quivered and seemed to float away, only to return, and the vines waved and swung around in fantastic mazes, unfolding ever-changing varieties of form and color to her gaze; but the star-like eye was ever steadfast, bright and gorgeous gleaming in their midst, and still fastened, with strange fondness, upon her own. How beautiful, with wondrous intensity, did it gleam, and dilate, growing large and more lustrous with every ray which it sent forth. And her own glance became intense, fixed also; but with a dreaming sense that conjured up the wildest fancies, terribly beautiful, that took her soul away from her and wrapt it about as with a spell. She would have fled, she would have flown; but she had not power to move. The will was wanting to her flight. She felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and which it irradiated with its bright white gleam; but ever as she aimed to stretch forth her hand, and bend forward, she heard a rush of wings, and a shrill scream from the tree above her—such a scream as the mock-bird makes, when angrily, it raises its dusky crest, and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it startled her and forbade her effort. More than once, in her survey of this strange object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star-like eye was yet upon her own—a small, bright eye, quick like that of a bird, now steady in its place and observant seemingly only of hers, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up towards her, as if wooing her to seize. At another moment riveted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzlingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch, waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy;—but, in all this time, the glance was never taken from her own—there it grew, fixed—a very principle of light—and such a light—a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating gleam, such as gathers in vapour above the old grave, and binds us as we look—shooting, darting directly into her eye, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination and

confusing strangely that of perception. She felt dizzy, for as she looked a cloud of colors, bright, gay, various colors, floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention and spell-bound her feet. Her limbs felt momently more and more insecure—her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein, throughout her person. At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as it were of warning, flew away from his station, with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect, for which it really seemed intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich, star-like glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid; and, with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and threw her arms backwards, her hands grasping the neighboring tree, feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her. With her movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audibly articulated ring, like that of a watch when wound up with the verge broken, announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had become associated. She was, at length, conscious enough to perceive and to feel all her danger, but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and, seemingly in a spirit of sport, the insidious reptile slowly unwound himself from his coil, but only to gather himself up again into his muscular rings, his great flat head rising in the midst, and slowly nodding, as it

were, towards her, the eye still peering deeply into her own—the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving forth that paralyzing sound, which, once heard, is remembered for ever. The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite her terrors. Now, with its flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form towards her—its fatal teeth, unfolding on either side of its upper jaws, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death, while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing, with a novel form of terror and beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight. Could she have fled! She felt the necessity; but the power of her limbs was gone! and there still it lay, coiling and uncoiling, its arching neck glittering like a ring of brazed copper, bright and lurid; and the dreadful beauty of its eye still fastened, eagerly contemplating the victim, while the pendulous rattle still rang the death note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is momently approaching to the blow. Meanwhile the stillness became death-like with all surrounding objects. The bird had gone with its scream and rush. The breeze was silent. The vines ceased to wave. The leaves faintly quivered on their stems. The serpent once more lay still; but the eye was never once turned away from the victim. Its corded muscles are all in coil. They have but to unclasp suddenly, and the dreadful folds will be upon her, its full length, and the fatal teeth will strike, and the deadly venom which they secrete will mingle with the life blood in her veins.

The terrified damsel, her full consciousness restored, but not her strength, feels all the danger. She sees that the sport of the terrible reptile is at an end. She cannot now mistake the horrid expression of its eye. She strives to scream, but the voice dies away, a feeble gurgling in her throat. Her tongue is paralyzed; her lips are sealed—once more she strives for flight, but her limbs refuse their office. She has nothing left of life but its fearful consciousness. It is in her despair, that, a last effort, she succeeds to scream, a single wild cry, forced from her by the accumulated agony; she sinks down

upon the grass before her enemy—her eyes however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directs for ever upon them. She sees him approach—now advancing, now receding—now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck is arched beautifully like that of a wild horse under the curb; until, at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she sees the neck growing larger and becoming completely bronzed as about to strike—the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the long tubulated fang, charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth—and she sees no more! Insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster.

In that moment the copse parted—and an arrow, piercing the monster through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, alongside of the maiden, while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in part, writhing upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive Occonestoga, who had fortunately reached the spot, in season, on his way to the Block House. He rushed from the copse, as the snake fell, and, with a stick fearlessly approached him where he lay tossing in agony upon the grass. Seeing him advance, the courageous reptile made an effort to regain his coil, shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution which he took for that purpose; but the arrow, completely passing through his neck opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavor; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him, with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstance, he turned desperately round, and striking his charged fangs so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over with a single convulsion, and, a moment after lay dead beside the utterly unconscious maiden.*

*The power of the rattlesnake to fascinate is a frequent faith among the superstitious of the Southern country people. Of this capacity in reference to birds and insects, frogs, and the smaller reptiles, there is indeed little question. Its power over persons is not so well authenticated, although numberless instances of this sort are given by persons of very excellent veracity. The above is almost literally worded after a verbal narrative furnished the author by an old lady, who never dreamed, herself, of doubting the narration. It is more than probable, indeed, that the mind of a timid person, coming suddenly upon a reptile so highly venomous, would for a time be paralyzed by its consciousness of danger, sufficiently so to defeat exertion for a while and deny escape. The authorities for this superstition are, however, quite sufficient for the romancer, and in a work like the present we need no other. [Simms's note.]

DR. OAKENBURG AND LIEUTENANT PORGY

From 'The Partisan.'

Leaving them to amuse themselves as they may, let us now return to the Cypress Swamp, where we left the wounded Clough under the charge of the dragoon and negro. The injury he had received, though not, perhaps, a fatal one, was yet serious enough to render immediate attention highly important to his safety; but in that precarious time surgeons were not readily to be found, and the Americans, who were without money, were not often indulged with their services. The several corps of the leading partisans, such as Marion, and Sumter, Pickens, Horry, &c., fought daily in the swamps and along the highways, with the painful conviction that, save by some lucky chance, their wounds must depend entirely upon nature to be healed. In this way, simply through want of tendance, hundreds perished in that warfare of privation, whom, with a few simple specifics, medical care would have sent again into the combat, after a few weeks' nursing, hearty and unimpaired. The present circumstances of Clough's condition were not of a character to lead him to hope for a better fortune, and he gave himself up despondingly to his fate, after having made a brief effort to bribe his keeper to assist in his escape. But attendance was at hand, if we may so call it, and after a few hours' suffering, the approach of Dr. Oakenburg was announced to the patient.

The doctor was a mere culler of simples, a stuffer of birds and reptiles, a digger of roots, a bark and poultice doctor—in other words, a mere pretender. He was wretchedly ignorant of everything like medical art, but he had learned to physic. He made beverages, which, if not always wholesome, were, at least, sometimes far from disagreeable to the country housewives, who frequently took the nostrum for the sake of the stimulant. Dr. Oakenburg knew perfectly the want, if he cared little for the need, of his neighbours; and duly heedful of those around him who indulged in pipe and tobacco, he provided the bark and the brandy. A few bitter roots and herbs constituted his entire stock of medicines; and with these, well armed at all points and never unprovided, he had worked out

for himself no small reputation in that section of country. But this good fortune lasted only for a season. Some of his patients took their departure after the established fashion; some more inveterate, with that prejudice which distinguishes the bad subject, turned their eyes on rival remedies; many were scattered abroad and beyond the reach of our doctor by the chances of war; and, with a declining reputation and wofully diminished practice, Oakenburg was fain, though a timid creature, to link his own with the equally doubtful fortunes of the partisan militia. This decision, after some earnest argument, and the influence of a more earnest necessity, Humphries at length, persuaded him to adopt, after having first assured him of the perfect security and unharming character of the warfare in which he was required to engage.

With a dress studiously disposed in order, a head well plastered with pomatum, and sprinkled with the powder so freely worn at the time, a ragged frill carefully adjusted upon his bosom to conceal the injuries of time, and an ostentatious exhibition of the shrunken shank, garnished at the foot with monstrous buckles that once might have passed for silver, Oakenburg still persisted in exhibiting as many of the evidences of the reduced gentleman as he possibly could preserve. His manner was tidy, like his dress. His snuff-box twinkled for ever between his fingers, one of which seemed swollen by the monstrous paste ring which enriched it; and his gait was dancing and elastic, as if his toes had volunteered to do all the duty of his feet. His mode of speech, too, was excessively finical and delicate—the words passing through his lips with difficulty; for he dreaded to open them too wide, lest certain deficiencies in his jaws should become too conspicuously notorious. These deficiencies had the farther effect of giving him a lisping accent, which not a little added to the pretty delicacies of his other features.

He passed through the swamp with infinite difficulty, and greatly to the detriment of his shoes and stockings. Riding a small tackey (a little, inconsiderate animal, that loves the swamp, and is usually born and bred in it), he was compelled continually to be on the lookout for, and defence against, the overhanging branches and vines clustering about the trees, through which his horse, in its own desire to clamber over the

roots, continually and most annoyingly bore him. In this toil he was compelled to pay far less attention to his legs than was due to their well-being, and it was not until they were well drenched in the various bogs through which he had gone, that he was enabled to see how dreadfully he had neglected their even elevation to the saddle skirts—a precaution absolutely necessary at all times in such places, but more particularly when the rider is tall, and mounted upon a short, squat animal, such as our worthy doctor bestrode.

Dr. Oakenburg was in the company—under the guidance in fact—of a person whose appearance was in admirable contrast with his own. This was no other than the Lieutenant Porgy, of whom Humphries has already given us an account. If Oakenburg was as lean as the Knight of La Mancha, Porgy was quite as stout as Sancho—a shade stouter perhaps, as his own height was not inconsiderable, yet showed him corpulent still. At a glance you saw that he was a jovial philosopher—one who enjoyed his bottle with his humours, and did not suffer the one to be soured by the other. It was clear that he loved all the good things of this life, and some possibly that we may not call good with sufficient reason. His abdomen and brains seemed to work together. He thought of eating perpetually, and, while he ate, still thought. But he was not a mere eater. He rather amused himself with a hobby when he made food his topic, as Falstaff discoursed of his own cowardice without feeling it. He was a wag, and exercised his wit with whomsoever he travelled; Dr. Oakenburg, on the present occasion, offering himself as an admirable subject for victimization. To quiz the doctor was Porgy's recipe against the tedium of a swamp progress, and the furtive humours of the wag perpetually furnished him occasions for the exercise of his faculty. But we shall hear more of him in future pages, and prefer that he shall speak on most occasions for himself. He was attended by a negro body servant—a fellow named Tom, and of humours almost as keen and lively as his own. Tom was a famous cook, after the fashion of the southern planters, who could win his way to your affections through his soups, and need no other argument. He was one of that class of faithful, half-spoiled negroes, who will never suffer any liberties with his master, except such as he takes himself.

He, too, is a person who will need to occupy a considerable place in our regards, particularly as, in his instance, as well as that of his master—to say nothing of other persons—we draw our portraits from actual life.

Porgy was a good looking fellow, spite of his mammoth dimensions. He had a fine fresh manly face, clear complexion, and light blue eyes, the archness of which was greatly heightened by its comparative littleness. It was a sight to provoke a smile on the face of Mentor, to see those little blue eyes twinkling with treacherous light as he watched Dr. Oakenburg plunging from pool to pool under his false guidance, and condoling with him after. The doctor, in fact, in his present situation and imperfect experience, could not have been spared his disasters. He was too little of an equestrian not to feel the necessity, while battling with his brute for their mutual guidance, of keeping his pendulous members carefully balanced on each side, to prevent any undue preponderance of one over the other—a predicament of which he had much seeming apprehension. In the mean time, the lively great-bodied and great-bellied man who rode beside him chuckled incontinently, though in secret. He pretended great care of his companion, and advised him to sundry changes of direction, all for the worse, which the worthy doctor in his tribulation did not scruple to adopt.

"Ah! Lieutenant Porgy," said he, complaining, though in his most mincing manner, as they reached a spot of dry land, upon which they stopped for a moment's rest—"ah! Lieutenant Porgy, this is but unclean traveling, and full too of various peril. At one moment I did hear a plunging, dashing sound in the pond beside me, which it came to my thought was an alligator—one of those monstrous reptiles that are hurtful to children, and even to men."

"Ay, doctor, and make no bones of whipping off a thigh-bone, or at least a leg: and you have been in danger more than once to-day."

The doctor looked down most wofully at his besmeared pedestals; and the shudder which went over his whole frame was perceptible to his companion, whose chuckle it increased proportionably.

"And yet, Lieutenant Porgy," said he, looking around him

with a most wo-begone apprehension—"yet did our friend Humphries assure me that our new occupation was one of perfect security. 'Perfect security' were the precise words he used when he counselled me to this undertaking."

"Perfect security!" said Porgy, and the man laughed out aloud. "Why, doctor, look there at the snake winding over the bank before you—look at that, and then talk of perfect security."

The doctor turned his eyes to the designated point, and beheld the long and beautiful volumes of the beaded snake, as slowly crossing their path with his pack of linked jewels full in their view, he wound his way from one bush into another, and gradually folded himself up out of sight. The doctor, however, was not to be alarmed by this survey. He had a passion for snakes; and admiration suspended all his fear, as he gazed upon the beautiful and not dangerous reptile.

"How would I rejoice, Lieutenant Porgy, were yon serpent in my poor cabinet at Dorchester. He would greatly beautify my collection." And as the man of simples spoke, he gazed on the retiring snake with envying eye.

"Well, doctor, get down and chunk it. If it's worth having, it's worth killing."

"True, Lieutenant Porgy; but it would be greatly detrimental to my shoes to alight in such a place as this, for the thick mud would adhere—"

"Ay, and so would you, doctor—you'd stick—but not the snake. But come, don't stand looking after the bush, if you won't go into it. You can get snakes enough in the swamp—ay, and without much seeking. The place is full of them."

"This of a certainty, Lieutenant Porgy? know you this?"

"Ay, I know it of my own knowledge. You can see them here almost any hour in the day, huddled up like a coil of rope on the edge of the tussock, and looking down at their own pretty figures in the water."

"And you think the serpent has vanity of his person?" inquired the doctor, gravely.

"Think—I don't think about it, doctor—I know it," replied the other, confidently. "And it stands to reason, you see, that where there is beauty and brightness there must be

self-love and vanity. It's a poor fool that don't know his own possessions."

"There is truly some reason, Lieutenant Porgy, in what you have said touching this matter; and the instinct is a correct one which teaches the serpent, such as that which we have just seen, to look into the stream as one of the other sex into a mirror, to see that its jewels are not displaced, and that its motion may not be awry, but graceful. There is reason in it."

"And truth. But we are nigh our quarters, and here is a soldier waiting us."

"A soldier squire!—he is friendly, perhaps?"

The manner of the phrase was interrogatory, and Porgy replied with his usual chuckle:

"Ay, ay, friendly enough, though dangerous, if vexed. See what a sword he carries—and those pistols! I would not risk much, doctor, to say, there are no less than sixteen buckshot in each of those barkers."

"My! you don't say so, lieutenant. Yet did William Humphries say to me that the duty was to be done in perfect security."

The last sentence fell from the doctor's lips in a sort of comment to himself, but his companion replied:

"Ay, security as perfect, doctor, as war will admit of. You talk of perfect security: there is no such thing—no perfect security anywhere—and but little security of any kind until dinner's well over. I feel the uncertainty of life until then. Then, indeed, we may know as much security as life knows. We have, at least, secured what secures life. We may laugh at danger then; and if we must meet it, why, at least we shall not be compelled to meet it in that worst condition of all—an empty stomach. I am a true Englishman in that, though they do call me a rebel. I feel my origin only when eating; and am never so well disposed towards the enemy as when I'm engaged, tooth and nail, in that savoury occupation, and with roast beef. Would that we had some of it now!"

The glance of Oakenburg, who was wretchedly spare and lank, looked something of disgust as he heard this speech of the gourmand, and listened to the smack of his lips with which he concluded it.

He had no taste for corpulence, and probably this was one

of the silent impulses which taught him to admire the gaunt and attenuated form of the snake. Porgy did not heed his expression of countenance, but looking up overhead where the sun stood just above them peering down imperfectly through the close umbrage, he exclaimed to the soldier, while pushing his horse through the creek which separated them:

"Hark you, Wilkins, boy, is it not high time to feed? Horse and man—man and horse, boy, all hungry and athirst."

"We shall find a bite for you, lieutenant, before long—but here's a sick man the doctor must see to at once; he's in a mighty bad way, I tell you."

"A sick man, indeed!" and the doctor, thrusting his hands into his pocket, drew forth a bottle filled with a dark thick liquid, which he shook violently until it gathered into a foam upon the surface. Armed with this, he approached the little bark shanty under which reposed the form of the wounded Clough.

"You are hurt, worthy sir?" said the mediciner, inquiringly; "you have not been in a condition of perfect security—such as life requires. But lie quiet, I pray you; be at ease, while I look into your injuries," said the doctor, condolingly, and proceeded to the outstretched person of the wounded man with great deliberation.

"You need not look very far—here they are," cried Clough, faintly, but peevishly, in reply, as he pointed to the wound in his side.

The doctor looked at the spot, shook his head, clapped on a plaster of pine gum, and administered a dose of his nostrum, which the patient gulped at prodigiously, and then telling him that he would do well, repeated his order to lie quiet and say nothing. Hurrying away to his saddle-bags after this had been done, with the utmost dispatch he drew forth a pair of monstrous leggings, which he bandaged carefully around his shrunken shanks. In a moment after he was upon his tackey, armed with a stick, and hastening back upon the route he had just passed over.

Porgy, who was busy urging the negro cook in the preparation of his dinner, cried out to the dealer of simples, but received no answer. The doctor had no thought but of the snake he had seen, for whose conquest and capture he had

now set forth, with all the appetite of a boy after adventures, and all the anxiety of an inveterate naturalist, to get at the properties of the object he pursued. Meanwhile the new comer, Porgy, had considerably diverted the thought of the trooper from attention to his charge; and laying down his sabre between them, the sentinel threw himself along the ground where Porgy had already stretched himself, and a little lively chat and good company banished from his mind, for a season, the consideration of his prisoner.

His neglect furnished an opportunity long watched and waited for by another. The shanty in which Clough lay stood on the edge of the island, and was one of those simple structures which the Indian makes in his huntings. A stick rested at either end between the crotch of a tree, and small saplings, leaning against it on one side, were covered with broad flakes of the pine bark. A few bushes, piled up partially in front, completed the structure, which formed no bad sample of the mode of hutting it, winter and summer, in the swamps and forests of the South, by the partisan warriors. In the rear of the fabric stood a huge cypress, from the hollow of which at the moment when the sentinel and Porgy seemed most diverted, a man might have been seen approaching. He cautiously wound along on all-fours, keeping as much out of sight as possible, until he reached the back of the hut; then lifting from the saplings a couple of the largest pieces of bark which covered them, he introduced his body without noise into the tenement of the wounded man.

Clough was in a stupor—a half dozy consciousness was upon him—and he muttered something to the intruder, though without any fixed object. The man replied not, but approaching closely, put his hand upon the bandagings of the wound, drawing them gently aside. The first distinct perception which the prisoner had of his situation was the agonizing sense of a new wound, as of some sharp weapon driven directly into the passage made by the old one. He writhes under the instrument as it slanted deeper and deeper into his vitals; but he had not strength to resist, and but little to cry out. He would have done so; but the sound had scarcely risen to his lips, when the murderer thrust a tuft of grass into his mouth and stifled all complaint. The knife went deeper—the whole

frame of the assailant was upon it, and all motion ceased on the part of the sufferer with the single groan and distorted writhing which followed the last agony. In a moment after, the stranger had departed by the way he came; and it was not till he had reached the thick swamp around, that the fearful laugh of the maniac, Frampton—for it was he—announced the success of his new effort at revenge.

The laugh reached Porgy and the dragoon—they heard the groan also, but that was natural enough. Nothing short of absolute necessity could have moved either of them at that moment—the former being busied with a rasher of bacon and a hoe-cake hot from the fire, and the latter indulging in an extra swig of brandy from a canteen which Porgy, with characteristic providence, had brought well filled along with him.

THE LOST PLEIAD

I

Not in the sky—no longer in the sky,
Where, beautiful as high,
She swayed serene,
The centre of her circle, and its Queen—
Most bright of all her happy sisterhood,
And by all bright ones woo'd!—
Secure of homage from fond eyes, that brood,
Nightly, in spheres below;
Who, looking with deep longing, feel their wings
With each pulsation grow;
Feel with the yearning for immortal things,
The strength for heavenward flight;
And travel far, with fancy, to delight,
Still upward drawn by the sweet welcoming eyes
That showed them, first, the skies!

II

Gone from the skies! In vain
We seek her beauty through the ethereal plain,
And the far blue of its mysterious deep!

No more—no more
Shall Ocean, in the mirror of her sleep,
Give back the beauteous image to our gaze!
And, in our sad amaze,
We turn from sky to sea, from sea to shore,
And, as the white caps of the glistering wave
Flash, as with gems cast up from Ocean's cave,
We start, with joyful cry:
We dream the beautiful Queen once more on high,
The bright one of the sky!
Alas! the fond illusion! It is o'er!—
Not even the sovereign Fancy may restore
Our sovereign to her throne! We must go weep,
That the Bright Watcher may no longer keep
Her sphere, at summons of the adoring eye!

III

Gone!—gone!
From sky and earth, from mount and sea!
There is a void of Beauty! Never more
Shall rise the chaunt from forest home or shore;
The sweet fond homage of most worshipping eyes,
That swim in sorrow, gazing on the skies,
Where vacancy makes eminent the void!
How lone!—how lone!—how lone!
The bright'st of all the brightest ones destroyed!
The lesser loveliness that still is left,
But shows the greater glory in the Lost!
Of this, the ONE, bereft,
We are as men at sea, by tempest tost,
Looking out vainly for the one true star,
Worth all the host, to teach us where we are!

IV

Men need their beacons all!
Their stars and guiding lights, to save from thrall;
And, something dearer, shining from above,
To teach them where to look, and how to love!

For we all rove!
We are but children in the Desert! Some
Never reach home!
Others, for yet a thousand years will roam,
Lacking some starry pilot of the sky;
And so they droop along the path, and die
Of a drear blindness, never opening eye!
Thou wast the Eye to many—dear to most;
As central, and the fairest of Heaven's host,
Thou wast their boast!
Oh! did'st thou grow thine own?
Thou wast their thing of worship and of pride—
By their devotion fed and deified!
Did'st thou forget? and had'st thou to atone?
We know that thou art gone;
Hast left thy sapphire throne;
And, never again to cheer
The Mariner, who holds his course alone
On the Atlantic, through the weary night.
When common stars turn watchers, and do sleep,
Shalt thou appear,
Over all others bright,
With the sweet, loving certainty of light,
Down-shining on the shut eyes of the Deep?

V

Shall the sky lose
Her glory, and the ungrateful Earth refuse
Her lamentation? Shall the Beauty part
From Nature, and the great void of the heart
Have never a ministry of Love, whose tear
Shall soothe the suffering, and subdue the fear;
Bring precious nurture to the Hope that lies,
Buried and perishing fast, beneath our eyes?
Shall no responsive wail
From the defrauded elements prevail,
When Night is shorn of Beauty, and the Day,
Palsied goes staggering on his sullen way?

VI

It is not so permitted—so decreed!
At each great loss, the world's great heart must bleed,
Must feel the throes of anguish, and deplore
The vacancy it feels forever more,
And can not, by its prayer,
Or passionate plaint restore:
For the first time, aware
Of that wan spectre, whom we call Despair!
Thus Sorrow broods along the lonely hills,
And wilder griefs go surging through the floods.
How vexed the chiding of the little rills!
How dread the murmur in the mighty woods!
In night and silence each sad fountain fills
Her cistern, and a Spectral Presence broods,
Blackening their waters! Through the unhallowed
Steals a stark, shuddering Fear,
That cowers and crouches ever as it goes,
As dreading ambushed foes,
Without the feet to fly,
The heart to cry!

VII

See, as the day is spent,
The Arab leaves his tent;
Well hath he conn'd, of stars, the mystic lore:
His studies teach
A mortal Fate in each,
Pledged, at each several birth,
To some lone pilgrim of the benighted earth,
That shows the path and guides him evermore!
So, too, the shepherd on Chaldea's hills,
At evening, home returning with his flocks,
Looks, from his perilous heights, along the rocks,
For the one star whose smiling preference fills
His soul with faith and rapture; glads his gaze
With promise of protection, sweet as sure!
But now, no beauties blaze,
No smile comes sudden with a sweet surprise!

Vainly he strains his eyes
For the soft glory that made clear his ways!
Much doth he marvel, in the saddest maze,
While through the sorrowful vault the Dark distils
Her dews that blight;
Lingers in longing, dreaming yet that Night
Will surely bring the expected and sweet light
So natural to his sight.

VIII

Nor earth alone,
Nor man! The sorrow broods
Above the rocks, the plains, the rills, the floods.
Afar! Afar!
In realms of Sun and Star!
There, glorious Beings, each upon his throne,
Join in the common moan!
There, where at first she shone,
Radiant among the sisterhood, the wail
Streams nightly on the gale!
Well may they chaunt, in melancholy tone!
How should they dream, until HER fate was known,
That such as they are confiscate to Death?
That Fate and dark Oblivion should prevail,
The Perfect and the Beautiful to mar?
That, like the creature of far lowlier spheres—
The common blooms of earth—
Beings of mortal breath,
As mortal birth—
The seraphs should be blasted, doom'd to fears;
Lose all their rich effulgence, sink in years;
Sudden extinguish'd in some fatal hour;
Flash even in falling, and with meteor rush,
Sweep down their summits, all one glorious gush;
Then the dread Darkness, and the horrid Hush!
And this without one omen to prepare;
Even while the song floats free in pride and power,
And liquid echoes linger in the air,
That shows all peaceful on the eternal heights!
Oh! in the very midst of dear delights,

And dreaming never of such dread mischance,
The heavens aflush with congregate forms and wings
That swim together in twirling maze and dance,
While some superior seraph sits and sings—
Even then, the wild deep wail! From whence? Oh!
where?
There! there!
Over the precipice!
Far down the black abyss!
A flash! a glory, shed from golden plumes,
The Stygian depth illumes—
A moment, and but one!
The gulph's black willows o'er a sister roll,
And a dread shudder shakes each kindred soul,
Down-gazing, in their horror, as they see!
All their concerted springs of harmony
Snapt rudely—all the generous music gone,
And dread and terror now, where joy alone
Made all felicity!
And shall there be no moan?

IX

Oh! still the strain,
As of fresh sorrows, wailing through the sky,
Repeats the sad refrain—
Soul-chaunting, and soul-wakening melody!
The sister stars, lamenting in their pain,
That one of the selectest ones should die:
Torn from the rest,
When loveliest, happiest, best—
Blessing and blest;
When her own song was sweetest, and her eye
Brightest of all on high!
That such as she should fall
Headlong, in all the beauty of her bright,
From the empyreal grandeur of her height,
Over such precipice,
Down to such drear abyss—
The depths of fathomless night!—
May well be life-long terror to them all!

X

Alas! the Destiny
Clogs over the possession with a Fear!
That haunting sense of Insecurity
Makes every treasure of the heart a care!
Even as we cry
"Eureka! Soul, be joyful! It is here!"
The bitter, mocking echo makes reply,
"Where? Where? Oh! where?"
And the storm sweeps our starbeam from the sky!
Thus, fastened to the bosom of the Bliss,
Clings ever a sad caprice!
We snatch the flower above the precipice,
And fall in snatching. Our free footsteps miss,
While our hands clutch, and, with the treasure won,
We are undone!
In very Rapture, a sharp terror abides;
Her song-burst carries anguish in its tone—
Like the deep murmur of the swelling tides,
Though full and bright,
No cloud in sight,
The glorious Moon, in smiles, o'er ocean glides!
The Hope most precious is the soonest lost!
The flow'r of Love is first to feel the frost!
Methinks, all beautiful, of earthly things,
First die; and little doth it then console,
To know that it hath put on heavenly wings,
And is already shining in its goal!
We only feel 'tis gone—forever gone,
The blessed things we've known,
And we are lone! How lone! How very lone!
Ah! like the bright star shooting down the sky,
Was it not loveliest as it fell from high,
And, darkling, left the sphere,
Now cold and drear,
It ever made so beautiful and dear?

THE GRAPEVINE SWING

Lithe and long as the serpent train,
  Springing and clinging from tree to tree,
Now darting upward, now down again,
  With a twist and a twirl, that are strange to see:
Never took serpent a deadlier hold,
  Never the cougar a wilder spring,
Strangling the oak with the boa's fold,
  Spanning the beech with the condor's wing.

Yet no foe that we fear to seek—
  The boy leaps wild to thy rude embrace;
Thy bulging arms bear as soft a cheek
  As ever on lover's breast found place:
On thy waving train is a playful hold
  Thou shalt never to lighter grasp persuade;
While a maiden sits in thy drooping fold,
  And swings and sings in the noonday shade!

Oh! giant strange of our southern woods,
  I dream of thee still in the well-known spot,
Though our vessel strains o'er the ocean floods,
  And the northern forest beholds thee not;
I think of thee still with a sweet regret,
  As the cordage yields to my playful grasp—
Dost thou spring and cling in our woodlands yet?
  Does the maiden still swing in thy giant clasp?

THE BURDEN OF THE DESERT

I

The burden of the desert,
The desert like the deep,
That from the south in whirlwinds
Comes rushing up the steep;—
I see the spoiler spoiling,
I hear the strife of blows;
Up, watchman, to thy heights, and say
How the dread conflict goes!

II

What hear'st thou from the desert?—
"A sound, as if a world
Were from its axle lifted up
And to an ocean hurl'd;
The roaring as of waters,
The rushing as of hills,
And lo! the tempest-smoke and cloud,
That all the desert fills."

III

What seest thou on the desert?—
"A chariot comes," he cried,
"With camels and with horsemen,
That travel by its side;
And now a lion darteth
From out the cloud, and he
Looks backward ever as he flies,
As fearing still to see!"

IV

What, watchman, of the horsemen?—
"They come, and as they ride,
Their horses crouch and tremble,
Nor toss their manes in pride;

The camels wander scatter'd,
The horsemen heed them naught,
But speed, as if they dreaded still
The foe with whom they fought."

V

What foe is this, thou watchman?—
"Hark! Hark! the horsemen come;
Still looking on the backward path,
As if they fear'd a doom;
Their locks are white with terror,
Their very shout's a groan;
'Babylon,' they cry, 'has fallen,
And all her gods are gone!' "

THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP

'Tis a wild spot, and even in summer hours,
With wondrous wealth of beauty and a charm
For the sad fancy, hath the gloomiest look,
That awes with strange repulsion. There, the bird
Sings never merrily in the sombre trees,
That seem to have never known a term of youth,
Their young leaves all being blighted. A rank growth
Spreads venomously round, with power to taint;
And blistering dews await the thoughtless hand
That rudely parts the thicket. Cypresses,
Each a great ghastly giant, eld and gray,
Stride o'er the dusk, dank tract—with buttresses
Spread round, apart, not seeming to sustain,
Yet link'd by secret twines, that, underneath,
Blend with each arching trunk. Fantastic vines,
That swing like monstrous serpents in the sun,
Bind top to top, until the encircling trees
Group all in close embrace. Vast skeletons
Of forests, that have perish'd ages gone,
Moulder, in mighty masses, on the plain;
Now buried in some dark and mystic tarn,
Or sprawl'd above it, resting on great arms,

And making, for the opossum and the fox,
Bridges, that help them as they roam by night.
Alternate stream and lake, between the banks,
Glimmer in doubtful light: smooth, silent, dark,
They tell not what they harbor; but, beware!
Lest, rising to the tree on which you stand,
You sudden see the moccasin snake heave up
His yellow shining belly and flat head
Of burnish'd copper. Stretch'd at length, behold
Where yonder Cayman, in his natural home,
The mammoth lizard, all his armor on,
Slumbers half-buried in the sedgy grass,
Beside the green ooze where he shelters him,
The place, so like the gloomiest realm of death,
Is yet the abode of thousand forms of life—
The terrible, the beautiful, the strange—
Wingèd and creeping creatures, such as make
The instinctive flesh with apprehension crawl,
When sudden we behold. Hark! at our voice
The whooping crane, gaunt fisher in these realms,
Erects his skeleton form and shrieks in flight,
On great white wings. A pair of summer ducks,
Most princely in their plumage, as they hear
His cry, with senses quickening all to fear,
Dash up from the lagoon with marvellous haste,
Following his guidance. See! aroused by these,
And startled by our progress o'er the stream,
The steel-jaw'd Cayman, from his grassy slope,
Slides silent to the slimy green abode,
Which is his province. You behold him now,
His bristling back uprising as he speeds
To safety, in the centre of the lake,
Whence his head peers alone—a shapeless knot,
That shows no sign of life; the hooded eye,
Nathless, being ever vigilant and sharp,
Measuring the victim. See! a butterfly,
That, travelling all the day, has counted climes
Only by flowers, to rest himself a while,
And, as a wanderer in a foreign land,
To pause and look around him ere he goes,

Lights on the monster's brow. The surly mute
Straightway goes down; so suddenly, that he,
The dandy of the summer flowers and woods,
Dips his light wings, and soils his golden coat,
With the rank waters of the turbid lake.
Wondering and vex'd, the plumèd citizen
Flies with an eager terror to the banks,
Seeking more genial natures—but in vain.
Here are no gardens such as he desires,
No innocent flowers of beauty, no delights
Of sweetness free from taint. The genial growth
He loves, finds here no harbor. Fetid shrubs,
That scent the gloomy atmosphere, offend
His pure patrician fancies. On the trees,
That look like felon spectres, he beholds
No blossoming beauties; and for smiling heavens,
That flutter his wings with breezes of pure balm,
He nothing sees but sadness—aspects dread,
That gather frowning, cloud and fiend in one,
As if in combat, fiercely to defend
Their empire from the intrusive wing and beam.
The example of the butterfly be ours.
He spreads his lacquer'd wings above the trees,
And speeds with free flight, warning us to seek
For a more genial home, and couch more sweet
Than these drear borders offer us to-night.

WONDERS OF THE SEA

What I have brought thee is a mystery,
Framed by a wondrous artist—of the sea—
Of the green mansions, and the sparry caves,
The shells, the sea-maids, and the warring waves;
And stirring dangers;—of the fearful things,
Monstrous and savage, that, from secret springs,
Course, in pursuit of prey; and, all night long,
Keep wakeful but to hear the tempest's song,
And join in terrible chorus! Would you hear?
Then let your breath be hush'd, and bend your ear,

For he that made it hath the wizard's power,
To call up images that shriek and lower,
From hidden caves, and graves, and dens afar;
His sovereign art commands them, and they are!

THE SWAMP FOX

We follow where the Swamp Fox* guides,
His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow in the cypress tree.
The turfy hammock is our bed,
Our home is in the red deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men.

We fly by day and shun its light,
But prompt to strike the sudden blow,
We mount and start with early night,
And through the forest track our foe,
And soon he hears our chargers leap,
The flashing saber blinds his eyes,
And ere he drives away his sleep,
And rushes from his camp, he dies.

Free bridle bit, good gallant steed,
That will not ask a kind caress
To swim the Santee at our need,
When on his heels the foemen press—
The true heart and the ready hand,
The spirit stubborn to be free,
The twisted bore, the smiting brand—
And we are Marion's men, you see.

Now light the fire and cook the meal,
The last, perhaps, that we shall taste;
I hear the Swamp Fox round us steal,
And that's a sign we move in haste.

*General Francis Marion.

He whistles to the scouts, and hark!
You hear his order calm and low.
Come, wave your torch across the dark,
And let us see the boys that go.

We may not see their forms again,
God help 'em, should they find the strife!
For they are strong and fearless men,
And make no coward terms for life;
They'll fight as long as Marion bids,
And when he speaks the word to shy,
Then, not till then, they turn their steeds,
Through thickening shade and swamp to fly.

Now stir the fire and lie at ease—
The scouts are gone, and on the brush
I see the Colonel bend his knees,
To take his slumbers too. But hush!
He's praying, comrades; 'tis not strange;
The man that's fighting day by day
May well, when night comes, take a change,
And down upon his knees to pray.

Break up that hoecake, boys, and hand
The sly and silent jug that's there;
I love not it should idly stand
When Marion's men have need of cheer.
'Tis seldom that our luck affords
A stuff like this we just have quaffed,
And dry potatoes on our boards
May always call for such a draught.

Now pile the brush and roll the log;
Hard pillow, but a soldier's head
That's half the time in brake and bog
Must never think of softer bed.
The owl is hooting to the night,
The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
And in that pond the flashing light
Tells where the alligator sank.

What! 'tis the signal! start so soon,
And through the Santee swamp so deep,
Without the aid of friendly moon,
And we, Heaven help us! half asleep!
But courage, comrades! Marion leads,
The Swamp Fox take us out to-night;
So clear your swords and spur your steeds,
There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
We leave the swamp and cypress tree,
Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
And ready for the strife are we.
The Tory camp is now in sight,
And there he cowers within his den;
He hears our shouts, he dreads the fight,
He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

OH, THE SWEET SOUTH!

I

Oh, the sweet South! the sunny, sunny South!
Land of true feeling, land forever mine!
I drink the kisses of her rosy mouth,
And my heart swells as with a draught of wine;
She brings me blessings of maternal love;
I have her smile which hallows all my toil;
Her voice persuades, her generous smiles approve,
She sings me from the sky and from the soil!
Oh! by her lonely pines, that wave and sigh—
Oh! by her myriad flowers, that bloom and fade—
By all the thousand beauties of her sky,
And the sweet solace of her forest shade,
She's mine—she's ever mine—
Nor will I aught resign
Of what she gives me, mortal or divine:
Will sooner part
With life, hope, heart—
Will die—before I fly!

II

Oh! love is hers—such love as ever glows
  In souls where leaps affection's living tide;
She is all fondness to her friends—to foes
  She glows a thing of passion, strength, and pride;
She feels no tremors when the danger's nigh,
  But the fight over, and the victory won,
How, with strange fondness, turns her loving eye,
  In tearful welcome, on each gallant son!
Oh! by her virtues of the cherish'd past—
  By all her hopes of what the future brings—
I glory that my lot with her is cast,
  And my soul flushes, and exultant sings:
    She's mine—she's ever mine—
    For her will I resign
All precious things—all placed upon her shrine;
    Will freely part
    With life, hope, heart—
Will die—do aught but fly!

COO! COO! TE WEET TU WHU!

The birds that sing in the leafy spring,
With the light of love on each glancing wing,
  Have lessons to last you the whole year through;
For what is, "Coo! coo! te weet tu whu!"
But, properly rendered, "The wit to woo!"
A wit that brings worship and wisdom too!
  Coo! coo! te weet tu whu—
  The wit to woo—te weet tu whu!

The verb "to love," in the tongue of the dove,
Heard noon and night in the cedar grove,
  Is very soon taught where the heart is true:
For the wit to woo, and the wisdom too,
Lie in the one sweet syllable, "Coo!"
But echo me well, and you learn to woo—
  Coo! coo! te weet tu whu—
  The wit to woo—te weet tu whu!

In every zone is the language known,
But in spring it takes ever the sweetest tone,
A something betwixt a carol and moan;
And if you have only the wit to woo,
You will do it in song as the young birds do,
And maidens will listen the whole year through—
  Coo! coo! te weet tu whu—
  The wit to woo—te weet tu whu!

And never was word, of the forest bird,
Sweeter than that of the maiden heard,
When once to the depths her heart is stirred;
For she hath the proper wit to woo,
And the gift of song to sweeten it, too!
She hath but to coo, and she teaches to woo,
  The whole sweet lesson, te weet tu whu—
  Coo! coo! the wit to woo—te weet tu whu!

JOHN P. SJOLANDER

[1851—]

HILTON R. GREER

SOUTHERN literature is indebted to the intolerance of quondam Swedish authorities for one of the truest poets of this day. Forty years ago a Lapland peasant boy wrote a cutting political pasquinade which so offended certain public officials of his time that he was driven out of the country. This boy was John P. Sjolander who, for more than a quarter of a century, from the seclusion of a southeast Texas farm, has given to the world songs of rare artistic finish and melodious meaning. Sjolander was born in the little seaport town of Hudiksvall, in northern Sweden, on March 25, 1851. Compelled to take advantage of such meager opportunities for acquiring an education as circumstances offered, he stimulated his inborn promptings toward literary expression by reading such books as were obtainable, and, as poets of all times have done, began to write in early youth. At the age of fourteen years he wrote "A Winter's Night," a sort of Swedish cotter's tale, in which the life and lore of northland peasant folk found place. This first effort was well received, and has since become one of the popular folk-songs of Sweden. It never has been translated into English, an intimate knowledge of the place and people that inspired it being necessary to a sympathetic understanding of the poem. Yet it should prove rarely interesting, marking as it does the first flowering of wonderful dreams that came to the peasant boy during the long white winters, while he basked before a blazing hearth, and drew inspiration from the busy whirring of his mother's spinning-wheel. At sixteen years his mental precocity was evidenced in the political satire which expatriated him, and which played such an important part in deciding his destiny. Driven with his family out of the kingdom, young Sjolander began to cast about for some immediate means of earning a livelihood. Necessity and the urgings of his Norse blood drove him to the sea, which he loved, and still loves, with all a poet-sailor's unfaltering devotion. Under the British flag the exile served an apprenticeship of several years, first as common seaman, later as mate, and finally as master, authoritative papers having been granted him by the English Board of Trade. During these years he cruised in many seas, touching at innumerable ports, until his adventuring brought him to Texas,

where, in 1871, he settled on a farm near Cedar Bayou, about sixty miles from the city of Galveston. In this sparsely settled region, far from the din and clamor of the market-place, on a tract of 110 acres, he has since resided, with his brother and the latter's sons who constituted the last representatives of his race. His home is a plain, box-like structure, hidden a half-mile back from the bayou amid cloistering trees. Here, since 1871, he has tilled the soil, harvested his crops, chopped wood, worked in brick-yards, built ships, sailed vessels on the Texas coast—and written exquisite poetry. Stranger though he was to the mystifying intricacies of English, his genius for expression could not long remain dormant. Availing himself of such leisure as respite from exacting manual labor granted, he set himself seriously at work to master the language, and to such purpose that in 1885 we find him writing steadily for the American press, his earliest efforts appearing in New York papers and periodicals under various pen-names. Among the first discriminating critics to recognize the value of the new poet's work was the editor of the old *Peterson's Magazine,* at that time one of the most prominent and popular in the United States. This editor not only published much of Sjolander's work, but gave the young poet every encouragement. Since that time the poems of Sjolander have found place in many of the leading journals of this country and Europe, and his circle of appreciative readers has steadily widened with the years. The felicity with which he employs a language mastered after reaching manhood's estate provokes an admiration akin to wonder, which is further enhanced by the knowledge that this unobtrusive Texan is one of the few poets of the century who writes with equal ease in English, Spanish, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Italian, French, and German. Doubtless much of the strength and beauty of his work in English is attributable to such rare linguistic attainments.

The student of Sjolander's poetry is impressed, first of all, with its unsurpassed lucidity. Wordsworthian in simplicity of diction, the poems leave not a momentary doubt as to their author's intended meaning. Little use is made of those fanciful and impressionistic touches which the present-day poet so studiously affects. Sjolander, apparently, scorns such tyro tricks of embellishment. His poems are the products of maturity. They are plain, unpretentious, and often ruggedly simple, like his daily existence. They convey the impression that the author has something to say, and says it in the fewest, strongest words possible. His thought is deep and deliberate; his message direct and convincing. There is, too, a finality of treatment that denotes the true artist, who fashions his poems to suit himself, without regard to the popular demands of the time. A scholarly repression is notable in his treatment of classic themes.

Such poems as "The Cry of Tantalus" and "To Daphne, Dead" are suggestive of sculptured beauty. But it is not upon these that Sjolander's achievement rests. It is as a poet of the soil that he is entitled to fellowship with the heart-singers of all times. His songs of the furrow and fireside ring true, and, in common with such songs from time immemorial, find surest haven in the great, warm heart of humanity. For Sjolander sings best of the things he knows most intimately. To him, as to that other poet-plowman, Robert Burns, the common wayside things are dearest, and hold at their hearts truths as old and new and unchanging as the universe. Loving most the things of earth, he has taken spiritual root in the soil and drawn sustenance therefrom. His poems are redolent of the new-turned mold, the wild-rose hedge, and the shadowy summer woods. In them are echoed the eloquent and myriad voices of nature, and always a deep and abiding faith in the humaneness of God and the God-likeness of humanity. Excellent examples of his truest work are to be found in "The Rain Frog," "The Husbandman," "To a Fire-fly," and "A Clod." It would be idle to assert that any of these are flawless. For they are human, vitally human, and hence fall short of perfection. Little of that cloying quality termed passion is to be found in them. Yet at their core throbs always a warmth of feeling and catholicity of sympathy that quicken them with enduring vitality. Not often does the reader find greater depth and delicacy of sentiment than are to be felt in the incomparable little love-poem, "Eileen and I," or thrill to more sonorous organ-tones than the "Song of Moloch" outrolls. Strange songs, these two, to come from a peasant-poet: the one of a dream-realm of romance; the other of a warring world of greed with which the singer has little in common. Yet they are striking examples of a remarkable versatility.

As might be expected, Sjolander never has taken himself seriously. He declares himself a farmer, not a poet. Always he has written through sheer love of creating, and never has sought to turn his gift into fame or profit. Of late years he has written little, such work as he has produced being contributed freely to Texas newspapers and widely-scattered publications throughout the United States. His work, for the most part, has been fugitive, and never has been collected in a volume. But the time seems near at hand when such a volume will be demanded. Just how lofty a place will be accorded this unobtrusive yet genuine singer cannot be foretold. Certainly it will be a secure and honorable one. For that he will surely come into his own, while many of the widely-acclaimed pretenders of this time are buried in charitable oblivion, is a prophecy that shall not lack fulfilment.

Hilton R. Greer.

THE DREAM CREED

God bless the one who makes our hearts believe
That in some special way our lives are blest.
What does it matter that his words deceive,
If so he soothes the smallest care to rest?
God bless his creed, we say, for it is sweet
To be made happy—even by deceit.

God bless the one, we say, who has the power
To shake our shackles off, and break the bars,
And loose us, earth-bound, for one little hour
To soar, as in a dream, among the stars.
God bless his creed, we say, though counterfeit,
For that it makes the earth-bound soul forget.

God bless the one, who, when the sky is gray,
By sweet persuadings proves it bright and blue;
And says mankind grows better every day,
And we believe it, and grow better, too.
God bless his creed, we say, although it seems
That its philosophy is built on dreams.

EILEEN AND I

Eileen and I (ah! we had just been wed)
Sat hand in hand beside the summer sea.
Eileen's Leon had two long years been dead,
And Marjory was more than dead to me.
But we, Eileen and I, had just been wed,
And had no thought of dead or more than dead.

Had we not planned that day a pleasant way
Wherein our feet should tread—a way of bliss?
Each waiting what the other's lips would say,
To whisper "yes" and seal it with a kiss?
Yes, we had planned that day a pleasant way,
Where death and more than death should never stray.

We sat, Eileen and I, beside the sea,
'Yond which the hornèd moon was slipping down.
It seemed the waters shivered—or did we?
But well I know the wide sea wore a frown.
And there we clung, beside the frowning sea,
I to Eileen, and she more close to me.

And so close-clasp'd we sat, Eileen and I,
And watched the evening star sink low the while;
Until at last we saw it fade and die
Beyond a little silvery cloudland isle.
And we were lovers there, Eileen and I,
But oh! so timorous, and knew not why.

Besides the stars to watch us there were none,
And they were peeping in the rippled sea;
And so, by stealth (as in a dream 'twas done)
I kissed Eileen and thought her Marjory;
And she sweet-blushing, dreaming, sighed, Leon!—
Besides the stars to watch us there were none.

THE SILENCE

The silence comes from God,
As song goes out from man.
It is the benediction after praise and prayer;
It fills the soul with peace sweeter than loving words;
And rests the weary heart
Beyond the power of sleep.
'Tis softer than the hush that flows from mother-eyes
When on the trembling lip love's tender crooning dies.

Silence is not afar,
Except to those afar
From Nature, Song, and God. Silence is Nature's God,
Deep and mysterious. The God-part of the song
Is its sweet silences;
The words between are ours.
Nature, and Song, and God. Thrice blest is he who dwells
Where God in these works out His wondrous miracles.

The silence is not mute;
It speaks the love divine.
The silence is not still. Wide worlds are wrought in it;
It is the strength that folds and holds them in deep space;
It is the power that swings
Them up, and down, and up;
It is the God in us that comes when murmurings cease,
And blesses heart and soul with trust, and rest, and peace.

THE CRY OF TANTALUS

The Phrygian marble in the palace wall
Grows lusterless, and shows each morning dimmer;
The Sheban gold, that lines the spacious hall,
Has lost the rosy light and merry glimmer;
The ringing laughters turn to mocking jeers,
Smiles to grimaces, and the joys to tears.

Fit for fastidious gods the feast is spread,
And though desire is keen it lies untasted;
Brimful the golden bowl glows warm and red,
And, though athirst, it stales untouched and wasted;
The mildest jest leaves blisters on the tongue,
The sweetest song turns to discord when sung.

The cymbals sound, inviting to the dance,
The maidens smile, their eyes for favors pleading;
And though most warily the feet advance,
Pleasure, as wary, ever keeps receding;
The glad hand lifted meets no outstretched hand,
The good it holds slips out of it like sand.

The splendid gardens are a lure and snare,
The silver fountains flow, but flow denying;
For once, ahunger, Pelops pleaded there
And was denied, and hungered until dying;
The crystal cup from longing lips is thrust,
The rose decays, the apple turns to dust.

The gnomes from field and forest, mart and mine,
  Have piled the red gold up from vault to steeple;
To keep is human, and to give divine—
  The overflow shall go to bless the People;
The red gold gleams like fire in baleful eyes,
The mellow tinkling turns to human cries.

The gods may not forgive, as mortals may,
  The scoff from even him they long befriended;
A thousand deaths cannot their wrath allay—
  They must be just, and most when most offended;
So Tantalus, whom heav'n and earth deny,
Is cursed with life, and doomed to never die.

BABEL

Oh! the heart is sad in the Babel of song,
  And sighs for the solitudes,
Where the silences dwell, and the vistas are long,
  Through glimmering bayous and woods;
And where, when the day and its duties are done,
Its sigh, and the song of the stars, are one.

Oh! the heart is sad within Babel bowers,
  Which Art made to blossom and bloom;
And it longs for the home of the God-made flowers,
  For their fragrance and wild perfume,
Which ever ascends through the pure, sweet air,
A pæan of praise, and a breath of prayer.

Oh! the heart is sad in the Babel of pride,
  And sad at its temple door,
And cries to be where the fields are wide
  And the big blue sky bends o'er;
To walk near God, and to say its prayers,
And not be denied for the garb it wears.

INTRA MUROS

O distances immense!
  Vast is the world and wide,
Yet ye must hold me back,
  And press from every side.
'Tis narrow here and close;
  I call but none respond,
Open, O distances,
  A way to the beyond.

Ye push your level lengths
  Against steep skies afar—
Long lengths that brightly gleam,
  Only the more to bar;
And I am kept apart
  From where the joyous are,
That smile within the dawn,
  And sing 'neath evening's star.

O distances that bind!
  Like ye there are no walls;
Across your shining deeps
  In vain the captive calls.
'Tis human to cry out,
  Even when none is near,
For in the human heart
  Hope is more strong than fear.

And so I shall not cease,
  But conquer fear with hope,
And cry 'neath sun and star
  Until the wide deeps ope—
Until some vision come,
  Until some voice respond
Across the distances,
  And bid me come Beyond.

BURNS

Blood binds us close in kinship, man to man,
Through prejudice and pride, a narrow clan;
But there's a kinship runs through all mankind
That knows nor time nor place—that of the mind;
There chance of birth, and ancestries severe,
Can not keep one afar, and one more near
And so the world of mind as one mind turns,
And claims close kinship with the Scotch through Burns.

For he that sang of love beside the Ayr
Still sings of love as it is everywhere;
He knew its meaning, and he told the spell
In magic numbers like none else can tell;
He felt its pleasure, and he felt its pain
And sang the songs that sing themselves again;
And so the world of love a lover turns,
And claims close kinship with the Scotch through Burns.

He sang of toil, and through his gift of song
Has made it high and holy, pure and strong;
He sang the "riches" that the poor are lent,
And turned them into jewels of content;
And showed the world that there is more of worth
In sturdy manhood than in blood or birth;
And so a world of workers heartened turns,
And claims close kinship with the Scotch through Burns.

He had his frailties, and so have we;
We know what is resisted, so did he;
Perhaps he erred because of his keen wit,
But who that have it muchly cares who's hit?
He sinned, maybe, but One will take his part,
As He will ours, when He ransacks the heart.
And so a world of hearts as one heart turns,
And claims close kinship with the Scotch through Burns.

THE SONG OF MOLOCH

The man-made god of God-made man I sit and sing elate;
A million feet the pedals press—the organ sings their fate;
For men that come to where I dwell, drawn by the power I sway,
Must press the pedals as they pass—must tread them every day.

My temples top the vernal hills, and weight the fruitful plain,
And where their towering spires are reared, supreme I rule and reign;
For men may own the living God with lips that idly part,
But in my keeping is the soul, my law is in the heart.

My fame is gone all through the earth, my temples loom afar;
My praise is sung in harvest-fields where peace and plenty are;
For eyes have seen my altar fires across the heavens flare,
And followed where their smoke rose up like pillars in the air.

By fires at night, by clouds at day, my worshipers are led,
And louder does the organ roar as they the pedals tread;
For silence is the attribute of God and Love divine,
But the unholy sound of strife—the song of death—is mine.

And how I glory in my sway, from which none dares to swerve,
'Tis death to them that turn away, and death to them that serve.
For I am the ingratitude of man personified,
And as his Maker he denies, so, too, is he denied.

There is no love behind my law, no mercy in my creed;
The tender thoughts that blossom here bear bitter fruit and seed,
For man-made gods more cruel are than ever man dared be,
And Moloch never yet revoked what once he did decree.

And yet it seems beyond my song, beyond the organ's blare,
There is a place, a paradise, a land of dreams, somewhere,
Whence comes a song a mother sings, a gleam of one who smiles,
Stealing its way into the heart o'er unremembered miles.

But ho! press on ye million feet, and make the organ roar;
Heap up the sacrificial fires, and bring more victims—more!
For Moloch hungers for the feast, his high priest swings the knife,
Come, fee the god that ye have made! More life, more life, more life!

TO DAPHNE, DEAD

In Tempe's vale how sweet it is to dream!
There are no dreams like those in Tempe's vale!
The coming joys on lips rose-wreathèd gleam,
White brows are bared unto the kiss-soft gale,
And splendid gods amid their high delights
Seem not uncaring, for their glances go,
Flashing with love, from far Olympian heights
Down to the dreamer in the vale below.

O Tempe! Tempe! Tempe! Nor dreams nor visions waken;
Olympus looms up darkly, cloud-swept and god-forsaken.

'Tis good to meet on Ossa's sunny slope
The glance of Daphne, when the day is young,
For she is fairer than the fairest hope,
A song's delight more sweet than ever sung;
Her tresses, wind-blown, are more bright than day,
Her feet white glimmer in the sparkling dew;
Wooed, but unwon, she darts away, away,
A thing of beauty that gods might pursue.

O Ossa! Ossa! Ossa! Places nor prospects gladden;
The morning light has faded, and wakening memories sadden.

In Thessaly the golden, fountain-sprayed,
The air is arduous and tense with strength,
The foot is swift, the heart is undismayed,
Through winding ways, unfolding length to length;
And Daphne, fleeing, shows her rosy heel,
And sweet perfume flows from her wind-blown hair;
The gods have felt the rapture mortals feel
When Daphne's glory fills the morning air.

O Thessaly! O Thessaly! No fountains flow to bursting;
The way winds gray and dusty through fields and meadows thirsting.

From high Olympus, down through Tempe's vale,
Past Ossa's slope with dawn and day agleam,
And through Thessalian meadow, field and dale,
Life-giving flows Peneios' sun-flecked stream;
Its voice is luring, and its tide is swift,
Its way is the one way from Thessaly,
And gods and men, by Daphne left adrift,
Look down its reaches, longing to be free.

O Daphne! Daphne! Daphne! The land is song-forsaken;
The stream runs slow and shallow 'mong reeds that break, wind-shaken.

SONG OF THE CORN

I was dry and dusty,
I was weak and weary;
Now I'm glad and lusty,
And the earth looks cheery.
O! the soaking,
Mirth-provoking,
Laughter-loving rain;
Soft and silky,
Mild and milky,
Grows my golden grain.

Listen to the laughter
That my leaves are making,
When the wind comes after
Kisses, softly shaking.
O! health-giving,
Breathing, living,
Heaven-pouring rain;
Come, caress me,
Kiss me, bless me,
Once, and once again.

Let your hearts be singing;
Peal your pæans, peoples;
Set the joy-bells ringing
In the lofty steeples.
Praises render
To the sender
Of the joyous rain;
Of the living,
The life-giving,
Of the precious rain.

SONNETS FROM THE FARM

A CLOD

Ah, brother mine, we are uncouth, we two,
Crude accidents, perhaps, 'neath winter skies,
In bare brown fields wherein the kildee cries
Unto the east wind that bites through and through.
And, brother mine, there is the cold rain, too,
And long dark nights when heaven hides its eyes,
And days to which the sun his face denies—
Perhaps 'tis best for me as 'tis for you.

O brother mine, teach me your patience rare
Through dreary days and nights, and rain and cold;
Show me the way to trust the will divine,
That I, like you, some day may upward bear,
To gladden earth, a flower with heart of gold—
A little flower from some small grace of mine.

A SCARECROW

Some sticks, some strings, a hat, some rags and straw;
Yes, laugh, old crow, you know now how 'twas made.
But in your heart own up you were afraid,
And fearing kept yourself within the law.
But say, old crow, forget what you just saw:
There is a live thing keeping in the shade
For which that scarecrow stood in masquerade—
It nearly caught you when you shouted "Caw."

Fly, fly! old crow. That ever living thing
Has heard your mocking laugh, and flung its dart;
Fly swifter, swifter, to your sheltering wood,
And there all humbly fold your swarthy wing,
And say unto your wildly beating heart:
"Lord send us scarecrows—fool us to be good."

A FENCE POST

By ax and wedge and maul, and many blows
From cunning hands and strong, it came apart,
Splintered and rough, out of the strong oak's heart;
And even yet the bruise upon it shows.
The gray-green moss that thickly on it grows,
The veiling weeds that all around it start,
The creeping vines that from its top out-dart—
Its gnarls and ruggedness help to disclose.

I laid my hand upon this post to-day,
As it had lain before upon the rest,
And found it 'mong them all the most secure,
And with a soft far voice it seemed to say:
"Fate with the strong was ne'er the tenderest,
But only to the strong it says 'Endure.'"

A SPARROW

Ha! there you are. You do not seem to know,
Or if you know it, do not seem to care
How cold the wind is or the earth how bare,
But keep on scratching, scratching, heel and toe.
You must find something good there, down below
The dead weeds and the grass to keep you there.
Ho! coming out, and singing. I declare!
And all the earth so bare, and cold winds blow.

O little friend, you are about—so long,
And just about—yes, just about—so high.
Oh! with a trust like yours in heart so true,
And with the faith you have, so great and strong,
Were you as big—nay, half as big—as I,
What wondrous things were possible for you.

THE RAIN FROG

All day long a little frog
  Sat and blinked with beady eyes
On an old and moss-grown log.

All day long within the deep,
  Brazen, and unruffled sea,
Lay the wind in death-like sleep.

All day long upon the brink
  Of the fading, dying stream,
Sighed the flowers for one small drink.

All day long the birds sang not,
  But sat piping in the trees,
For their throats were dry and hot.

But at eve, with voice so shrill,
  Cried the frog to God for rain,
And his voice would not be still.

To his cry the answer came:
  God spake from the moving cloud,
Thunder-voiced, with tongue of flame.

And the rain fell full and free,
  And the flowers drank their fill,
And the birds sang in the tree.

And the sun sank out of sight,
  And the wind came in from sea,
'Neath God's bow with glory bright.

And that night a little frog
  Sat—and mused the grace of God—
On an old and moss-grown log.

IN AUGUST WOODS

There is a peace no sounding words can tell,
And there is rest beyond the gift of sleep;
And silence, Nature's music-miracle,
With song expectant fills the shadows deep,
In August woods.

There is fulfilment of the spring-time's dream,
And hope's fruition rich beyond compute,
For hands may touch, and eyes behold the gleam
Of buds turned into leaves and blooms to fruit,
In August woods.

What though the song of nesting-time be hushed?
There is a time when Love lays down its cares.
The heart of things as with sweet wine is flushed—
A full completeness takes it unawares,
In August woods.

And then the gold the molten sunshine sifts!
Its glint and glory smoothes out every frown;
And by some magic all the earth it lifts—
Or does it make the sky lean lower down?—
In August woods.

THE DUSK OF THE SOUTH

The dusk of the South is tender
As the touch of a soft, soft hand;
It comes between splendor and splendor,
The sweetest of service to render,
And gathers the cares of the land.

Above it the soft sky blushes
And pales like an April rose;
Within it the South wind hushes,
And the Jessamine's heart outgushes,
And earth like an emerald glows.

The dusk of the South comes fleetly,
And fleetly it takes its flight;
But it comes like a song so sweetly,
And gathers our cares completely,
For God to keep through the night.

AFTER CARE IN AUTUMN

Awake! for care is over,
The year leans to the west,
And every bird's a rover,
Far from the mother breast.

The south wind softly hushes
His voice that was so strong;
And no more come sweet rushes
Of bird pipes tuned to song.

The dust that came in broadsides
With every vagrant breeze,
Lies gray on weed-grown roadsides,
On bushes, and on trees.

Amid the vine and briar,
Silent the redbird clings,
Fluffing his breast of fire,
Preening his blazing wings.

And in far fields and meadows,
And through deep woods and old,
The white clouds build of shadows
Cool isles in seas of gold.

And fancy like a rover
Fares through a region blest,
For now earth's care is over,
And God has sent it rest.

BENJAMIN SLEDD

[1864—]

JOSEPH QUINCY ADAMS, JR.

BENJAMIN SLEDD, the son of William and Arabella Sledd, was born in Bedford County, Virginia, August 24, 1864. His forefathers were planter folk, distinguished chiefly for good living, land-holding, and ruling everything for ten miles around. On his father's side he is descended from Davis Douglass, a Scotch Covenanter's son and soldier of 1812, and Thomas Sledd, a soldier of the Revolution. In the slave quarters long survived a tradition of "Uncl' Bartley" who "blowed de fife wid Mars' Tom in General Washington's war." On his mother's side he is descended from the Hobsons, who originally settled near Petersburg, and who, it is interesting to note, furnished an illustrious representative to the late war with Spain.

Mr. Sledd's early years were spent in the constant companionship of his mother, a woman of strong personality. Though not an invalid, she was never known to enter a neighbor's house, and for more than twenty years she never went beyond the gate of her own lawn. To the influence of this strong yet lovable woman Mr. Sledd owes the deepest and most abiding influences of his life. He has paid a beautiful tribute to her in one of his early poems. Next after the influence of his mother comes that of the nightly story-tellings, when children and servants gathered before the big kitchen fireplace; for, indeed, some of the customs of slavery days on the old plantations did not really pass away until late in the seventies. The picture of the old slave Isaac, which Mr. Sledd draws in one of his most characteristic poems, well reflects this childhood plantation life.

Mr. Sledd received his first instruction in the little "brown schoolhouse," the memory of which is preserved in "The Truants" and in "Alice." And from a family of German tenants he learned at an early age to read and love Heine, Uhland, Goethe, and Schiller; to this, perhaps, is due the German mysticism which critics have discovered in his verse. Among the best of his boyhood teachers, however, must be reckoned "old Otter's lonely peak," which, like a tutelary deity, figures in so many of his poems.

In 1881 Mr. Sledd entered Washington and Lee University, from which, in 1886, he was graduated as Master of Arts. In the autumn

of the same year he entered Johns Hopkins University, but at the end of the session, because of failing eyesight, was compelled to give up his studies. For a year he taught at Charlotte Hall, in southern Maryland. Of his life here he has given us a glimpse in one of the best of his early poems, "Beside the Chesapeake."

In the autumn of 1888 Mr. Sledd was called to Wake Forest College, North Carolina, as professor of modern languages. In 1894, at his own request, he was transferred to the department of English, and this position he still holds. As a teacher he has exercised upon the students of the college a profound influence. Himself afire with enthusiasm for good literature, he has succeeded in kindling a like fire in the hearts of his pupils. Every year a little band of enthusiasts leaves his class-room for the larger universities of the North, to pursue there the study of English literature.

In 1889 Mr. Sledd was married to Miss Neda Purefoy, granddaughter of J. S. Purefoy, one of the founders of Wake Forest College. Close by the campus Mr. Sledd lives, in an old-fashioned, big-roomed Southern house, filled, as he says, "with books and babies." The love of children, indeed, is his most striking characteristic. He seems never more happy than when bound for the fields and woods with a small army of the village children around him. One can understand, therefore, why he has written so much of children, and why the deaths of three of his own brood have exerted so deep an influence on his poetry.

In 1897 Mr. Sledd issued from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons his first volume of verse, entitled 'From Cliff and Scaur.' In spirit and in form the volume reflects the strong influence of Tennyson, an influence confessed both in the title, and in the beautiful dedicatory "Prelude." Among the poems is some of Mr. Sledd's best verse—"The Mother," "In the Valley of the Shadow," "The Mystery of the Woods," "Beside the Chesapeake;" and yet the volume is interesting chiefly as promising better things to come. The kindly welcome it received from the critics encouraged Mr. Sledd to publish, in 1902, a second collection of verse, 'The Watchers of the Hearth.' This collection revealed a sure advance both in material and in craftsmanship. Most of the poems are strong and beautiful; they display a rare command of the poet's art, and a wide range of theme—witness the exquisite sonnets "To Sappho," "Innominata," "The Quest," and the poem which gives a name to the collection, "The Watchers of the Hearth." The volume, though small, forms a distinct contribution to our literature. In 1908 Mr. Sledd published his third volume, 'Margaret and Miriam, a Book of Verse for All Who Love Little Children.' This is a collection of elegies, inspired by the deaths of two of his children, who during their brief

lives had been his constant companions in wood and field. Most of the poems take the form of the sonnet, a form admirably suited to the poet's genius and also to the theme in hand, for the several sonnets, as small units, are made to reflect the varying moods of the grief-stricken mind.

Mr. Sledd's genius is essentially lyric—when he undertakes the narrative he is not nearly so good—and he has made the sonnet his most effective vehicle. By no means, however, has he confined himself to the sonnet, for he has tried with success many verse forms. His poems, as I have already indicated, show a mastery of the "versesmith's" art: they possess, in a high measure, felicity of diction, beauty of imagery, and charm of melody. Moreover, permeating the poems from beginning to end are certain elements which render them especially pleasing to the "gentle reader"—a delicate refinement, a sympathy with nature, a well restrained mysticism, a tempered melancholy, and, above all, an elusive something—perhaps the poet's spirit—which because of its very elusiveness charms the mind. It is worthy of note that in each successive volume Mr. Sledd has made distinct progress. Already, without a doubt, he has won for himself a high and enduring place in American literature.

Joseph Quincy Adams, Jr.

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PRELUDE

From 'Cliff and Scaur.' Published, G. P. Putnam's Sons, and used here by permission of the publishers.
October 6, 1892.

All night I moved about the silent house,
In grief for one whom I had never known—
Dying beyond the sea. And in the dawn
Methought I heard far off a phantom bell
Ring out one startled, broken peal of woe;
And, linking voice in voice, bell after bell
Bore on the wailing through the darkened land,
And many a heart that watched and grieved with mine,
Made answer: "He is gone—the last, the best!"

THE COCOON

From 'Cliff and Scaur.'

We found it in the autumn woods
And bore it home, the strange cocoon,
To keep it with the secret hope
That when the hidden life should ope,
Dear God would grant the one sweet boon
Which each in voiceless prayer would name—
Nor name aloud for blissful shame.

We placed it in a hidden nook,
And guarded it with jealous care,
And thought that winter did us wrong
To keep us from our own so long.
We were a foolish, loving pair
Who still would blush in blissful shame
To speak of joys we soon might claim.

A startling shape of golden light
Burst from the strange cocoon one night,
And fluttered through the open door,
Just ere the dark-winged angel bore
God's gift to God's own hand again.

Oh, little life not lived in vain!
Thy one sweet day my soul counts gain
Above these after-years of pain.
And still with silent lips we name
The boon we nevermore may claim.

THE MOTHER

From 'Cliff and Scaur.'

Will they not leave me in peace?—Yes, dear, I am coming soon.
What need of winter's presence at rose-crowned rites of June?

He brings her home in triumph, the sweet young life he has won;
And I could rejoice in a daughter, had I not lost a son.

Long since God took my others, and now I am left alone;
For, though I am still his mother, the wife will claim her own.

How cold to-night was his greeting! He called me simply "mother";
Those old sweet names of endearment so soon he gives to another.

Oh, for one hour of the nights when he sat by the hearth and read,
And 't was to his voice I listened, and not what the dull books said.

And often I'd fall to weeping—and yet I knew not why;
But then we older children must have our meaningless cry.

A moment of silence and weeping, and then my tears have done:
May I, who have wept for nothing, not weep for the loss of a son?

But why is my loss so bitter? 'Tis what all mothers have known;
For, though we still are mothers, we may not claim our own.

INSOMNIA

From 'Cliff and Scaur.'

Wouldst know the saddest of sad things?
It is with sleepless eyes to lie
Watching the weary hours go by;
Till weariness impatient waits—
Beside day's grim unopened gates—
For all the untried morrow brings.

THE WATCHERS OF THE HEARTH

From 'The Watchers of the Hearth.' Published by Richard G. Badger, and used here by permission of the publisher.

Beside my hearthstone watching late,
I mark the quivering words of fate
Which over the dying embers run.
Oh fearful heart, what may they mean?—
"That thou thy dearest wish hast won
And gained what thou hast never known,
A something thou canst call thy own:
A love thou shalt not need to woo,
Or question whether false or true:
A tender life which thou canst shape
To all thy nobler self had been."
But, lo, the embers fall agape:
The wavering, flame-wrought words are fled
With half their meaning still unread.
And all my soul is hushed in dread,
To see beyond the threshold wait,
Like wolves before the sheepfold gate,
A thousand lurking shapes of sin
To claim the new-born life within:
And round its bed a shadowy throng,
Like those grim gossips which of old
With woven pace and fateful song,
Their revels at each childbirth held.
Too well I know each mated pair
Of boding spirits gathered there:

Wan Sorrow leaning hard on Care,
And Shame that clutched the skirts of Fame,
And One there was that bore no name.
A dreary voice the silence broke,
And slowly, darkly Sorrow spoke:
"May not the Mother have her own?—
Whatever in thee is divine,
Whatever of beauty thou hast known,
Or rapture felt, is it not mine?
And mine this little life of thine!"
Then spoke the spirit without name:
"The evil angel of thy race,
This latest-born I wholly claim,
And nought may save from my embrace."

"Oh God, is there no help?" I cried.
"Is all to my sweet babe refused
Save that harsh way my feet have used?"
A sad voice murmured at my side:
"This being then to me confide!"
I turned and, lo, the Shining One,
Whose work is ne'er in gladness done—
But gladly through that grim array,
Still following to the gates of day,
I saw him bear my babe away.

THE DEATH OF BALDER

From 'The Watchers of the Hearth.'

The sun went down to-night
  A quivering heart,
Pierced to its core of light
  With a rayless, rugged dart
Flung from the Titan hands
Of a shape which stands
Darkening all the summer lands.

THE CHILDREN

From 'The Watchers of the Hearth.'

No more of work! Yet ere I seek my bed,
Noiseless into the children's room I go,
With its four little couches all a-row,
And bend a moment over each dear head.

Those soft, round arms upon the pillow spread,
These dreaming lips babbling more than we know,
One tearful, smothered sigh of baby woe—
Fond words of chiding, would they were unsaid!

And while on each moist brow a kiss I lay,
With tremulous rapture grown almost to pain,
Close to my side I hear a whispered name:—
Our long-lost babe, who with the dawning came,
And in the midnight went from us again.
And with bowed head, one good-night more I say.

THE WRAITH OF ROANOKE

From 'The Watchers of the Hearth.'

Like a mist of the sea at morn it comes,
Gliding among the fisher-homes—
The vision of a woman fair;
And every eve beholds her there
Above the topmost dune,
With fluttering robe and streaming hair,
Seaward gazing in dumb despair,
Like one who begs of the waves a boon.

Lone ghost of the daring few who came
And, passing, left but a tree-carved name
And the mystery of Croatan:
And out of our country's dawning years
I hear the weeping of woman's tears:
With a woman's eyes I dimly scan

Day after day the far blue verge,
And pray of the loud unpitying surge,
And every wind of heaven, to urge
The sails that alone can succor her fate—
The wigwam dark and the savage mate,
The love more cruel than cruelest hate—
Still burns on her cheek that fierce, hot breath—
And the shame too bitter to hide in death.

TO SAPPHO

From 'The Watchers of the Hearth.'

Might each but claim of Time's unfeeling hand
  Some treasure reft of man so long ago
  That fancy's utmost can but dimly show
The glory of the gifts we would demand—
What gift were mine?—In that far Lesbian land
  To pluck from some forgotten tomb a scroll
  Writ with those songs of woe and passion—whole,
In characters of Sappho's own sweet hand.

Or yet to lie one hour upon the shore,
While far off come and go the long-prowed ships,
And watch that hand divine flash o'er the lyre,
And hear the numbers flow from her wild lips—
To drink of her dark, regal eyes the fire,
And, passing, feel no meaner rapture more.

THE QUEST

From 'The Watchers of the Hearth.'

I sought it summer-long, and sought in vain—
  A presence foiling still the senses' hold;
  As Pan too ardent for the nymph of old
Clasped but the reeds chiding in mournful strain.
A voice it seemed, heard by the moon-lit main,
  A secret left by the midnight woods half told,
  A vision glimpsed athwart the sunset's gold,
Or fancied in the footsteps of the rain.

And would the autumn too leave me unblest?
As in a gloomy glen at eve I lay,
Watching the wind and flying leaves at play,
Beside me, lo, the being of my quest!
Strange lips a moment to my own she prest,
Murmuring, "Follow still!" and passed away.

INNOMINATA

From 'The Watchers of the Hearth.'

Do you remember now the autumn day
When at the stile we silent took farewell?—
For in our hearts was that no words could tell.
Long time we stood, and watched the twilight gray
Wrapping the land, hill after hill, away,
And close and closer round the shadows fell,
As if some power enmeshed us in its spell,
And still the saving word we might not say.

Then with one look at your mute, hopeless face—
For passion in such parting must not be—
Without one kiss—our separate ways we went.
Would you not call me back? your heart relent?
I turned and looked once more—only to see
The cold white moonrays, ghostlike, in your place.

THE SOUTH-SEA WATCH

From 'The Watchers of the Hearth.'
"The horror of a night watch on the beach!"—From a letter from the Philippines.

Is this the end of his dreams?—pacing this lonely shore,
With the strange, dark land behind, and the unknown sea before;
And the land so still in its sorrow, and the sea so loud in its grief,
The myriad moan of the sands, and the long, deep roar of the reef:
And somewhere far in the darkness, for ever high over it all—
Like the voice of one forsaken—the buoy's lone, wailing call.

Is this the end of his dreams?—the longings of the boy
For the pomp of drum and cannon, and battle's fiery joy:
To strike one blow for the right, for a people long oppressed,
And to lie, if need be, at last, with the flag upon his breast.
For the battle is not with men, but a foe of mightier hand—
The unshorn strength of the sun, and the riotous life of the land;
Where nature, knowing no master, foregoes her kindly way,
And a sense of the hopeless struggle is stronger by night than by day;
For unknown, and larger and closer, the stars burn overhead,
And the moon, out of dark waters breaking, is grown a thing of dread.

And, lo, across the moonlight the phantom caravels go,
Bearing the white man's lust, and the long, long years of woe—
The years of rapine and slaughter, the patient land has known,
Till the hands that have sown the whirlwind must reap of the seed they have sown.
And all around in the darkness, voices lament and weep—
The mighty shades of heroes swarming up from their unknown sleep
In the gloom of the primal forest, in the vasty holds of the deep—
The dauntless spirits who followed those quests of glory and gain,
Lighting in blood-stained splendour the deathless name of Spain.

But the midnight vision passes, and the sea breaks forth in its grief—
The myriad moan of the sands and the long, deep roar of the reef,
And somewhere far in the darkness, forever high over it all—
Like the voice of one forsaken—the buoy's lone, wailing call.

SUSAN DABNEY SMEDES

[1840—]

EMILIE W. McVEA

SUSAN DABNEY SMEDES, the second daughter and eighth child of Thomas Smith Dabney and of Sophia Hill, inherited from a long line of vigorous and cultured forebears the personal characteristics and race traditions which eminently fitted her to be the exponent of that life of the past which she has sympathetically portrayed in 'A Southern Planter.' Her grandfather, Benjamin Dabney, was the son of John Dabney, descended from a Huguenot refugee, who settled on the Pamunkey River and became the progenitor of the large families of Dabneys well known in the life of King William and Gloucester counties, Virginia. The Dabney men have been characterized by administrative ability, ardent enthusiasm, and loyalty to family and friends. Many of them have held positions of honor in State or Nation, and several have shown marked literary ability. Thomas Smith Dabney, Mrs. Smedes's father, was related to the Marshalls, Carys, Lees, Nelsons, Carters, and Beverleys, and passed his youth and early manhood in the hospitable and cultured surroundings of Virginia country life. Moving to Mississippi in 1835, in an exodus of Virginia planters to the rich cotton-fields of the far South, he carried with him the traditions of his old home. So his household became representative of the more active pioneer spirit of the younger colonies, as well as of the older, dignified life of Virginia.

The events of Susan Dabney Smedes's life are few, and are important only as they formed her character and literary taste and enabled her to understand and to interpret, through the medium of one man and of one family, the conditions in the South during the decade preceding the Civil War and during the reconstruction period, from 1865 to 1885. She was born August 10, 1840, at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Charles Hill, in Raymond, Mississippi, ten miles from her father's extensive plantation at Burleigh, Hinds County. She was one of eighteen children, and grew to young womanhood in Burleigh, an old-time southern country home. There she was carefully educated by governesses and by private tutors, in the branches then considered necessary for womanly culture, and was taught by her mother the no less important housewifely duties

belonging to an older daughter, upon whom would necessarily devolve much of the management and of the social entertainment of a plantation home. When but a child, her religious sense was so strongly developed that her father was obliged to ask the clergymen who frequently visited the house not to mention the subject of missions before her, "because that child was bent on becoming a missionary." This spirit later found expression in the establishment of the Bishop Green training-school at Dry Grove, Mississippi, and in work among the Indians in Dakota.

As Susan Dabney grew older, and realized the meaning and responsibility of the slave system to Southerners of high purpose and strong feeling, like her father and mother, she naturally adopted their attitude toward slaves. The kindness and consideration of the children of the household for their servants, and their love and respect for such trusted negro friends as Mammy Harriet and Mammy Maria, were among the most charming features of the life at Burleigh. The story of these early days, filled with home duties, but also enlivened by holiday jollifications, by the long visits of relatives, and by delightful intercourse with friends of her father, such as S. S. Prentiss, Henry S. Foote, and General Zachary Taylor, is a pleasant contrast to the later times of poverty and sorrow.

The summers at Burleigh, so Mrs. Smedes tells us in the Memorials, were especially gay. "The house was nearly always crowded with guests. Friends from towns and cities found it the pleasant time to visit the country, and there were other reasons for their coming, too. It was safe from the yellow fever. In yellow fever summers entire households, including, of course, servants and children of all ages, were entertained. Sometimes for weeks, and even months, the white family numbered from twenty to twenty-five persons, and sometimes more. Music and dancing, charades and games, cards, riding on horseback, and wagon- and carriage-driving were the diversions. . . . One summer we got up a history class, and everybody had every morning to sit in a long line in the hall and answer in his or her turn a question or two in English history. . . . One winter we young people and our guests took up English poetry. It became a rage to study the best English poetry and recite it to each other on long walks. . . Anyone who excelled in anything that could entertain the company was called on to do it. There were few who did not catch the spirit of the house, and join in whatever was on foot." To a person of cultivated tastes reading was naturally a chief form of entertainment. Happily for Mrs. Smedes, the library at Burleigh was unusually large and well selected, even for those days of excellent private libraries in the South. Her reading of English classics formed not only her tastes but her

style—a style in no wise original, but simple and dignified, and entirely lacking in theatric effects.

In 1860 Susan Dabney married Lyell Smedes, the oldest son of Dr. Albert Smedes, one of the foremost educators of the South. During her brief married life of only eleven weeks, she lived in Vicksburg, Mississippi. At the end of that time her young husband died, and she returned to her father's home. After the death of her husband and of her mother in 1860, the happy home life was at an end. During the war the family lived at Burleigh, until residence in so lonely a place became impossible, when they took refuge for a year in Macon, Georgia. On their return, the condition of the plantation became deplorable, as the money for its running expenses could not be obtained. Thomas Dabney had gone security for a friend, and in 1866 his property was seized for the debt. The family united in their efforts to buy back the place, and struggled in the midst of poverty to keep their home. During this time Mrs. Smedes was the constant companion and confidential friend of her father. She grew to know him in adversity as she had never known him in prosperity. Before his trouble came he was dominant, rash, generous to a fault, a man of large plans and able in execution, one who did not easily brook contradiction, and who did not readily show affection; in the days of his poverty and sorrow he grew tender, gentle, unvarying in patience and in humility. The debts were paid, but the plantation at last had to be given up.

In 1882 the family moved to Baltimore, where Thomas Dabney died in 1885. In 1887, Mrs. Smedes, being obliged to choose some work as a means of support, went with her sister as United States teacher to the Sioux Indians at Rosebud Reservation, Dakota. Here for fourteen months she labored earnestly to civilize the Indians by her tender sympathy as well as by her instruction. Her health, however, rapidly gave way under the rigorous climate of the prairies, where she and her sister lived on the coarsest food in an isolated Indian camp. Compelled by weakness and suffering to give up her work, in April, 1888, she went to Helena, Montana, where she found employment as clerk in the Surveyor-general's office. In 1892 she moved to Washington City, having received an appointment as clerk in the Census Bureau. For the past fifteen years, however, she has lived in the congenial atmosphere of Sewanee, Tennessee, where her home, Gladstone Cottage, named in honor of the great statesman, who highly valued her work, is a center for the delightful but modest society of the University of the South.

Mrs. Smedes has contributed some articles of general interest to newspapers and magazines, but as an author she must be judged by one book. That book, however, is of so fine a quality, both as a

biography and as an interpretation of Southern life, that it gives her a high rank among Southern writers. She undertook to tell simply and sympathetically the life of a revered father; she has succeeded in giving the portrait of a man of strongly marked individuality and innate nobility—a man typical of the best product of a bygone time and a bygone social condition. With delicate taste, Mrs. Smedes has suppressed her own personality and has let the story tell itself. From the naïve talk of the negroes, from letters to his wife and children, from the management of household and plantation, the traits of Thomas Dabney's character reveal themselves until he lives before the reader as distinct a personality as Colonel Newcome—forever a faithful representative of the Old South. The story is written without regard to strict chronological order, but the material is grouped in chapters concerning themselves largely with subjects of permanent interest, such as the patriarchal moving of a large household of family and slaves from Virginia to Mississippi; plantation management, and the management of household servants; Christmas festivities at Burleigh; the delightful summer months at Pass Christian; the darker days of the war, and the struggle for adjustment to new conditions. This all contains, of course, much personal detail, but it is also typical of the life of hundreds of high-minded men all over the South. The style is simple but vivid, the narrative profusely illustrated with pointed anecdote. That Mrs. Smedes should have been able to make generally interesting the biography of a private person, not widely known beyond the circle of his family and friends, shows literary skill of a high order. She succeeds in doing this because she understands Thomas Dabney, not only as a man, but also as a typical figure in his relations to his time and to his surroundings.

The 'Memorials of a Southern Planter' has, moreover, historical as well as literary value. As Joel Chandler Harris says of it: "No better, fairer, or more absolutely trustworthy picture of Southern life has been printed." By centralizing her story in the relation of the good master to his slaves, Mrs. Smedes has made a considerable contribution to the history of Southern civilization. She says in her preface: "The younger generation will hear much of the wickedness of slavery and slave owners—I wish them to learn of a good master; of one who cared for his servants affectionately, and yet with a firm hand when there was need, and with a full sense of his responsibility. There were many like him." The book has been introduced into the history course of several schools in the United States, both North and South, and is quoted as authoritative by James Bryce in 'The American Constitution,' by Albert Hart in 'Slavery and Abolition,' and by J. T. Rhodes in 'The History of the United

States from the Compromise of 1850.' Undoubtedly, as years go by, it will become a reference book for the period. It has given to the North a better understanding of the normal Southern attitude toward slavery, and to England, where it was warmly welcomed and appreciated, a new view of the South and of its people. The work of Susan Dabney Smedes, though limited in quantity, will endure, because it is an illuminating interpretation of an interesting period in the development of American society.

Emilie H. McDea

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MASTER AND SLAVES

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I. Early Days in Mississippi.

His plantation was considered a model one, and was visited by planters anxious to learn his methods. He was asked how he made his negroes do good work. His answer was that a laboring man could do more work and better work in five and a half days than in six. He used to give the half of Saturdays to his negroes, unless there was a great press of work; but a system of rewards was more efficacious than any other method. He distributed prizes of money among his cotton-pickers every week during the season, which lasted four or five months. One dollar was the first prize, a Mexican coin valued at eighty-seven and a half cents the second, seventy-five cents the third,

and so on, down to the smallest prize, a small Mexican coin called picayune, which was valued at six and a quarter cents. The decimal nomenclature was not in use there. The coins were spoken of as "bits." Eighty-seven and a half cents were seven bits, fifty cents four bits, twenty-five cents two bits. The master gave money to all who worked well for the prizes, whether they won them or not. When one person picked six hundred pounds in a day, a five-dollar gold-piece was the reward. On most other plantations four hundred pounds or three hundred and fifty or three hundred was considered a good day's work, but on the Burleigh place many picked five hundred pounds. All had to be picked free of trash. No one could do this who had not been trained in childhood. To get five hundred pounds a picker had to use both hands at once. Those who went into the cotton-fields after they were grown only knew how to pull out cotton by holding on to the stalk with one hand and picking it out with the other. Two hundred pounds a day would be a liberal estimate of what the most industrious could do in this manner. A very tall and lithe young woman, one of mammy's "brer Billy's" children, was the best cotton-picker at Burleigh. She picked two rows at a time, going down the middle with both arms extended and grasping the cotton-bolls with each hand. Some of the younger generation learned to imitate this. At Christmas Nelly's share of the prize-money was something over seventeen dollars. Her pride in going up to the master's desk to receive it, in the presence of the assembled negroes, as the acknowledged leader of the cotton-pickers, was a matter of as great interest to the white family as to her own race.

The negroes were helped in every way to gather the cotton, not being interrupted or broken down by any other work. Some of the men were detailed to carry the cotton-hampers to the wagons that the pickers might lift no weights. Water-carriers, with buckets of fresh water, went up and down the rows handing water to the pickers. They would get so interested and excited over the work that they had to be made to leave the fields at night, some of the very ambitious ones wishing to sleep at the end of their rows, that they might be up and at work in the morning earlier than their rivals. The cotton was weighed three times a day, and the number of

pounds picked by each servant set down opposite to his or her name on a slate. Quite a remarkable feat of memory was exhibited by one of the negro men one day in connection with this. His duty was to help the overseer to weigh the cotton. One day the slate was caught in a rain and the figures were obliterated. This man came that night to the master's desk and gave from memory every record on the slate, the morning, mid-day, and evening weights of each picker. The negroes stood near enough to hear if he had made a mistake in any man's figures. It was the more remarkable as he could not have expected to be called on to do this. In addition to the cotton crop, corn was raised in such abundance that it was not an unusual thing to sell a surplus of a thousand or two bushels or more. A maxim with the master was that no animal grew fat on bought corn. In putting in his corn crop he made full allowance for a bad season, hence there was never a scarcity. A lock on a corn-crib was not known. After the mules and horses were fed in the evening the negroes carried home all that they cared to have. They raised chickens by the hundred. One of the chicken-raisers, old Uncle Isaac, estimated that he raised five hundred, unless the season was bad. Uncle Isaac's boast was that he was a child of the same year as the master, and that the master's mother had given to him in her own arms some of the baby Thomas's milk, as there was more of it than he wanted. He would draw himself up as he added, "I called marster brother till I was a right big boy, an' I called his mother ma till I was old enough to know better an' to stop it myself. She never tole me to stop."

The negroes sold all the chickens they did not eat. They were taken to Raymond or Cooper's Well in a four-mule wagon, provided by the master. As he paid the market price, and as there was some risk of their getting less than he gave, there was not often a desire to send them off if he would take them. And he had need to buy all he used after the death of our faithful Granny Harriet. Different servants were given the care of the poultry, and all failed so signally that Aunt Kitty, who was renowned for success in her own poultry-yard, was placed in charge. She was given all the conveniences and facilities she asked for—chicken-houses, coops, and separate enclosures for young chickens. The result of all this outlay

was not a chicken the first year, and only one the second. The history of that one deserves to be recorded. It was hatched out in the hedge and raised by its mother hen without the aid of our accomplished hen-hussy.

The thrifty negroes made so much on their chickens, peanuts, popcorn, molasses-cakes, baskets, mats, brooms, taking in sewing, and in other little ways, that they were able to buy luxuries. Some of the women bought silk dresses; many had their Sunday dresses made by white mantua-makers. Of course they had the clothes of the master and mistress in addition; and in later years, as the house grew full of young masters and young mistresses, theirs were added. As the family knew that the servants liked nothing so well as the well-made clothes that they laid aside, they wore their clothes but little. They justly considered that those who had labored for them had rights to them while still fresh. Under these circumstances it did not seem wasteful for a daughter of the house to distribute, at the end of a season, as many as a dozen or more dresses that had been made up but a few months before. It was quite funny to see among the gallants three or four swallow-tail coats of the master's come in at the gate for the grand promenade on Sunday evenings, escorting the colored belles in all their bravery of hoop-skirts, and ruffles, and ribbons, and flowers. Mammy Harriet gives me this account of the management at Burleigh:

"De men had twelve pounds o' meat ebery two weeks an' de women ten pounds. Viney, my brer Billy's daughter, had as much as a man. You see she was a hearty eater. An' dey had 'lasses too 'cordin' to dey famblys—a water-bucketful. Den some on 'em let dey meat gin out an' come for mo'. Marster git 'em mo meat out o' de house, an' den he go out to de smoke-house an' cut mo'. I hab see marster out in de fiel' after breakfast an' Headman Charles say to him, 'Marster, some o' dese people ain't got nothin' to eat.' Den he ride back an' hab a bushel o' meal sifted, an' git a piece o' meat, an' tie up de salt, an' ride back an' say, 'Charles, let those fellows get a plenty of oak bark and cook these things. Here is a plenty of meat and meal and salt.' Den dey sot on sometimes a dozen pots an' bile water to make up all dat bread.

"Dyar warn't no chile born on dat place widdout no clo'es

to put on. Missis had 'em made in de house. I know I myself mik' clo'es for Nelly chile, eben to de bonnet. I mik' de bonnet out o' a piece o' missis dress. She gib five pieces to ebery chile at a time. She had two made in de house, de udder three she say, 'Make yourself. You ought to know how to sew for yourself.'

"Ebey udder Sunday was draw day. Dey draw de meat an' missis lay aside all her clo'es an' her chillun clo'es to gib 'way—a pile on 'em. She say, 'Maria, send the servants to me in the house,' an' she gib de clo'es to 'em. I heard her say to marster one day, 'There is a beggar-woman here.' 'Well, have you something to give her?' 'No; I have too many servants to give my clothes to beggars. Give her some money.' He say, 'Very well.' An' he gib de 'oman money. She nebber 'fused her people nuthin'; nobody warn't 'fear'd to ask her for anything."

One day a great lubberly, stupid negro woman stalked into her room and said, "Missis, gib me a dress." The woman was uncouth and rude. The little girl sitting with her mother saw her get up at once and hand a pretty woollen dress to the woman. "She did not even thank you," the child objected, when the negro had gone out. "And don't it teach her to beg to give her the dress when she asks for it?" Time has not obliterated the memory of the gentle rebuke. "Poor thing, she has no one to teach her manners, and she has so little sense, and no one to ask for anything but me. I was very glad, indeed, that she came and asked me for something."

For some years the master accompanied every wagon loaded with cotton that went to market from his plantation. He slept on these journeys under the wagons, and sometimes on awakening in the morning he found that his great-coat, in which he was wrapped, was frozen hard to the ground. His negro drivers were more heavily clad than himself, each one being provided with a thick woollen great-coat that reached to his heel, home-knit woollen socks and gloves, and an enormous comforter for the neck. No illness resulted from the exposure. In the morning a hot meal, cooked by one of the negroes—and all the race are admirable cooks—was shared by the master and his men.

Until over seventy years old, he was singularly indifferent

to cold or heat, or to discomforts of any sort. But he felt compassion for his negroes. He knew that the warm African blood in their veins was not fitted to endure what he could stand. He never regarded the weather for himself, but was very careful about sending them out in bad weather, and never did it unless it seemed a necessity. On such occasions he wore an anxious look, and said that he could not go to bed until his servants had gotten home safely. They were always sure of finding a hot fire and a warm drink ready for them on their return.

Every other year he distributed blankets on the plantation, giving one apiece to each individual. Many of the families were large, and as the fathers would move off under a load of twelve or fourteen blankets, some, whose quivers were less full, would be heard to exclaim over the good fortune of the lucky ones. There were usually a dozen or so left over in these distributions, and they were thrown in for good measure to those who had the large families. "Poor things, they have so many children," seemed to my dear mother a sufficient explanation for special favors that she often bestowed on those who had no other claim. Some of the negro men with the big families of children had a funny little affectation of feigning not to know either the names or the number of their boys and girls. "I disremember, missis, dyar's so many on 'em," with a little pleased laugh, was considered a sufficient answer to inquiries on the subject on every-day occasions. But not so on the days when blankets were to be given out. Then their memories were fresh. Then the babies that had not been in their cradles more than a few days, mayhap hours, were remembered and mentioned in due turn, with no danger of being forgotten or overlooked because there were "so many on 'em."

In addition to the blankets, comforts were quilted in the house by the seamstresses for every woman who had a young baby. The every-day clothes of all the negroes were cut out and made in the house; two complete woollen suits for winter and two cotton ones for summer. For Sundays, a bright calico dress was given to each woman. The thrifty ones, and, with scarcely an exception, these negroes were thrifty, had more than they needed, and the clothes were in their chests a

year before they were put on. The woollen socks and stockings for both men and women were knit in the cabins by old women, and in the "great house" by young girls. These last were set a task by the mistress, with the privilege of holiday the rest of the day when it was done. This had the desired effect of making them quick and industrious, and so interested that they would be at their work betimes in the morning. The clever ones sometimes got through with the allotted task before breakfast.

On rainy days all the plantation women were brought into the house. Then Mammy Maria, who was in her way a field-marshal on such occasions, gave out the work and taught them to sew. By word and action she stimulated and urged them on, until there was not on the Burleigh plantation a woman who could not make and mend neatly her own and her husband's and children's clothes.

Poor mammy! She dreaded these days of teaching and worrying over her big scholars. It gave her the headache, she said: some seemed so hopelessly dull and stupid and lazy—so unlike herself. Hers was a case both of greatness thrust upon one and of greatness achieved. She had grown up at my mother's feet, having been about her ever since she could remember, and had come to love the white family better than her own blood and race. She resented their being deceived and imposed on by her fellow-servants, and did not fail to inform them when such was the case. This confidence was considered as sacred, but of course it grew to be known that Mammy Maria was a "white folks' servant."

She was far more severe in her judgment of misdemeanors than the master and mistress. The place that she had made for herself was one that would, in a character less true and strong, have brought on herself the hatred and the distrust of her race. But they knew her to be just, one who never assailed the innocent, and with so warm and compassionate a heart in real trouble that none were afraid to come to her. From being a confidential servant she grew into being a kind of prime minister, and it was well known that if she espoused a cause and took it to the master it was sure to be attended to at once, and according to her advice.

Her independence and fearlessness in the discharge of her

duty, both to the master and to her fellow-servants, won for her the affection and esteem of both. In consequence of her popularity with her own color, her namesakes became so numerous that the master had to forbid any further increase of them, on account of the confusion to which it gave rise. This her admirers evaded by having the babies christened Maria, and another name adopted for every-day use.

My brave good mammy! Who that knew thee in these days, when thy heart was gay and bold as a young soldier's, could think that the time would come when that faithful heart would break for the love of thy old master!

II. Plantation Management.

With negro slaves it seemed impossible for one of them to do a thing, it mattered not how insignificant, without the assistance of one or two others. It was often said with a laugh by their owners that it took two to help one to do nothing. It required a whole afernoon for Joe, the aspirant for historical knowledge, and another able-bodied man like himself, to butcher a sheep. On a plantation the work of the women and children, and of some of the men also, amounted to so little that but small effort was made to utilize it. Of course, some kind of occupation had to be devised to keep them employed a part of the time. But it was very laborious to find easy work for a large body of inefficient and lazy people, and at Burleigh the struggle was given up in many cases. The different departments would have been more easily and better managed if there had been fewer to work. Sometimes a friend would say to the master that he made smaller crops than his negroes ought to make. His reply was that he did not desire them to do all that they could.

The cook at Burleigh had always a scullion or two to help her, besides a man to cut her wood and put it on the huge andirons.* The scullions brought the water and prepared the vegetables, and made themselves generally useful. The vegetables were gathered and brought from the garden by the gardener,

*The cook's husband, who for years had looked on himself as nearly blind, and therefore unable to do more than work about her, and put her wood on the fire, sometimes cutting a stick or two, made no less than eighteen good crops for himself when the war was over. He was one of the best farmers in the country. S. D. S.

or by one of the half-dozen women whom he frequently had to help him. A second cook made the desserts, sweetmeats, etc. As children, we thought that the main business of the head cook was to scold the scullion and ourselves, and to pin a dish-rag to us if we ventured into her kitchen. Four women and a boy were in charge of the dairy. As the cows sometimes wandered to pastures several miles away, this number did not seem excessive. The boy brought the cows up, sometimes with one of the women to help him. Two of the women milked; the third held the semi-sinecure office, taking charge of the milk; and the fourth churned.

There were no blooded cattle on the plantation for many years, but thirty cows in the cowpen gave all the milk and butter that was needed for the house and plantation, and a good deal of butter was sold. The pastures were so good that the cattle increased rapidly and were sold, a hundred at a time. Southdown sheep were imported from Kentucky and pigs from England. Everything looked well and fat at Burleigh. The master was amused on being asked by a neighboring farmer if he would let him have some of his curly-tailed breed of pigs. The man innocently added that he noticed they were always fat, not knowing, as Thomas used to say, in repeating this, that corn would make the straightest tail curl. His beeves were fattened two years, after they had worked two years as oxen to make the flesh firm. One year they ran in the corn-field before the corn was gathered, and the next they were stalled. As all the oxen were fattened for beeves after two years of work, no old ox was on the place. He killed every winter eight or ten of these stalled oxen. The stalled sheep were so fat that they sometimes died of suffocation.

One day, on the occasion of a large dinner, the master was hastily summoned to the kitchen, to see there a huge saddle of Southdown mutton that had by its own weight torn itself from the big kitchen spit, and was lying in the basting-pan.

During the spring and summer lambs were butchered twice a week; or oftener if required. That did not keep down the flock sufficiently, and a great many were sold. The hides from the beeves almost supplied the plantation with shoes. Two of the negro men were tanners and shoemakers. A Southern plantation, well managed, had nearly everything necessary to

life done within its bounds. At Burleigh there were two carpenters in the carpenter-shop, two blacksmiths in the blacksmith-shop, two millers in the mill, and usually five seamstresses in the house. In the laundry there were two of the strongest and most capable women on the plantation, and they were perhaps the busiest of the corps of house-servants. Boys were kept about, ready to ride for the mail or to take notes around the neighborhood. There was no lack of numbers to fill every place; the trouble was rather to find work for supernumeraries, as already intimated.

One of the overseers, who was ambitious to put in a large crop, begged to have some of these hangers-on sent to the field. There were twenty-seven servants in the service of the house, he said.

The land in cultivation looked like a lady's garden, scarcely a blade of grass to be seen in hundreds of acres. The rows and hills and furrows were laid off so carefully as to be a pleasure to the eye. The fences and bridges, gates and roads, were in good order. His wagons never broke down. All these details may seem quite out of place and superfluous. But they show the character of the man in a country where many such things were neglected for the one important consideration —the cotton crop.

He never kept a slow mule; all must be fast and strong. They were sold as soon as they failed to come up to these requirements. Thomas bred all his own mules and nearly all his own horses—his thorough-bred riding-horses always—and frequently he had more than he needed of both. The great droves of mules and horses brought annually from Tennessee and Kentucky to less thrifty planters found no sale at Burleigh unless the master happened to need a pair of carriage-horses. Two teams of six mules each carried off his cotton crop, going to the station every working day for months. It was only ten miles off, but the eight bales of cotton, that weighed nearly five hundred pounds apiece, and the heavy, deeply cut-up roads, made it a day's journey. As the returning wagon-drivers came up in the evenings they were met by other men, who took the mules out and cared for them, and loaded up the wagons for the next day. It was not considered right by the master that those who occupied the responsible

position of drivers should have these labors to perform. They had nothing to do but to go to the house to deliver the cotton receipts, get a drink of whiskey, and some tobacco too, if the regular allowance issued had run short, and then home to supper and to rest, ready for a fresh start in the morning.

Hog-killing time was a high carnival on the plantation. There were usually about a hundred and fifty or a hundred and seventy-five hogs, sometimes more. They supplied the house all the year round, and the negroes for six months. He had taken out to Mississippi the Virginia art of curing bacon. His hams were famous among his friends and guests, as were the chops and saddles of Southdown mutton, the legs of venison, wild or from his park, the great rounds and sirloins of beef, and the steaks cut with the grain.

It was no waste or useless lavishness that these great roasts of beef or mutton were seldom put on the table a second time, or that the number of chickens in the fattening coops were in the season not allowed to fall below sixty, or that during the winter and spring turkeys were on the table twice a week. Not only the house-servants, but usually several sick and favorite ones, were fed from the table. In addition to these, there were almost always the servants of guests and neighbors in the house.

III. Holiday Times on the Plantation.

A life of Thomas Dabney could not be written without some reference to the Christmas at Burleigh. It was looked forward to not only by the family and by friends in the neighborhood and at a distance, but by the house and plantation servants. The house was crowded with guests, young people and older ones too. During the holiday season Thomas and his guests were ready to accept invitations to parties in other houses, but no one in the neighborhood invited company for Christmas-Day, as, for years, everybody was expected at Burleigh on that day. On one of the nights during the holidays it was his custom to invite his former overseers and other plain neighbors to an eggnog-party. In the concoction of this beverage he took a hand himself, and the freedom and ease of the company, as they saw the master of the house beating his half

of the eggs in the great china bowl, made it a pleasant scene for those who cared nothing for the eggnog.

During the holidays there were refreshments, in the old Virginia style, of more sorts than one. The oysters were roasted on the coals on the dining-room hearth, under the eyes of the guests.

Great bunches of holly and magnolia, of pine and mistletoe, were suspended from the ceiling of hall and dining-room and drawing-room.

Sometimes, not often, there was a Christmas-tree—on one occasion one for the colored Sunday-school. One Christmas everybody hung up a sock or stocking; a long line, on the hall staircase. There were twenty-two of them, white silk stockings, black silk stockings, thread and cotton and woollen socks and stockings. And at the end of the line was, side by side with the old-fashioned home-spun and home-knit sock of the head of the house, the dainty pink sock of the three-weeks-old baby.

Who of that company does not remember the morning scramble over the stockings and the notes in prose and poetry that tumbled out!

The children's nurses modestly hung their stockings up by the nursery fireplace.

Music and dancing and cards and games of all sorts filled up a large share of the days and half the nights. The plantation was as gay as the house. The negroes in their holiday clothes were enjoying themselves in their own houses and in the "great house" too. A visit of a day to one of the neighboring towns was considered by them necessary to the complete enjoyment of the holidays.

They had their music and dancing too. The sound of the fiddles and banjos, and the steady rhythm of their dancing feet, floated on the air by day and night to the Burleigh house. But a time came when this was to cease. The whole plantation joined the Baptist church. Henceforth not a musical note nor the joyful motion of a negro's foot was ever again heard on the plantation. "I done buss' my fiddle an' my banjo, an' done fling 'em 'way," the most music-loving fellow on the place said to the preacher, when asked for his religious experience. It was surely the greatest sacrifice of feeling that such a race

could make. Although it was a sin to have music and dancing of their own, it was none to enjoy that at the "great house." They filled the porches and doors, and in serried ranks stood men, women, and children, gazing as long as the music and dancing went on. Frequently they stood there till the night was more than half gone. In the crowd of faces could be recognized the venerable ones of the aged preachers, surrounded by their flocks.

Christmas was incomplete until the master of the house had sung his songs. He was full of action and gesture. His family used to say that although he was in character and general bearing an Englishman, his French blood asserted itself in his manner. In his motions he was quick, and at times, when he chose to make them so, very amusing, yet too full of grace to be undignified. He was fond of dancing, and put fresh interest in it, as he did in everything that he joined in.

On Christmas mornings the servants delighted in catching the family with "Christmas giff!" "Christmas giff!" betimes in the morning. They would spring out of unexpected corners and from behind doors on the young masters and mistresses. At such times there was an affectionate throwing off of the reserve and decorum of every-day life.

"Hi! ain't dis Chris'mus?" one of the quietest and most low-voiced of the maid-servants asked, in a voice as loud as a sea-captain's. One of the ladies of the house had heard an unfamiliar and astonishingly loud laugh under her window, and had ventured to put an inquiring head out.

In times of sorrow, when no Christmas or other festivities gladdened the Mississippi home, the negroes felt it sensibly. "It 'pears so lonesome; it mak' me feel bad not to see no comp'ny comin'," our faithful Aunt Abby said on one of these occasions. Her post as the head maid rendered her duties onerous when the house was full of guests. We had thought that she would be glad to have a quiet Christmas, which she could spend by her own fireside, instead of attending to the wants of a houseful of young people.

In the presence of the guests, unless they were old friends, the dignity of the family required that no light behavior should be indulged in, even though it were Christmas. In no hands was the dignity of the family so safe as with negro slaves.

A negro was as proud of the "blood" of his master and mistress as if it had been his own. Indeed, they greatly magnified the importance of their owners, and were readily affronted if aspersion of any sort were cast on their master's family. It was very humiliating to them, for they are all aristocrats by nature, to belong to what they call "poor white trash."

Our steady Lewis was often sent to take us to evening entertainments, on account of his being so quiet and nice in his ways. On one of these occasions he became so incensed that he refused to set his foot on that plantation again. Mammy Maria informed us of the cause of Lewis's anger. One of the maids in the house in which we were spending the evening had insulted him by saying that her mistress wore more trimming on her clothes than his young ladies did!

Hog-killing was one of the plantation frolics. It began at daybreak. Every man, woman, and child seemed to take a part. Even the one or two or three or four fat dogs that came along with each family seemed to know that the early bustle was the presage of boundless enjoyment, such as could only be brought about by unlimited fresh pork.

The servants made fires in every direction all over the frozen ground, and round each fire was a merry group. They made more jokes and laughed more gayly than on other days; for not only did they fry great pans of liver, and bake hoe-cake after ash-cake, and ash-cake after hoe-cake, and eat them the livelong day, but when the day was over there was the great bag for each man's shoulder, filled with tenderloin and liver, heads, and lights, and spare-ribs; and all these good things were not counted in the " 'lowance," either.

IV. The Crown of Poverty.

And now a great blow fell on Thomas Dabney. Shortly before the war he had been asked by a trusted friend to put his name as security on some papers for a good many thousand dollars. At the time he was assured that his name would only be wanted to tide over a crisis of two weeks, and that he would never hear of the papers again. It was a trap set, and his unsuspicious nature saw no danger, and he put his name to the papers. Loving this man, and confiding in his honor as in a son's, he thought no more of the transaction.

It was now the autumn of 1866. One night he walked upstairs to the room where his children were sitting with a paper in his hand. "My children," he said, "I am a ruined man. The sheriff is down-stairs. He has served this writ on me. It is for a security debt. I do not even know how many more such papers have my name to them." His face was white as he said these words. He was sixty-eight years of age, with a large and helpless family on his hands, and the country in such a condition that young men scarcely knew how to make a livelihood.

The sheriff came with more writs. Thomas roused himself to meet them all. He determined to pay every dollar.

But to do this he must have time. The sale of everything that he owned would not pay all these claims. He put the business in the hands of his lawyer, Mr. John Shelton, of Raymond, who was also his intimate friend. Mr. Shelton contested the claims, and this delayed things till Thomas could decide on some way of paying the debts.

A gentleman to whom he owed personally several thousand dollars courteously forbore to send in his claim. Thomas was determined that he should not on this account fail to get his money, and wrote urging him to bring a friendly suit, that, if the worst came, he should at least get his proportion. Thus urged, the friendly suit was brought, the man deprecating the proceeding, as looking like pressing a gentleman.

And now the judgments, as he knew they would, went against him one by one. On the 27th of November, 1866, the Burleigh plantation was put up at auction and sold, but the privilege of buying it in a certain time reserved to Thomas. At this time incendiary fires were common. There was not much law in the land. We heard of the gin-houses and cotton-houses that were burned in all directions. One day as Thomas came back from a business journey the smouldering ruins of his gin-house met his eye. The building was itself valuable and necessary. All the cotton that he owned was consumed in it. He had not a dollar. He had to borrow the money to buy a postage stamp, not only during this year, but during many years to come. It was a time of deepest gloom. Thomas had been wounded to the bottom of his affectionate heart by the perfidy of the man who had brought this on his

house. In the midst of the grinding poverty that now fell in full force on him, he heard of the reckless extravagance of this man on the money that should have been used to meet these debts.

Many honorable men in the South were taking the benefit of the bankrupt law. Thomas's relations and friends urged him to take the law. It was madness, they said, for a man of his age, in the condition the country was then in, to talk of settling the immense debts that were against him. He refused with scorn to listen to such proposals. But his heart was well-nigh broken. He called his children around him, as he lay in bed, not eating and scarcely sleeping.

"My children," he said, "I shall have nothing to leave you but a fair name. But you may depend that I shall leave you that. I shall, if I live, pay every dollar that I owe. If I die, I leave these debts to you to discharge. Do not let my name be dishonored. Some men would kill themselves for this. I shall not do that. But I shall die."

The grief of betrayed trust was the bitterest drop in his cup of suffering. But he soon roused himself from this depression and set about arranging to raise the money needed to buy in the plantation. It could only be done by giving up all the money brought in by the cotton crop for many years. This meant rigid self-denial for himself and his children. He could not bear the thought of seeing his daughters deprived of comforts. He was ready to stand unflinchingly any fate that might be in store for him. But his tenderest feelings were stirred for them. His chivalrous nature had always revolted from the sight of a woman doing hard work. He determined to spare his daughters all such labor as he could perform. General Sherman had said that he would like to bring every Southern woman to the wash-tub.* "He shall never bring my daughters to the wash-tub," Thomas Dabney said. "I will do the washing myself." And he did it for two years. He was in his seventieth year when he began to do it.†

This may give some idea of the labors, the privations, the

*Thomas had read this in one of the papers published during the famous march to the sea. Whether General Sherman was correctly reported I know not.—S. D. S.

†His daughters did all the menial work of the house except the washing. An attempt to do this resulted in serious illness, and was henceforth sternly forbidden by the father.

hardships, of those terrible years. The most intimate friends of Thomas, nay, his own children, who were not in the daily life at Burleigh, have never known the unprecedented self-denial, carried to the extent of acutest bodily sufferings, which he practised during this time. A curtain must be drawn over this part of the life of my lion-hearted father!

When he grew white and thin, and his frightened daughters prepared a special dish for him, he refused to eat the delicacy. It would choke him, he said, to eat better food than they had, and he yielded only to their earnest solicitations. He would have died rather than ask for it. When the living was so coarse and so ill-prepared that he could scarcely eat it, he never failed, on rising from the table, to say earnestly and reverently, as he stood by his chair, "Thank the Lord for this much."

During a period of eighteen months no light in summer, and none but a fire in winter, except in some case of necessity, was seen in the house. He was fourteen years in paying these debts that fell on him in his sixty-ninth year. He lived but three years after the last dollar was paid.

When he was seventy years of age he determined to learn to cultivate a garden. He had never performed manual labor, but he now applied himself to learn to hoe as a means of supplying his family with vegetables. With the labor of those aged hands he made a garden that was the best ordered that we had ever seen at Burleigh. He made his garden, as he did everything that he undertook, in the most painstaking manner, neglecting nothing that could insure success. The beds and rows and walks in that garden were models of exactness and neatness. It was a quarter of a mile from the house and from water, on the top of a long, high hill, and three-quarters of an acre in extent. In a time of drought, or if he had set out anything that needed watering, he toiled up that long precipitous hill with bucket after bucket of water. "I never look at the clouds" had been a saying of his in cultivating his plantation, and he carried it out now. That garden supplied the daily food of his family nearly all the year round. He planted vegetables in such quantities that it was impossible to consume all on the table, and he sold barrels of vegetables of different kinds in New Orleans.

Oftentimes he was so exhausted when he came in to dinner that he could not eat for a while. He had his old bright way of making every one take an interest in his pursuits—sympathy was as necessary and sweet to him as to a child—and he showed with pride what he had done by his personal labor in gardening and in washing. He placed the clothes on the line as carefully as if they were meant to hang there always, and they must be admired, too! He said, and truly, that he had never seen snowier ones.

Oh, thou heroic old man! Thou hast a right to thy pride in those exact strokes of the hoe and in those superb potatoes, "the best ever seen in the New Orleans market," and in those long lines of snowy drapery! But those to whom thou art showing these things are looking beyond them, at the man! They are gazing reverently, and with scarce suppressed tears, on the hands that have been in this world for three-score and ten years, and are beginning to-day to support a houseful of children!

CHARLES HENRY SMITH ("BILL ARP")

[1826—1903]

JOHN MORRIS

CHARLES HENRY SMITH ("Bill Arp"), the son of Asahel Reid Smith, of Massachusetts, and Caroline Maguire, of Charleston, South Carolina, was born at Lawrenceville, Gwinnett County, Georgia, June 15, 1826. His liberal education was obtained at the University of Georgia, which he entered in 1845; but the serious illness of his father summoned him home in his senior year. The same year (1849) he married Mary Octavia Hutchins, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Judge Nathan Lewis Hutchins, of Lawrenceville. Shortly thereafter beginning the study of law in Judge Hutchins's office, he was admitted to the Bar in three months, on the promise of continuing his studies, which promise he kept. In 1851 he took the Western fever, and moved to Rome to grow up with the town and country. Here he practiced law in partnership with Judge J. W. H. Underwood until 1861. From July, 1861, to 1862 he served on the staff of General Francis Bartow. His health failing in 1862, he received from President Davis the appointment to special judiciary duty in Macon, Georgia, where he remained until his return to Rome in 1865. After serving as State Senator in the Legislature which inaugurated Governor Jenkins in December, 1865, he resumed the practice of law, being associated with Judge Joel Branham until the election of the latter to the Bench.

In October, 1877, the family removed to "Fontainebleau," a farm about five miles from Cartersville, Georgia. After eleven years spent here in the congenial pursuit of farming, Mr. Smith moved to the town of Cartersville, where he spent the last years of his life, honored and loved by troops of friends. He died August 24, 1903, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

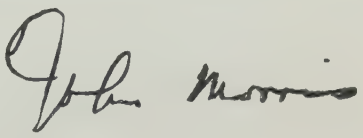
His first published work was one of the four letters addressed to "Mr. Linkhorn: Sur:" and appeared in the *Southern Confederacy* in April, 1861. In the character of a loyal Northern sympathizer, he addresses a remonstrance to the President against the very short "notis he'd put him on" in his proclamation commanding him to "disperse and retire" within twenty days. He tells the President how hot "the boys round here" are—"so hot that they fairly siz when you pour water on em"—begs the loan of "the Skotch

cap and cloak you traveled to Washington in," with other allusions to current burning topics, and closes with: "Give my respects to Bill Seward and the other members of the kangaroo. What's Hannibal doin? I don't hear anything of him nowadays. Yours, with care, BILL ARP."

Its timeliness, together with its racy satire, caused this letter to make an extraordinary hit. It was followed by three others in similar vein, which but confirmed the impression first made, and from that time "Bill Arp," the son of the down-Easter, became the accepted mouthpiece of the Southern people on all questions touching the relations of the two antagonists in the Civil War. His work falls naturally into two quite dissimilar parts: his letters of war and reconstruction and his farm and fireside sketches. The former group is chiefly controversial, frequently personal, and quite bitter in tone. The latter is mellower, patriarchal, humorously philosophical.

"Bill Arp" is one of the long line of American humorists from John Phœnix to Mr. Dooley, whose work consists of occasional contributions to the press, of letters and sketches, anecdotes, comment on current events, reminiscences and philosophical reflections on daily life and experience. The dominant characteristic of his style is absolute veracity. Nowhere is his humor strained or a mere grimace, but it is the expression of his personality in its unaffected, unforced sincerity. His art is most realistic. One feels that nothing that he wrote is in the least exaggerated or distorted for effect, but that all is authentic and genuine in the smallest details. We may, therefore, claim for this body of essays the character of a true historical document, for in a very real way they reflect the spirit and temper of the Southern people from the war-time down to the present day. Moreover, his portrayal of life and conditions, his anecdotes of local worthies, and his reminiscences of the past, all written in his convincing, immediately and fully visualized presentment, give a fillip to the imagination, and enable us to realize those times as no mere history can do. For the student of linguistic phenomena, also, his writings are highly important; for his dialect is of a piece with the rest of his art—completely trustworthy as the transcript of the current speech of his locality. Indeed, his style is in admirable keeping with his assumed role of bucolic philosopher; seemingly somewhat rambling and inconsequential, careless and loose-jointed, it is the consummately fit vehicle of his reminiscences, anecdotes, and philosophizings. He who doubts that "Bill Arp" could have written differently, if he had chosen to do so, should read his letter, "To the Publisher," in his first collection of sketches, entitled 'Bill Arp, So Called, A Side Show of the Southern Side of the

War.' Few writers have gained such a strong hold upon the affection of their readers. They loved him for his original humor, for his artless confidences, for his prattle about wife and children, for the genuine quality of both the man and his work. All classes felt his death as a personal loss. An unlettered countrywoman said: "Don't Bill Arp tell things the plainest! I've laughed till I cried over some of his letters; for the same things had happened in our own family, and it seemed that he must have been right here in the house when he wrote it."



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BILL ARP ADDRESSES ARTEMUS WARD

From 'The Scrap Book.'

Rome, Ga., September 1, 1865.

Mr. Artemus Ward, *Showman*—

Sir:—The reason I write to you in perticler, is because you are about the only man I know in all "God's country" *so-called.* For some several weeks I have been wantin to say sumthin. For some several years we rebs, *so-called,* but now late of said country deceased, have been tryin mighty hard to do somethin. We didn't quite do it, and now it's very painful,

I assure you, to dry up all of a sudden, and make out like we wasn't there.

My friend, I want to say somethin. I suppose there is no law agin thinkin, but thinkin don't help me. It don't let down my thermometer. I must explode myself generally so as to feel better. You see, I'm tryin to harmonize. I'm tryin to soften down my feelin's. I'm endeavoring to subjugate myself to the level of surroundin circumstances, *so-called.* But I can't do it until I am allowed to say somethin. I want to quarrel with somebody and then make friends. I ain't no giant-killer. I ain't no Norwegian bar. I ain't no boar--constrikter, but I'll be hornswaggled if the talkin and writin and slanderin has got to be all done on one side any longer. Sum of your folks have got to dry up or turn our folks loose. It's a blamed outrage, *so-called.* Ain't you editors got nothin else to do but peck at us, and squib at us, and crow over us? Is every man what can write a paragraph to consider us bars in a cage, and be always a-jobbin at us to hear us growl? Now you see, my friend, that's what's disharmonious, and do you jest tell 'em, one and all, e pluribus unum, *so-called,* that if they don't stop it at once or turn us loose to say what we please, why we rebs, *so-called,* have unanimously and jointly and severally resolved to—to—to—think very hard of it—if not harder.

That's the way to talk it. I ain't agoin to commit myself. I know when to put on the breaks. I ain't going to say all I think, like Mr. Etheridge, or Mr. Adderring *so-called.* Nary time. No, sir. But I'll jest tell you, Artemus, and you may tell it to your show. If we ain't allowed to express our sentiments, we can take it out in *hatin;* and hatin runs heavy in my family, sure. I hated a man once so bad that all the hair cum off my head, and the man drowned himself in a hog-waller that night. I could do it agin, but you see, I'm tryin to harmonize, to acquiess, to becum calm and sereen.

Now, I suppose that, poetically speakin,

> In Dixie's fall,
> We sinned all.

But talkin the way I see it, a big feller and a little feller *so-called,* got into a fite, and they fout and fout a long time,

and everybody all round kept hollerin, "hands off," but helpin the big feller, until finally the little feller caved in and hollered enuf. He made a bully fite, I tell you, Selah. Well, what did the big feller do? Take him by the hand and help him up, and brush dirt off his clothes? Nary time! No sur! But he kicked him arter he was down, and throwed mud on him, and drugged him about and rubbed sand in his eyes, and now he's gwine about huntin up his poor little property. Wants to confiscate it, *so-called*. Blame my jacket if it ain't enuf to make your head swim.

But *I'm* a good Union man, *so-called*. I ain't agwine to fight no more. *I* shan't vote for the next war. I ain't no gurrilla. I've done tuk the oath, and I'm gwine to keep it, but as for my bein subjugated, and humilyated, and amalgamated, and enervated, as Mr. Chase says, it ain't so—nary time. I ain't ashamed of nuthin neither—ain't repentin—ain't axin for no one-horse, short-winded pardon. Nobody needn't be playin priest around me. I ain't got no twenty thousand dollars. Wish I had; I'd give it to these poor widders and orfins. I'd fatten my own numerous and interestin offspring in about two minutes and a half. They shouldn't eat roots and drink branch-water no longer. Poor unfortunate things! to cum into this subloonary world at sich a time. There's four or five of them that never saw a sirkis or a monky-show —never had a pocket-knife, nor a piece of chees, nor a reesin. There's Bull Run Arp, and Harper's Ferry Arp, and Chicahominy Arp, that never saw the pikters in a spellin book. I tell you, my friend, we are the poorest people on the face of the earth—but we are poor and proud. We made a bully fite, Selah, and the whole American nation ought to feel proud of it. It shows what Americans can do when they think they are imposed upon—"*so-called*." Didn't our four fathers fight, bleed and die about a little tax on tea, when not one in a thousand drunk it? Bekaus they succeeded, wasn't it glory? But if they hadn't, I suppose it would have been treason, and they would have been bowin and scrapin round King George for pardon. So it goes, Artemus, and to my mind, if the whole thing was stewed down it would make about half pint of humbug. We had good men, great men, Christian men who thought we was right, and many of 'em have gone to the un-

discovered country, and have got a pardon as is a pardon. When I die I am mighty willing to risk myself under the shadow of their wings, whether the climate be hot or cold. So mote it be. Selah!

Well, maybe I'v said enough. But I don't feel easy yet. I'm a good Union man, certain and sure. I've had my breeches died *blue,* and I've bot a *blue* bucket, and I very often feel *blue,* and about twice in a while I go to the doggery and git *blue,* and then I look up at the *blue* serulean heavens and sing the melancholy chorus of the *Blue*tailed Fly. I'm doin my durndest to harmonize, and think I could succeed if it wasn't for sum things. When I see a blackguard goin around the streets with a gun on his shoulder, why right then, for a few minutes, I hate the whole Yankee nation. Jerusalem! how my blood biles! The institution what was handed down to us by the heavenly kingdom of Massachusetts, now put over us with powder and ball! Harmonize the devil! Ain't we human beings? Ain't we got eyes and ears and feelin and thinkin? Why, the whole of Africa has cum to town, women and children and babies and baboons and all. A man can tell how fur it is to the city by the smell better than the milepost. They won't work for us, and they won't work for themselves, and they'll perish to death this winter as sure as the devil is a hog, *so-called.* They are now basking in the summer's sun, livin on rosting ears and freedom, with nary idee that the winter will come agin, or that castor-oil and salts cost money. Sum of 'em over a hundred years old, are whining around about going to kawlidge. The truth is, my friend, sombody's badly fooled about this bizness. Sombody has drawd the elefant in the lottery, and don't know what to do with him. He's just throwing his snout loose, and by and by he'll hurt somebody. These niggers will have to go back to the plantations and work. I ain't agoin to support nary one of 'em, and when you heer any one say so you tell him "it's a lie," *so-called.* I golly, I ain't got nuthin to support myself on. We fought ourselves out of everything exceptin children and land, and I suppose the land is to be turned over to the niggers for graveyards.

Well, my friend, I don't want much. I ain't ambitious, as I used to was. You all have got your shows and monkeys

and sircusses and brass band and organs, and can play on the patrolyum and the harp of a thousand strings, and so on, but I've only got one favor to ax you. I want enough powder to kill a big yaller stumptail dog that prowls around my premises at night. Pon my honor, I won't shoot at anything blue or black or mulatter. Will you send it? Are you and your folks so skeered of me and my folks that you won't let us have any ammunition? Are the squirrels and crows and black racoons to eat up our poor little corn-patches? Are the wild turkeys to gobble all round us with impunity? If a mad dog takes the hiderphoby, is the whole community to run itself to death to get out of the way? I golly! it looks like your people had all took the rebelfoby for good, and was never gwine to get over it. See here, my friend, you must send me a little powder and a ticket to your show, and me and you will harmonize sertin.

With these few remarks I think I feel better, and I hope I hain't made nobody fitin mad, for I'm not on that line at this time.

I am truly your friend, all present or accounted for.

P.S.—Old man Harris wanted to buy my fiddle the other day with Confederit money. *He* sed it would be good agin. *He* says that Jim Funderbuk told him that Warren's Jack seen a man who had jest come from Virginny, and *he* said a man had told his cousin Mandy that Lee had whipped 'em *agin*. Old Harris says that a feller by the name of Mack C. Million is coming over with a million men. But nevertheless, notwithstandin, somehow, or somehow else, I'm dubus about the money. If you was me, Artemus, would you make the fiddle trade?

MRS. ARP GOES OFF ON A VISIT

From 'The Scrap Book.'

MAN was not made to live alone. I don't mean like Robinson Cruso, but alone in a house without a woman—a helpmate, a pard. It's an awful thing to come in and find the maternal chair vacant, even for a season. I know she has gone, but still imagine she is somewhere on the premises a circulatin' around and around. I am listenin' for the rustle of her dress or the creak of her nimble shoe—she wears number 2's, with a high instep, and walks like a deer. Ever and anon methinks I hear her accustomed voice saying, "William, William—Mr. Arp, major, come here a moment."

What wonderful resolution some women have got! Mrs. Arp has at last departed. She has undertook a journey. For several weeks it has been the family talk. Some said she would get off and some said she wouldent. As for herself, she was serious and non-committal, but we daily observed that the big old trunk that contained the accumulated fragments of better days was being diligently ransacked. Scraps of lace, and lawn, and ribbon, and silk, and velvet, and muslin, and bumbazeen, and cassimere, were brought forth and aired, and the flat iron kept busy pressing and smoothing the wrinkles that age had furrowed in them. All sorts of patterns from Demorest, and Ehrich and Butterick, were overhauled and consulted with a kind of sad reality. A woman may be too poor to buy calico at five cents a yard, but she will have patterns. Little jackets, and pants, and shirts, little dresses, and drawers, and petticoats, and aprons had to be made up, and nobody but her knew what they would be made of. I tell you, one of these old-fashioned mothers is a miracle of grace. It ain't uncommon for folks nowadays to be their own tailors and dressmakers, but it takes sense and genius to get up a respectable outfit from scraps and old clothes outgrown or abandoned for ratage and leakage. It was wonderful to see her rip 'em, and turn 'em, and cut 'em, and twist 'em—getting a piece here and a scrap there, cutting them down to the pattern —running them through the machine, and before anybody knew it she had the little chaps arrayed as fine as a band-

box, and never called on anybody for a nickel. That's what I call the quintessence of domestic economy. Nobody can beat her in that line. She knows how to put the best foot foremost. Her children have got to look as decent as other people's, or she will keep 'em at home certain. She don't go about much, and seems to grow closer and closer to the chimney corner; but when she does move it's a family sensation. Every one helps—every one advises and encourages her in a subdued and respectful way. All want her to go off and rest and have a good time for her own sake, but tell her over and over how much they will miss her, and wear a little shadow of sorrow in the nigh side of the face. I think though she suspected all the time they would turn up Jack while she was away.

Well, she did get off at last—on a three hours' journey and to stay a whole week. It was a tremendious undertaking, for she said the harness might break, or the buggy collapse, or the old mare run away on the road to town, and the cars might run off the track or break through a bridge, or not stop long enough for her to get off with the children, or let her off and take the children on, or some of us would get sick, or the house catch afire, or some tramp come along in the night and rob us and cut all our throats while we were asleep, and we wouldent know a thing about it till next morning.

"Now, William," said she, "be mighty careful of everything, for you know how poor we are anyhow." "Poor as Lazarus," said I, "but he's a restin in Abraham's bosom." "Well, never mind Lazarus," said she, "the paragoric and quinine and turpentine are on the shelf in the cabinet. I have hid the laudanum, for it's dangerous, and you havent got more than half sense in the night time and might make a mistake. Don't let Ralph have the gun nor go to the mill pond. There are four geese a setting, and you must look after the goslins, and if you don't shoot that hawk spring chickens will be mighty scarce on this lot. And see here, William, I want you to take the beds off the bedsteads in my room and shut the doors and windows and make a fire of sulphur in some old pan. They say it will just kill everything." "Must I stay inside or outside," said I, in a Cassabianca tone. "Maybe you had better try it awhile inside," said she, "just to see if you ever could

get used to it. Now, William, take good care of everything, for you may never see me again. Somehow I feel like somethin's going to happen to me. Don't whip Ralph while I'm gone—the poor boy ain't well—he looks right pekid—and when you whipped Carl the other day the marks were all over his little legs." She always looks for marks—the little willows are soft as broom straws, but she is bound to find a faint streak or two, and there's a tear for every mark.

"William, the buttons are all right on your shirts. Feed the little chickens until I come back. I think the buntin hen is setting somewhere, and there's six eggs in my drawer that old Browny laid on my bed. If the children get sick you must telegraph me." "And if I get sick myself," said I, inquiringly —"Why there's the medicine in the cabinet," said she, "and you musent forget to water my pot-plants. I told Mr. Freeman to look after you and the boys, and Mrs. Freeman will keep an eye on the girls. Goodbye. Don't you cut the hams. I want them for company, and don't go in the locked pantry." I reckon she must have taken the key off with her, for we can't find it. "Goodbye—take care of Bows." She kissed us all around and choked up a little and dropped a few tears and said she was ready. I looked at the clock and told her we could barely make it—five miles in an hour and five minutes, and the road muddy and the mule slow. She said she had never been left by the train in her life, and she didn't think she would be too late. I pressed the old mule through mud and slop, up hill and down hill. She was afraid of that mule, and when I larruped him she told me not to. Then he would put on the brakes, and she declared she would be left if I dident drive faster. We dident say much, but leaned forward and pressed forward in solemn energy as if the world hung upon the crisis. When we got within half a mile of town the whistle blowed away down the road and we had a slick hill to clime. I larruped heavily and clucked every step of the way, and we made the trip just in time to be left. The train moved off right before us. It didn't seem to care a darn. We gazed at it with feelings of sublime dispair. Mrs. Arp was looking dreamily away off into space when I ventured to remark, "Shall we go back?" She quietly pointed to the St. James and replied, "Hotel."

I saw her and little Jessie comfortably quartered in a nice room with a cheerful fire. Mr. Hoss, the landlord, was kind and sympathetic and promised she should not be left by the morning train, and so bidding them a sad goodbye I returned to my bairns. Take it all in all it was a big thing—a mighty big thing at my house. I'm poking around now hunting for consolation. She knows I'm desolate and is sorter glad of it. I know she is homesick already, but she won't own it. She would stay away a whole year before she would own it. She wants me to beg her to come back soon, and I won't, for she left her other little darling with me, and he will bring her. I've half a mind to drop her a postal card and say: "Carl is not well, but don't be alarmed about him," and then go to meet her on the first train that could bring her, for I know she would be there. It does look like a woman with ten children wouldent be so foolish about one of them, but there's no discount on a mother's anxiety. Her last command was, "Keep Carl with you all the time, and tuck the cover under him good at night, bless his little heart." I wonder what would become of children if they didn't have a parent to spur 'em up. In fact, it takes a couple of parents to keep things straight at my house. Yesterday the gray mule broke open the gate and let the cow and calf together. Carl left open another gate and the old sow got in the garden. Another boy has got a felon on his finger, and whines around and says his ma could cure it if she was here. He can't milk now, and so I thought I would try it, but old Bess wouldn't let nary drop down for me. I squeezed and pulled and tugged at her until she got mad and suddenly lifted her foot in my lap and set it down in the bucket, whereupon I forgot my equilibrium, and when I got up I gave old Bess a satisfactory kick in the side and departed those coasts in great humility. It's not my forte to milk a cow. The wind blew over more trees across my fences. The clock run down. Two lamp chimneys bursted. The fire popped out and burnt a hole in the carpet while we were at supper, and everything is going wrong just because Mrs. Arp's gone.

It's mighty still, and solemn, and lonely around here now. Lonely ain't the word, nor howlin' wilderness. There ain't

any word to express the goneness and desolation that we feel. There is her vacant chair in the corner—

> Yes, the rocker still is sitting
> Just where she was ever knitting—
> Knitting for the bairns she bore.
> And now the room seems sad and dreary,
> And my soul is getting weary,
> And my heart is sick and sore—and so forth.

The dog goes whining round—the maltese cats are mewing, and the children look lost and droopy. But we'll get over it in a day or two, maybe, and then for a high old time.

DIFFERENCE IN FOLKS

From 'The Scrap Book.'

THERE are folks and there are folks. There are fathers and mothers and children and grandchildren. There are folks whom you meet by day in the stores and offices and counting rooms and workshops, and there are folks whom you meet by night in their own homes by the domestic hearth, and there ain't much difference betwixt 'em. Only this, when you meet 'em by day you don't know what they are by night. I dident know that anybody was very much like me and my folks, but I went to see an old friend in Rome the other night, and I hadent been in the family room ten minutes before there was an everlasting squall in the next room, and he jumped up and run out and thrashed around smartly and restored domestic tranquillity; and when he came back remarked that a child and a grandchild had had a little hostility, and about as soon as he sat down the fight opened afresh, and he went back again to subdue it, and shortly thereafter one of them came in and began to explore his pockets, and he held up his arms and talked to me as though nothing unusual was going on, and after the little chap had searched his coat pockets and his vest pockets, and his side pockets and his pantaloons pockets and found nothing but a piece of tobacco, he handed that over saying: "Grand-pa, I don't want your tobacco." "My friend," said I, "do you allow them to search you that way?"

"Every night," said he, "from the oldest to the youngest—sometimes I have candy, or an apple, or a knife, or something, and they go through me like a conductor goes through a railroad car. My dear sir, I am the submissive gentleman you have read about. I submit to anything and everything for peace, but Lord help me, I don't get it. These children—these children, but you know all about children. There are two sets here, and I'm afraid there will be three sets before I die. These children nearly run me distracted. A lunatic asylum ain't no where. I used to think a man would run through and fight his battle and be discharged and get a pension, but I'm worse off now than ever. I worry along through the day with my customers, and get tired and want rest and peace, and I come home and these chaps begin on me right straight, and its pa this, and grandpa that, and I've got to let 'em get on me and waller all over me and search all my pockets, and then they go off to fighting like a passel of wild Camanchees, and it takes about two whippins apiece to get 'em off to bed, and then they get up in the morning before the fire is built and begin to cavort around and pull the cover all off me and I have to get up before I want to and I'll tell you what is a fact, if there ain't a heaven for a man in my fix, I shall always think there ought to be. How in the world do you get along with yours?" "Jesso, jesso," said I, "I understand you. I'm working for that same heaven and I hope to reach it by an' by—by and by."

Not long after I met another old friend—a time-honored friend, a subdued looking friend—and I hailed him with a glad salutation, and says I, "How do you do, old roman—old patriark—how is the good wife, and how many children have you got?" He squeezed my hand affectionately and sadly, and says he, "William, I am glad to see you, for misery loves company. I have no children to spare and none for sale, but we have got nine, only nine, and the last two are a couple of twins only three months old, and we have to feed 'em on the bottle, and I'm about wore out, I am. Lord help me, I've been up most all night toting 'em around, and it's no new thing, I tell you, it's no new thing." When he left me to climb the court-house hill he pulled his legs after him like there was a bag of shot in his shoes. I went across the street to see an-

other familiar face, and he was weighing out a dollar's worth of coffee for a countryman, and after he was through I slapped him on the back, and says I: "Hello, old fellow, how does the world use you?" "Tolable, tolable, only tolable," says he. "How is the good wife and the children, and how many of the little treasures have you got to brighten up the family hearth and make you happy?"

He shoved the coffee scoop away down in the sack and said: "She's well, she's very well, and we havent got but eight. They are all of a size pretty much, and you can't tell 'em apart hardly. They are smart and good looking, but I tell you it keeps me a diggin to support 'em." And he shoved the scoop down a little deeper as he looked at me and inquired: "How in the world did you manage to raise a dozen?" "Splendid," says I, "splendid. You will get used to it after a while —it's no trouble—no trouble at all when you get the hang of it." You see since I have got out of the woods I am beginning to holler and put on patriarchal airs. "You know, my dear fellow," said I, "that David says, blessed is he who hath his quiver full." "Yes, yes, I remember reading that," says he, "but I reckon that was one of David's jokes."

The next friend I met didn't have any children, and had been married a long time, and he wanted to know if we couldn't spare him a lamb from our flock—a little girl to raise and leave his money to. Why, the biggest law-suit they ever had in Rome was about a little orphan girl that two good families who didn't have any children wanted, and it mighty nigh killed the ones who didn't get her. Jesso. It's a power of care and trouble and responsibility to raise 'em, but nobody is happy without 'em. I meet a cotton buyer and he is working just as hard as ever, and hasent got but one—a nice boy of ten years or thereabouts, and his father is digging away just as hard for him as if he had a dozen, and ever and anon when he thinks that the boy may lay down and die, it comes over him like a dark shadow, and he feels like he would want to die too and go with him. I know a good old mother who has children and grandchildren and great grandchildren all around her. But there is one of the original flock away off in the west, and as the good old mother sits by the evening fire, silent and thoughtful, with her teary eyes looking into

the blaze, I know she is yearning for one more look—one more embrace of the loved one before she dies. Well, it's a blessed thought to these mothers that there is a place—a heaven where all can be gathered together again, and live and love forever.

"BILLY IN THE LOW GROUNDS"

From 'From the Uncivil War to Date.'

WRITE, my child—write something to *The Constitution*. I don't care what. I am too nervous. I can't think my own thoughts. It is perfectly horrible—awful, but I reckon it's all right. I reckon so. I wish there was not a tooth in my head. When they come, they come with pain and peril, and keep the poor child miserable, and when they go they go with a torture that no philosophy can endure. Oh, my poor jaw—just look how it is swollen. I am a sight. A pitiful prospect. I look like a bloated bond-holder on one side of my face and no bonds to comfort me. I wonder what would comfort a man in my fix. I have suffered more mortal agony from my teeth than from everything else put together. Samson couldn't pull them, hardly, for they are all riveted to the jawbone. I have been living in dread for a month, for I knew that eyetooth was fixing up trouble; and so yesterday morning it sprung a leak at the breakfast table and I jumped out of my chair. The shell caved in, the nerve was touched, and in my agony I gave one groan and retired like I was a funeral. Five miles from town and no doctor. Don't put down what I suffered all that day, and the night following, for you can't. Mush poultices and camphor and paregoric and bromide and chloroform, and still the procession moved on, and the jumping, throbbing agony sent no flag of truce—no cessation of hostilities. What do I care for anything? Don't tell me about Hendricks being in Atlanta. I don't care where he is. Yes, I do. He is a good man, but I've got no time to think about him now. Please give me some more of that camphor. I've burned all the skin off my mouth now, but it is a counter-irritant and sorter scatters the pain around. If I had some

morphine I would take it, for I want rest. I am tired. Oh, for one short hour of rest.

Write something, my daughter—write to *The Constitution* and explain. Tell them I am "Billy in the low grounds." I am suffering and want sympathy. Write a note to the doctor, and tell him to come, come quick. I can't go through another night. Oh, my country. Let me try that hot iron again. I'll cook this old fat jaw outside and inside. I wish I had no tongue, for I can't keep it from touching the plagued tooth. Just look at my gums, they have swelled up so you can hardly see the old tooth. Give me a knife and the hand glass. I'll see if I can't let some blood out of these strutting gums. I am so nervous I can't hardly hold the knife, but here she goes. Oh, my country. Now give me the camphor and I'll let it burn in a new place.

Just write a line to *The Constitution;* I don't care what—say I am sick. I wonder if the doctor will come. He will kill me, I know. It is awful to think of cold steel clamping this tooth and being jammed away up on these gums. I'll take chloroform, I reckon, for I can't stand it. I am afraid he will come. I want him and I don't want him. The last tooth I had pulled I went to the dentist's office like a hero, and I was glad he wasn't in—glad his door was locked—and for two more days I endured my agony, and then had to have it pulled at last. And he pulled me all to pieces, and the chloroform left me before he got done, and I had an awful time. The memory of it is excruciating, and yet I have got to go through the same thing again. "Oh, the pity of it, Iago, the pity of it." What has a man got teeth for, I would like to know. It is the brute that is in him, the dog, or the old Adam that evoluted from the monkeys. There is nothing God-like about teeth. They bite, that is all. They are called "canines." I saw a man bite another man's nose off, once—the teeth did it. The eye is God-like, angelic, beautiful, harmless. The ear is a good thing, too, for it takes in the harmonies of nature and makes music sweet—music, that is the only thing common to angels and men. The nose is gentle and ornamental, but it is not of so much consequence except to blow off a bad cold and tell the difference between cologne and codfish. But the teeth—well, I think that false ones

are better than the genuine, for they never ache. I don't care for any, now. I am tired. These women can have eight or ten pulled at one time—just to get a new set. How in the world do they stand it? Pride, I reckon; womanly pride, womanly nature; her love of the beautiful. But we can wear a moustache and hide a whole set of rotten snags. If women had beards, the dentists would perish.

There she goes again, and then boom! Let me try some more paregoric and camphor. Maybe I can go to sleep after awhile if I will keep dosing. I wish I had just a small grain of dynamite behind that tooth, just at the end of the roots; I would explode it if it killed me.

The doctor coming, you say! Merciful heavens! Well, let him come. In the language of Patrick Henry, "I repeat it, sir, let him come." "Lay on, McDuff"—cold steel forceps, wrenching, twisting, crushing, gouging. I don't believe I have got a friend in the world. I almost wish I was dead. Teeth are a humbug—a grand mistake—a blunder—an eye-tooth especially, that sends roots away up under the eye and makes an abscess there. They say a child is smart when it cuts the eye-tooth. I believe I had rather do without and be a fool. I have had rheumatism and all sorts of pains, but I will compromise on anything but the toothache. I've a great respect for dentists, for they do the best they can to relieve mankind from his most miserable agony.

"Good morning, doctor, I suppose I am the unfortunate individual you have come to doctor. I am ready for the rack. Get out your chloroform and your steel-jawed grabs; I am ready for the sacrifice. Is that a dagger that I see before me?"

* * * * * *

Father is in his little bed. He is asleep now. The long agony is over. For nearly one hour we wrestled with him, for the chloroform gave out. He had taken so many things before the doctor came that chloroform failed to subdue him. It only made him delirious, and when we could not hold him we called in our blacksmith, and even then he pulled us all over the room, and the doctor had to take him on the wing. The old shell crushed and the roots had to be dug out in fragments. It was pitiful to hear him beg to go home. He has

morphine now, and will be all right in the morning. He told me to write you something, and I have written.

BILL ARP, Per M.

Just now he waked up and wanted to know who whipped that fight—the parrot or the monkey.—M.

OPEN HOUSE

From 'From the Uncivil War to Date.'

IN the good old patriarchal times most every family of wealth kept what was called "open house" and all who came were welcome. There was no need to send word you were coming, for food and shelter were always ready. The generous host met his guests at the gate and called for Dick or Jack or Cæsar to come and take the horses in the barn—plenty of big fat hams and leaf lard in the smoke house—plenty of chickens and ducks and turkeys in the back yard—plenty of preserves in the pantry—plenty of trained servants to do the work while the lady of the house entertained her guests. How proud were these family servants to show off before their visitors and make display of their accomplishments in the kitchen and the dining-room and the chamber. They shared the family standing in the community and had but little sympathy for the "poor white trash" of the neighborhood.

Some of us try to keep open house yet, but can't do it like we used to. The servants are not trained, and they come and go at their pleasure. Sometimes the larder gets very low and the purse looks like an elephant had trod on it. But still we do the best we can. We "welcome the coming and we speed the parting guest."

During the last summer we had a great deal of company at our house and some of them stayed a good long time, for most of them were from a lower latitude and imagined that the yellow fever or some dread pestilence was about to invade their low country homes. And so they were easily persuaded to protract their visit. When they had all departed I was glad, for I knew that Mrs. Arp was tired—very tired. I was glad

too because the supplies were well nigh exhausted and the cook had given notice of a change of base. Our recess had just begun when I received the following appalling epistle:

SAVANNAH, GA.,

MY DEAR COUSIN WILLIAM:

It is about time that we were paying you that long-promised visit. (The way he came to be our cousin was his stepfather's aunt married my wife's great uncle about 40 years ago.) It is awful hot weather down here. The thermometer is away up to an 100. It makes us long for the rest and shade of some quiet, cool retreat in the mountains of North Georgia, where we can get on the broad piazza of a country home and enjoy the fresh mountain air and the cool spring water. Our children are all at home now. Our eldest son has just returned from college, and our eldest daughter is now spending her vacation, and they need a good frolic in the country—and there are, as you know, just six others of all ages and sizes, and they continually talk of your springs and your branches and the fish pond that you write about so charmingly in your Sunday letters. So if you have room for us we will all be up in a few days. Our second boy has a favorite dog to whom he is much attached. If you have no objections we will bring the dog. He is well behaved and will give you no trouble. The third boy has a pair of fancy goats that are trained to work in harness, and I know your children will like to frolic with them. We will bring the goats. Our nurse will come with us. Now, don't give yourselves any anxiety on our account, for we are just coming to have a free and easy time and enjoy the air and the water. We will bring our fishing tackle along.

Your Loving Cousin.

It was with great hesitation that I read this letter to Mrs. Arp, but she was equal to the occasion, for her hospitality never surrenders. "Well, write to them to come along," she said with a sigh. "I expect their children are tired of that hot city, and would be happy to get up here and play in the branch. Their poor mother has had a time of it just like I have—a thousand children and no negroes. Born rich and have to live hard, and will die poor I reckon. But write to

them to come along and enjoy the air and the water, for there is not much else here."

"But my dear," said I, "there isent anything else, and I don't see how we can take them. The truth is I am plum out of money and I am ashamed to go to town and ask for any more credit. Two months ago when our company began to come we had three or four hundred chickens running around the lot, and before the company left I was buying twenty a day. Its just awful, and we can't get another cook anywhere."

"Well, it don't matter," said she, "we can't refuse them—it would be bad manners. Write to them to come along, and we will do the best we can. You can pick up something, I know; I never knew you to fail."

So under conjugal pressure I indited the following reply:

My Dear Cousin: Your letter delighted us beyond expression. Our end of the line is all fixed up, and when you telegraph us that you are coming we will meet you at the depot. We have a double buggy and a farm wagon, and if they will not hold all and the baggage and livestock, the boys and the dogs and the goats can walk out and peruse the country. It is only five miles, so come along and be happy and enjoy the air and the water. There is plenty of room now, for we shipped the last of eighteen visitors yesterday. They have run us down to air and water, but there is still an abundance of that and you are welcome to it. We don't care anything about your dog, but we have one here that I am afraid will eat his ears off in two minutes. Country dogs never did have much consideration for a town dog. The only trouble is about feeding your dog with palatable food, for we have no scraps left from our table now, and our dog has got to eating crawfish. This kind of food makes a dog hold on when he bites.

I think you had better bring the goats, for we would like to have a barbecue while you are here and we are just out of goats. You needn't bring your fishing tackle as we have plenty, but fish are awful scarce in our creek since the mill pond was drawn off. Couldent you bring some salt water fish as a rarity to our children? Huckleberries are ripe now and

your children will enjoy picking them. Ticks and red bugs are ripe, too, and your children will enjoy picking them about bed time. Scratching is a healthy business in the country and is the poor man's medicine. Town folks can take Cuticura and Sarsaparilla and S.S.S. and B.B.B. but a poor man just has to scratch—that's all.

I wouldent mention it to my wife, but it has occurred to me that as you are about to break up for a season you might just as well bring your cow along, for ours are about played out. It would do your cow good to enjoy the air and water. And this reminds me that my wife scraped the bottom of the sugar barrel yesterday. It does take a power of sweetening for these country berries. A hundred pounds or so from your store wouldent come amiss. I suppose your nurse wouldent mind sleeping in the potatoe shed. It is a good cool place to roost at night. We have no musketoes but snakes are alarmingly frequent in these parts. Carl killed a rattlesnake in the garden yesterday but he had only six rattles and we think that we can soon learn your children to dodge them; so come along and enjoy the air and water. It is well worth a visit up here to see the blue mountains and watch the young cyclones meander around. A cyclone came in sight of us last spring and unroofed nabor Munford's house and killed seven mules and three negro children and went on. It is a grand and inspiring sight to see a cyclone on an excursion. Our crab apples are ripe now. I read the other day a very sad account about three children dying of crab apple colic in one family. Our cook has given us notice that she will leave next Sunday and my wife she has tried all over the naborhood to secure another but failed. Maybe you had better bring up a cook with you, but if you can't why then we will all try and get along on the air and the water. I can cook pretty well myself on an emergency, but don't fancy it as a regular job. But the greatest trouble now is that we have nothing to cook. But come along and enjoy the air and the water.

Your cousin, WILLIAM.

Well, he dident come. The next time I saw him he said he was just joking, and I told him I was too.

LIVE STOCK VIEWS

From 'The Scrap Book.'

THERE is a power of difference in human stock. The pure breed of Yankees never was a favorite stock with me. When it is judiciously crossed it does very well and I have known some mighty good grades to come from a mixture of Yank with the old Southern blooded stock. The old time Southerner is blooded stock. With him honor and fair dealing and family pride are bigger things than money. The Yankee runs on money. Their catechism says the chief end of man is to keep all you get and get all you can. They like what other people have got better than what they have got themselves and they go for it and call it speculation. If they can't get it that way fast enough they pass laws in Congress that will get it by degrees. Through tariffs and protection and bounties and railroad subsidies, they got nearly all we had before the war and they are still playing the same old game. They look upon us as a foeman worthy of their steal. When a Yank gets rich and don't want any more, and is sorter broken down in the loins, he gets sorter honest and gives some away to meeting houses and colleges.

A Southerner don't care much for a dime, but a Yank will get rich off of coppers. He will buy nails at four dollars and ninety cents a keg and retail 'em out at five cents a pound. Ten cents and the keg is a fair profit for him. He will speculate on anything in the world. I knew one to buy his wife's dower in a piece of land for $200 and sell it to his daddy-in-law for a thousand. That was a cute way of making the stingy old cuss give him something before he died. A regular Yank is a perambulatin man. He don't mind going from Maine to Texas any more than we mind going to the post-office. He is smart and he is diligent and is never left by the train. When a clever Yank comes down South and mixes with our people he improves by contact, and if he stays long enough and marries into a respectable family he is apt to make a good citizen. It helps him and it helps the family, especially if it is poor and proud. This kind of a cross generally does well and brings good fruit. The offspring are lively and shifty, and have the

love of money and the love of honor so beautifully blended you can't tell tother from which. A cross between Massachusetts and South Carolina does very well now-a-days. One is chuck full of money and the other of honor. The money keeps the honor from perishing out, which is a good thing, for if it ain't kept comfortable it is inclined to degenerate, and the stock will run into scrub in two generations and have to be withdrawn from the turf. Honor nor nothing else ain't bomb-proof against the debasing influence of an empty stomach. If a race horse aint well fed his offspring will play out, and so when one of the first families gits poor, the children become a second family and so on and so forth until you can't tell 'em from the common stock.

Then again we sometimes see the commonest kind of scrub human blessed with an uncommon quality of brains. Then you may look out and you might as well surrender, for they are going to have a slice of your property. A smart scrub is a dangerous animal. A cow that horns down the fence or a hog that roots open the gate or a horse that lets down the bars is a nuisance and a cuss. They are a scrub. The old fashioned first families wouldn't do a mean thing. They were above it. They wouldn't sacrifice their self-respect. I like them sort, especially if they are rich. They have big ideas and big ways and hold their heads up and look at you when they speak to you. They don't walk nor ride like common folks. I can tell 'em a hundred yards off. It takes all sorts of folks to make up a world, and I'm glad that kind are in it. I'm most as poor as Lazarus, but I ain't fool enough to hate rich folks. I like 'em, but if you think you can make anything off a rich scrub just try it. He don't waste enough to keep a hound dog from starvation. Poor folks are a right good thing in a country. In fact, a country is obliged to have 'em to keep rich folks in money. That's what I've been doing all my life and if I don't grumble at it nobody needn't. Being poor and keeping so is my forte, but we have had a right good time, nevertheless notwithstanding, for money brings a heap of trouble, and the children get awful tired waiting on a rich daddy to die. But I like money—money is a right good thing in a family, and I would like to feel the feeling of a rich man for a little while, may be it would stretch me up a little. Mrs. Arp

says I'm getting hump-shouldered. I would like to be a patriarch in a church and give $500 a year to the preacher and shake hands with the brethren and sisters in the vestibule. I think I would like that.

But after all it don't matter much whether a man is poor or rich, one man is as happy as another if his heart is in his bosom and not in his pocket. If it ain't in his bosom then he is a scrub.

THE VOICE OF SPRING

From 'The Scrap Book.'

Hark, I hear a bluebird sing,
And that's a sign of coming spring.
The bull-frog bellers in the ditches,
He's throw'd away his winter britches.
Robin is bobbin around so merry,
I reckon he's drunk on a China berry.
The hawk for infant chickens watcheth,
And 'fore you know it one he cotcheth.
The lizard is sunning himself on a rail;
The lamb is shaking his newborn tail.
The darkey is plowing his stubborn mule,
And gaily hollers, "gee, you fool."
King Cotton has unfurled his banner,
And scents the air with sweet guanner.
The day grows long—the night's declining,
The Indian summer's sun is shining,
The smoking hills are now on fire,
And every night it's climbing higher.
The water warm, the weather fine,
The time has come for hook and line;
Adown the creek, around the ponds.
Are gentlemen and vagabonds.
And all our little dirty sinners
Are digging bait and catching minners.
The dogwood buds are now a-swelling,
The yaller jonquills sweet are smelling;
And little busy bees are humming,
And everything says spring is coming.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH

[1838—]

JOHN S. PATTON

FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH was born in Baltimore, the son of Francis Hopkinson Smith and Susan (Teackle) Smith, and spent his first years in St. Paul Street, probably in the neighborhood described for readers of 'The Fortunes of Oliver Horn' as Kennedy Square. He is a descendant of that Francis Hopkinson whom Thomas Jefferson called his friend and whose name appears, with Jefferson's, on the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Smith comes by his versatility quite as a matter of course, for this ancestor had many gifts, and did many things well; he was lawyer, statesman, pamphleteer, ballad and music writer, and like the subject of this sketch seems to have found pleasure in being busy.

Mr. Smith's personal appearance seems to contradict the statement that he has lived through six decades of the Nineteenth Century and one of the Twentieth, but the date of his birth can be set down with confidence as October 23, 1838. He is of medium height, active, with iron-gray hair, close cropped, and gray moustaches, looking, at the first glance, "like a prosperous French man of affairs. When he speaks, however, this illusion vanishes, for his voice has the peculiar ring and his gestures the illustrative significance which are acquired to the full by no one but the American lecturer."

Sketches of Mr. Smith tell much of his charm, but say little of the details of his life. The charm is easily inferred from his pictures and books, and something of the actual life of the man can be inferred from his novels and short stories, if they are indeed as autobiographical as they are supposed to be. The sketches hint that his father was an amiable visionary, overtaken by reverses in the 'fifties, the decade in which fell the formative years of the author's life. These reverses kept his son from Princeton, for which he had been prepared, and sent him into the world to shift for himself at an age when his education could not have been liberal. The world, of course, is the best college, in some respects, and finds a way to enforce its demands; but its curriculum does not often lead to a career like that achieved by Mr. Smith, for which a broad proficiency in the liberal arts is a useful preparation. It is one of the highest tributes to the ideals he has cherished through life, and to

the energy and integrity with which he has worshiped them, that he has always made his devoirs in intellectual clothes that have admitted him without question to any function of intellectual society at which he has cared to assist. How he has done this as faultlessly as any doctor of philosophy must make an intensely interesting story.

Fortune turned Mr. Smith's face toward New York instead of toward Princeton, and it is said he arrived in the great city with only thirty-eight cents on which to begin life. The capital proved adequate, for in addition he had riches of temperament and courage and health which made his youthful assurance as sure as human fortune can be.

The difficulties surrounding the homeless young man in New York in the years immediately before the war were more serious than we are now likely to regard them. If the autobiographical 'Fortunes of Oliver Horn' can be taken as realizing the entourage and atmosphere of young Smith in his Southern home, the mere thought of his going to the metropolis excited the disgust and foreboding of those who, at that time of growing irritation, regarded the North as a land accursed to a Southerner by hordes of "damned Yankees."

Life did not at once open with brilliant morning hues. The boy from the South began it by walking the streets in a search for employment, a quest which was unrewarded for weeks. It is intimated that at sixteen he was helping in a store, and that for two years he carried a dinner pail as a day laborer. He was thus going to a school in which he was to acquire a working knowledge of the work-a-day world, and a sympathy with those who toiled in it, all to be used with fine effect in the novels he was to write.

These rapid touches intimate the beginnings of Francis Hopkinson Smith, engineer, author, painter, traveler, lecturer, after-dinner speaker, not to attempt an inclusive list of the rôles in which he has appeared so competently as to win the applause of a vast audience. If Mr. Smith were asked in which of them he has done the best work he would, it is thought, answer in that of the mechanical engineer. His admirers will hardly agree with him. Perhaps they will not agree among themselves, except in admiring the man and respecting his many gifts, but break up into groups—one claiming that he is at his best on the platform, where he displays unusual histrionic power, another, under the charm of his sketches of outdoor life, seeing in him a great water-colorist; another, whose ears love the hum of industry and whose spirit thrills with the inspiration of the world of work, hailing him as a builder of great defences of national and international commerce, and still another delighting to honor the creative energy which has breathed the breath of life

into such charming creatures as Colonel Carter of Cartersville and Peter—to name only two of a score or more who appear in our memories in an intensely human pageant at the mere mention of the name of their genial creator. It is safe to say this last group is the largest.

It was probably during his service as a clerk in the plant of an iron manufacturer—no doubt Morton, Slade and Company, of 'Oliver Horn'—that Smith began to prepare for his career as mechanical engineer. That he had "a due preliminary training" cannot be doubted, in view of his success. He has built bridges, breakwaters, and lighthouses, consciously for money and unconsciously for experiences needed in the making of books. Among his achievements are the government seawall around Governor's Island, and that at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, the Race Rock lighthouse, off New London, Connecticut, and the foundation for the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty.

Mr. Smith's work-a-day life has never obscured the promptings which he felt when a boy in Baltimore toward artistic expression in color. This impulse had made him a devoted pupil of the artist Alfred Jacob Miller (Oliver Horn's Old Crocker). Miller took a deep interest in his pupil, and gave him the only lessons in drawing and painting he ever had. Miller had taken his own first lessons from Thomas Sully, the painter of Jefferson and other distinguished Americans. He was an old man when Smith came under his influence, and had done his best work, a series of sketches of scenes and incidents of a journey to the Rocky Mountains with Sir William Drummond Stewart, which became the nucleus of a gallery of Indian paintings at Murthley Castle. In New York the youth from the South visited the art exhibitions, drew in charcoal, and painted in water colors as he had opportunity. He made many acquaintances among ambitious young artists who afterward with him, became members of the famous Tile Club. One of his first books describes the summer excursions of the club in a boat which was towed through the canals of New York State. Each of the blue delft tiles which border the fireplace in the studio of his New York home was painted by a member of the club—Quartley, Sarony, Chase, Reinhart, Abbey, Stanford White, and the rest. He has received medals from the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, the Charleston Exposition, the Philadelphia Art Club, and other organizations. The Sultan of Turkey has conferred upon him, with the grade of Officer, the orders of Medjidieh and Osmanyeh. He is a member of the American Watercolor Society and the art clubs of Philadelphia and Cincinnati. As an artist he is known by his "A January Thaw," "On the Lagoons," "An Idle Morning, Beices," "The Pigeon

Mosque," "The Golden Horn," "The Riva," "Under the Towers," "A Passing Shower, Venice," "A Spring Shower, Stockholm," "Holland Skies," and "A Venetian Cab Stand." The subjects of these sketches tell the story of his cosmopolitan character. Someone who knows him has described Mr. Smith as at home everywhere on earth. "His orbit touches Omaha and Constantinople. In winter he shines from the lecture-platform upon the Hyperboreans of Chicago and Council Bluffs; in summer he sketches in Peter Jansen's rowboat upon the lazy Maas, or moors his gondola to the stones of Venice; or, accompanied by his German dragoman and a Turkish policeman in plain clothes, he goes voyaging in a painted caïque 'adown the billowy Bosphorus.'"

Like Richard Malcolm Johnston, Francis Hopkinson Smith began his career as author when his powers were fully matured and he had large experience of life. He was forty-seven when his first book—'Old Lines in New Black and White'—was issued by Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 'Colonel Carter of Cartersville' gave him an assured place as a novelist, while 'Caleb West' and every succeeding volume have strengthened the popular attachment to him. He is a diligent writer of short stories, and it is probable that in these he has done his most vital work. Every quarter of the earth has been put under contribution for his fiction, and it is said (probably not quite truly) that all of the chief incidents in his stories, whether of achievement, as 'Caleb West,' 'Tom Grogan' and 'The Tides of Barnegat,' of sentiment, as 'Colonel Carter,' or of art and travel, as 'A White Umbrella in Mexico,' 'Gondola Days,' and 'Wellworn Roads,' are drawn from the author's experiences or are the retold incidents of life in the circle in which his father lived and his own early years were spent. His levies have been those of the artist who diminishes or exaggerates his spoil as he pleases, or the effect aimed at demands. In the case of Colonel Carter it was exaggeration, and that amiable character is not, in strictness, a gentleman of the old school in the South. In the South, as elsewhere, it is not the gentleman who is a type of the best life who borrows money and habitually forgets to repay it. But these faults are negligible. The important thing is that the vitality, sanity and optimism which have fixed the facts of Mr. Smith's career, have entered into the most of his fictive creations and made them wholesome.

In the quarter of a century in which he has been writing he has done a great deal alone in the making of books. Some of the titles are:

Old Lines in New Black and White. 1885.
Well-Worn Roads. 1886.
A White Umbrella in Mexico. 1889.

A Book of the Tile Club. 1890.
Colonel Carter of Cartersville. 1891.
A Day at Laguerre's. 1892.
American Illustrators. 1892.
A Gentleman Vagabond, and Some Others. 1895.
Tom Grogan. 1896.
Gondola Days. 1897.
Venice of To-Day. 1897.
Caleb West. 1898.
The Other Fellow. 1899.
The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. 1902.
The Under Dog. 1903.
Colonel Carter's Christmas. 1904.
At Close Range. 1905.
The Wood Fire in No. 3. 1905.
The Tides of Barnegat. 1906.
The Veiled Lady. 1907.
The Romance of an Old-fashioned Gentleman. 1907.
Peter. 1908.

Mr. Smith is said to regard mechanical engineering as the business of his life and painting and novel-writing as the employments of his play-time. This bibliography shows that he plays to good purpose.

John S. Patton

THE SURPRISE

From 'Peter.' Copyright, Charles Scribner's Sons, and used here by permission of the publishers.

It was wonderful how young he looked, and how happy he was, and how spry his step, as the two turned into William Street and so on to the cheap little French restaurant with its sanded floor, little tables for two and four, with their tiny pots of mustard and flagons of oil and red vinegar—this last, the "left-overs" of countless bottles of Bordeaux—to say nothing of the great piles of French bread weighing down a shelf beside the proprietor's desk, racked up like cordwood, and all of the same color, length and thickness.

Every foot of the way through the room toward his own table—his for years, and which was placed in the far corner overlooking the doleful little garden with its half-starved vine and hanging baskets—Peter had been obliged to speak to everybody he passed (some of the younger men rose to their feet to shake his hand)—until he reached the proprietor and gave his order.

Auguste, plump and oily, his napkin over his arm, drew out his chair (it was always tipped back in reserve until he arrived), laid another plate and accessories for his guest, and then bent his head until Peter indicated the particular brand of Bordeaux—the color of the wax sealing its top was the only label—with which he proposed to entertain his friend.

All this time Jack had been on the point of bursting. Once he had slipped his hand into his pocket for Breen's letter, in the belief that the best way to get the most enjoyment out of the incident of his visit and the result—for it was still a joke to Jack—would be to lay the half sheet on Peter's plate and watch the old fellow's face as he read it. Then he decided to lead gradually up to it, concealing the best part of the story—the prospectus and how it was to be braced—until the last.

But the boy could not wait; so after he had told Peter about Ruth—and that took ten minutes, try as hard as he could to shorten the telling—during which the stuffed peppers were in evidence—and after Peter had replied with

certain messages to Ruth—during which the spaghetti was served sizzling hot, with entrancing frazzlings of brown cheese clinging to the edges of the tin plate—the Chief Assistant squared his elbows and plunged head-foremost into the subject.

"And now, I have got a surprise for you, Uncle Peter," cried Jack, smothering his eagerness as best he could.

The old fellow held up his hand, reached for the shabby, dust-begrimed bottle, that had been sound asleep under the sidewalk for years; filled Jack's glass, then his own; settled himself in his chair and said with a dry smile:

"If it's something startling, Jack, wait until we drink this," and he lifted the slender rim to his lips. "If it's something delightful, you can spring it now."

"It is both," answered Jack. "Listen and doubt your ears. I had a letter from Uncle Arthur this morning asking me to come and see him about my Cumberland ore property, and I have just spent an hour with him."

Peter put down his glass:

"You had a letter from Arthur Breen—about—what do you mean, Jack?"

"Just what I say."

Peter moved to the table, and looked at the boy in wonderment.

"Well, what did he want?" He was all attention now. Arthur Breen sending for Jack!—and after all that had happened! Well—well!

"Wants me to put the Cumberland ore property father left me into one of his companies."

"That fox!" answered Jack, in a confirmatory tone; and then followed an account of the interview, the boy chuckling at the end of every sentence in his delight over the situation.

"And what are you going to do?" asked Peter in an undecided tone. He had heard nothing so comical as this for years.

"Going to do nothing—that is nothing with Uncle Arthur. In the first place, the property is worthless, unless half a million of money is spent upon it."

"Or is *said* to have been spent upon it," rejoined Peter with a smile, remembering the Breen methods.

"Exactly so; and in the second place, I would rather tear up

the deed than have it added to Uncle Arthur's stock of balloons."

Peter drummed on the table-cloth and looked out of the window. The boy was right in principle, but then the property might not be a balloon at all; might in fact be worth a great deal more than the boy dreamed of. That Arthur Breen had gone out of his way to send for Jack—knowing, as Peter did, how systematically both he and his wife had abused and ridiculed him whenever his name was mentioned—was positive evidence to Peter's mind not only that the property had a value of some kind but that the discovery was of recent origin.

"Would you know yourself, Jack, what the property was worth—that is, do you feel yourself competent to pass upon its value?" asked Peter, lifting his glass to his lips. He was getting back to his normal condition now.

"Yes, to a certain extent, and if I fail, Mr. MacFarlane will help me out. He was superintendent of the Rockford Mines for five years. He received his early training there—but there is no use talking about it, Uncle Peter. I only told you to let you see how the same old thing is going on day after day at Uncle Arthur's. If it isn't Mukton, it's Ginsing, or Black Royal, or some other gas bag."

"What did you tell him?"

"Nothing—not in all the hour I talked with him. He did the talking; I did the listening."

"I hope you were courteous to him, my boy?"

"I was—particularly so."

"He wants your property, does he?" ruminated Peter, rolling a crumb of bread between his thumb and forefinger. "I wonder what's up? He has made some bad breaks lately and there were ugly rumors about the house for a time. He has withdrawn his account from the Exeter and so I've lost sight of all his transactions." Here a new idea seemed to strike him: "Did he seem very anxious about getting hold of the land?"

A queer smile played about Jack's lips:

"He seemed *not* to be, but he was."

"You're sure?"

"Very sure; and so would you be if you knew him as well as I do. I have heard him talk that way to dozens of men and

then brag how he'd 'covered his tracks,' as he used to call it."

"Then, Jack," exclaimed Peter in a decided tone, "there is something in it. What it is you will find out before many weeks, but something. I will wager you he has not only had your title searched but has had test holes driven all over your land. These fellows stop at nothing. Let him alone for a while and keep him guessing. When he writes to you again to come and see him, answer that you are too busy, and if he adds a word about the ore beds tell him you have withdrawn them from the market. In the meantime I will have a talk with one of our directors who has an interest, so he told me, in a new steel company up in the Cumberland Mountains, somewhere near your property, I believe. He may know something of what's going on, if anything is going on."

Jack's eyes blazed. Something going on! Suppose that after all he and Ruth would not have to wait. Peter read his thoughts and laid his hand on Jack's wrist:

"Keep your toes on the earth, my boy; no balloon ascensions and no bubbles—none of your own blowing. They are bad things to have burst in your hands—four hands now, remember, with Ruth's. If there's any money in your Cumberland ore bank, it will come to light without your help. Keep still and say nothing, and don't you sign your name to a piece of paper as big as a postage stamp until you let me see it."

Here Peter looked at his watch and rose from the table.

"Time's up, my boy. I never allow myself an hour at luncheon, and I am due at the bank in ten minutes. Thank you, Auguste—and Auguste! please tell Botti the spaghetti was delicious. Come, Jack."

It was when he held Ruth in his arms that same afternoon —behind the door, really—she couldn't wait until they reached the room—that Jack whispered in her astonished and delighted ears the good news of the expected check from Garry's committee.

"And daddy won't lose anything; and he can take the new work!" she cried joyously. "And we can all go up to the mountains together! Oh, Jack!—let me run and tell daddy!"

"No, my darling—not a word. Garry had no business to tell me what he did; and it might leak out and get him into

trouble; no, don't say a word. It is only a few days off. We shall all know next week."

He had led her to the sofa, their favorite seat.

"And now I am going to tell you something that would be a million times better than Garry's check if it were only true—but it isn't."

"Tell me, Jack—quick!" Her lips were close to his.

"Uncle Arthur wants to buy my ore lands."

"Buy your—And we are going to be—married right away! Oh, you darling Jack!"

"Wait, wait, my precious, until I tell you!" She did not wait, and he did not want her to. Only when he could loosen her arms from his neck did he find her ear again, and then he poured into it the rest of the story.

"But, oh, Jack!—wouldn't it be lovely if it were true—and just think of all the things we could do."

"Yes—but it isn't true."

"But just suppose it *was,* Jack! You would have a horse of your own and we'd build the dearest little home and——"

"But it never can be true, blessed—not out of the Cumberland property—" protested Jack.

"But, Jack! Can't we *suppose?* Why, supposing is the best fun in the world. I used to suppose all sorts of things when I was a little girl. Some of them came true, and some of them didn't, but I had just as much fun as if they *had* all come true."

"Did you ever suppose *me?"* asked Jack. He knew she never had—he wasn't worth it; but what difference did it make what they talked about!

"Yes—a thousand times. I always knew, my blessed, that there was somebody like you in the world somewhere—and when the girls would break out and say ugly things about men—all men—I just knew they were not true of everybody. I knew that you would come—and that I should always look for you until I found you! And now tell me! Did you suppose about me, too, you darling Jack?"

"No—never. There could not be any supposing; there isn't any now. It's just you I love, Ruth—you—and I love the *'you'* in you—That's the best part of you."

And so they talked on, she close in his arms, their cheeks

together; building castles of rose marble and ivory, laying out gardens with vistas ending in summer sunsets; dreaming dreams that only lovers dream.

NIGHT IN VENICE

From 'Gondola Days.' Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

NIGHT in Venice! A night of silver moons—one hung against the velvet blue of the infinite, fathomless sky, the other at rest in the still sea below.

A night of ghostly gondolas, chasing specks of stars in dim canals; of soft melodies broken by softer laughter; of tinkling mandolins, white shoulders, and tell-tale cigarettes. A night of gay lanterns lighting big barges, filled with singers and beset by shadowy boats, circling like moths or massed like water-beetles. A night when San Giorgio stands on tip-toe, Narcissus-like, to drink in his own beauty mirrored in the silent sea; when the angel crowning the Campanile sleeps with folded wings, lost in the countless stars; when the line of the city from across the wide lagoons is but a string of lights buoying golden chains that sink into the depths; when the air is a breath of heaven, and every sound that vibrates across the never-ending wave is the music of another world.

No pen can give this beauty, no brush its color, no tongue its delight. It must be seen and felt. It matters little how dull your soul may be, how sluggish your imagination, how dead your enthusiasm, here Nature will touch you with a wand that will stir every blunted sensibility into life. Palaces and churches—poems in stone—canvases that radiate sombre forests, oases of olive and palm, Beethoven, Milton, and even the great Michael himself, may have roused in you no quiver of delight nor thrill of feeling.

But here—here by this wondrous city of the sea—here, where the transcendent goddess of the night spreads her wings, radiant in the light of an August moon, her brow studded with stars, even were your soul of clay, here would it vibrate to the dignity, the beauty, and the majesty of her matchless presence.

As you lie, adrift in your gondola, hung in mid air—so like a mirror is the sea, so vast the vault above you—so dreamlike the charm! How exquisite the languor! Now a burst of music from the far off plaza, dying into echoes about the walls of San Giorgio; now the slow tolling of some bells from a distant tower; now the ripple of a laugh, or a snatch of song, or the low cooing of a lover's voice, as a ghostly skiff with drawn curtains and muffled light glides past; and now the low splash of the rowers as some phantom ship looms above you with bowlights aglow, crosses the highway of silver, and melts into shadow.

Suddenly from out the stillness there bursts across the bosom of the sleeping wave the dull boom of the evening gun, followed by the long blast of the bugle from the big warship near the arsenal; and then, as you hold your breath, the clear tones of the great bell of the Campanile strike the hour.

Now is the spell complete!

The Professor, in the seat beside me, turns his head, and, with a cautioning hand to Espero to stay his oar, listens till each echo has had its say; first San Giorgio's wall, then the Public Garden, and last the low murmur that pulsates back from the outlying islands of the lagoon. On nights like these the Professor rarely talks. He lies back on the yielding cushions, his eyes upturned to the stars, the glow of his cigarette lighting his face. Now and then he straightens himself, looks about him, and sinks back again on the cushions, muttering over and over again, "Never such a night—never, never!" To-morrow night he will tell you the same thing, and every other night while the moon lasts. Yet he is no empty enthusiast. He is only enthralled by his mistress, this matchless Goddess of Air and Light and Melody. Analyse the feeling as you may, despise its sentiment or decry it altogether, the fact remains, that once get this drug of Venice into your veins, and you never recover. The same thrill steals over you with every phase of her wondrous charm—in the early morning, in the blinding glare of the noon, in the cool of the fading day, in the tranquil watches of the night. It is Venice the Beloved, and there is none other.

Espero has breathed her air always, and hundreds of nights have come and gone for him; yet as he stands bare-

headed behind you, his oar slowly moving, you can hear him communing with himself as he whispers "Bella notte, bella notte," just as some other devotee would tell his beads in unconscious prayer. It is the spirit of idolatry born of her never-ending beauty, that marks the marvellous power which Venice wields over human hearts, compelling them, no matter how dull and leaden, to reverence and to love.

And the Venetians never forget! While we float idly back to the city, the quays are crowded with people, gazing across the wide lagoons, drinking in their beauty, the silver moon over all. Now and then a figure will come down to the water's edge and sit upon some marble steps, gazing seaward. There is nothing to be seen—no passing ship, no returning boat. It is only the night!

Away up the canal, Guglielmo, the famous singer, once a gondolier, is filling the night with music, a throng of boats almost bridging the canal, following him from place to place, Luigi, the primo, in the lead—the occupants hanging on every note that falls from his lips.

Up the Zattere, near San Rosario, where the afternoon sun blazed but a few hours since, the people line the edge of the marble quay, their children about them, the soft radiance of the night glorifying the Giudecca. They are of all classes, high and low. They love their city, and every phase of her beauty is to them only a variation of her marvellous charm. The Grand Duchess of the Riva stands in the doorway of her caffé, or leans from her chamber window; Vittorio and little Appo, and every other member of the Open-Air Club, are sprawled over the Ponte Veneta Marina, and even the fishermen up the Pallada sit in front of their doors. Venice is decked out to-night in all the glory of an August moon. They must be there to see!

You motion to Espero, and with a twist of his blade he whirls the gondola back to the line of the farthest lights. As you approach nearer, the big Trieste steamer looms above you, her decks crowded with travellers. Through her open portholes you catch the blaze of the electric lights, and note the tables spread and the open staterooms, the waiters and stewards moving within. About her landing ladders is a swarm of

gondolas bringing passengers, the porters taking up the trunks as each boat discharges in turn.

A moment more and you shoot alongside the Molo and the watersteps of the Piazzetta. An old man steadies your boat while you alight. You bid Espero good-night and mingle with the throng. What a transition from the stillness of the lagoon!

The open space is crowded with idlers walking in pairs or groups. The flambeaux of gas-jets are ablaze. From behind the towering Campanile in the great Piazza comes a burst of music from the King's Band. Everywhere are color and light and music. Everywhere stroll the happy, restful contented people, intoxicated with the soft air, the melody, and the beauty of the night.

If you think you know San Marco, come stand beneath its portals and look up. The deep coves, which in the daylight are lost in the shadows of the dominant sun, are now illumined by the glare of a hundred gas-jets from the street below. What you saw in the daylight is lost in the shadow—the shadowed coves now brilliant in the light. To your surprise, as you look, you find them filled with inscriptions and studded with jewels of mosaic, which flash and glint in the glare of the blazing flambeaux. All the pictures over the great doors now stand out in bold coloring, with each caramel of mosaic distinct and clear. Over every top-moulding you note little beads and dots of gray and black. If you look closer two beads will become one, and soon another will burst into wings. They are the countless pigeons roosting on the carving. They are out of your reach, some fifty feet above you, undisturbed by all this glitter and sound.

As you turn and face the great square of the Piazza, you find it crowded to the very arcades under the surrounding palaces, with a moving mass of people, the tables of the caffés reaching almost to the band-stand placed in the middle. Florian's is full, hardly a seat to be had. Auguste and his men are bringing ices and cooling drinks. The old Duchess of uncertain age, with the pink veil, is in her accustomed seat, and so are the white-gloved officers with waxed mustaches, and the pretty Venetian girls with their mothers and duennas. The Professor drops into his seat against the pillar—lights

another cigarette, and makes a sign to Auguste. It is the same old order, a cup of coffee and the smallest drop of Cognac that can be brought in a tear-bottle of a decanter the size of your thumb.

When the music is over you stroll along the arcades and under the Bocca del Leone, and through the narrow streets leading to the Campo of San Moise, and so over the bridge near the Bauer-Grunwald to the crack in the wall that leads you to the rear of your own quarter. Then you cross your garden and mount the steps to your rooms, and so out upon your balcony.

The canal is deserted. The music-boats have long since put out their lanterns and tied up for the night. The lighters at the Dogana opposite lie still and motionless, their crews asleep under the mats and stretched on the decks. Away up in the blue swims the silver moon, attended by an escort of clouds hovering close about her. Towering above you rises the great dome of the Salute, silent, majestic, every statue, cross, and scroll bathed in the glory of her light.

Suddenly as you hang over your balcony, the soft night embracing you, the odor of oleanders filling the air, you hear the quick movement of a flute borne on the night wing from away up the Iron Bridge. Nearer it comes, nearer, and clear, bird-like notes floating over the still canal and the deserted city. You lean forward and catch the spring and rhythm of the two gondoliers as they glide past, keeping time to the thrill of the melody. You catch, too, the abandon and charm of it all. He is standing over her, his head uncovered, the moonlight glinting on the uplifted reed at his lips. She lies on the cushions beneath him, throat and shoulders bare, a light scarf about her head. It is only a glimpse, but it lingers in your memory for years—you on the balcony and alone.

Out they go—out into the wide lagoon—out into the soft night, under the glory of the radiant stars. Fainter and fainter falls the music, dimmer and dimmer pales the speck with its wake of silver.

Then all is still.

THE ONE-LEGGED GOOSE

From 'Colonel Carter of Cartersville.' Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

It was some time before I could quiet the old man's anxieties and coax him back into his usual good humor, and then only when I began to ask him of the old plantation days.

Then he fell to talking about the colonel's father, General John Carter, and the high days at Carter Hall when Miss Nancy was a young lady and the colonel a boy home from the university.

"Dem was high times. We ain't neber seed no time like dat since de war. Git up in de mawnin' an' look out ober de lawn, an' yer come fo'teen or fifteen couples ob de fustest quality folks, all on horseback ridin' in de gate. Den such a scufflin' round! Old marsa an' missis out on de po'ch, an' de little pickaninnies runnin' from de quarters, an' all hands helpin' 'em off de horses, an' dey all smokin' hot wid de gallop up de lane.

"An' den sich a breakfast an' sich dancin' an' co'tin'; ladies all out on de lawn in der white dresses, an' de gemmen in fair-top boots, an' Mammy Jane runnin' round same as a chicken wid its head off—an' der heads was off befo' dey knowed it, an' dey a-br'ilin' on de gridiron.

"Dat would go on a week or mo', an' den up dey'll all git an' away dey'd go to de nex' plantation, an' take Miss Nancy along wid 'em on her little sorrel mare, an' I on Marsa John's black horse, to take care bofe of 'em. Dem *was* times!

"My old marsa"—and his eyes glistened—"my old Marsa John was a gemman, sah, like dey don't see nowadays. Tall, sah, an' straight as a cornstalk; hair white an' silky as de tassel; an' a voice like de birds was singin', it was dat sweet.

" 'Chad,' he use' ter say—you know I was young den, an' I was his body servant—'Chad, come yer till I bre'k yo' head;' an' den when I come he'd laugh fit to kill hisself. Dat's when you do right. But when you was a low-down nigger an' got de debbil in yer, an' ole marsa hear it an' send de overseer to de quarters for you to come to de little room in de big

house whar de walls was all books an' whar his desk was, 't wa'nt no birds about his voice den—mo' like de thunder."

"Did he whip his negroes?"

"No, sah; don't reckelmember a single lick laid on airy nigger dat de marsa knowed of; but when dey got so bad—an' some niggers is dat way—den dey was sold to de swamp lan's. He wouldn't hab 'em round 'ruptin' his niggers, he use' ter say.

"Hab coffee, sah? Won't take I a minute to bile it. Colonel ain't been drinkin' none lately, an' so I don't make none."

I nodded my head, and Chad closed the door softly, taking with him a small cup and saucer, and returning in a few minutes followed by that most delicious of all aromas, the savory steam of boiling coffee.

"My Marsa John," he continued, filling the cup with the smoking beverage, "never drank nuffin' but tea, eben at de big dinners when all de gemmen had coffee in de little cups—dats one ob 'em you 's drinkin' out ob now; dey ain't mo' dan fo' on 'em left. Old marsa would have his pot ob tea: Henny use' ter make it for him; makes it now for Miss Nancy.

"Henny was a young gal den, long 'fo' we was married. Henny b'longed to Colonel Lloyd Barbour, on de next plantation to ourn.

"Mo' coffee, Major?" I handed Chad the empty cup. He refilled it, and went straight on without drawing breath.

"Wust scrape I eber got into wid old Marsa John was ober Henny. I tell ye she was a harricane in dem days. She come into de kitchen one time where I was helpin' git de dinner ready an' de cook had gone to de spring house, an' she says:—

" 'Chad, what ye cookin' dat smells so nice?'

" 'Dat's a goose,' I says, 'cookin' for Marsa John's dinner. We got quality,' says I, pointin' to de dinin'-room do'.

" 'Quality!' she says. 'Spec' I know what de quality is. Dat's for you an' de cook.'

"Wid dat she grabs a caarvin' knife from de table, opens de do' ob de big oven, cuts off a leg ob de goose, an' dis'pears round de kitchen corner wid de leg in her mouf.

" 'Fo' I knowed whar I was Marsa John come to de kitchen do' an' says, 'Gittin' late, Chad; bring in de dinner.' You see, Major, dey ain't no up an' down stairs in de big house, like it is yer; kitchen an' dinin'-room all on de same flo'.

"Well, sah, I was scared to def, but I tuk dat goose an' laid him wid de cut side down on de bottom of de pan 'fo' de cook got back, put some dressin' an' stuffin' ober him, an' shet de stove do'. Den I tuk de sweet potatoes an' de hominy an' put 'em on de table, an' den I went back in de kitchen to git de baked ham. I put on de ham an' some mo' dishes, an' marsa says, lookin' up:—

" 'I t'ought dere was a roast goose, Chad?'

" 'I ain't yerd nothin' 'bout no goose,' I says. 'I'll ask de cook.'

"Next minute I yerd old marsa a-hollerin':—

" 'Mammy Jane, ain't we got a goose?'

" 'Lord-a-massy! yes, marsa. Chad, you wu'thless nigger, ain't you tuk dat goose out yit?'

" 'Is we got a goose?' said I.

" '*Is we got a goose?* Didn't you help pick it?'

"I see whar my hair was short, an' I snatched up a hot dish from de hearth, opened de oven do', an' slide de goose in jes as he was, an' lay him down befo' Marsa John.

" 'Now see what de ladies 'll have for dinner,' says old marsa, pickin' up his caarvin' knife.

" 'What 'll you take for dinner, miss?' says I. 'Baked ham?'

" 'No,' she says, lookin' up to whar Marsa John sat; 'I think I 'll take a leg ob dat goose'—jes so.

"Well, marsa cut off de leg an' put a little stuffin' an' gravy on wid a spoon, an' says to me, 'Chad, see what dat gemman 'll have.'

" 'What 'll you take for dinner, sah?' says I. 'Nice breast o' goose, or slice o' ham?'

" 'No; I think I'll take a leg of dat goose,' he says.

" 'I didn't say nuffin', but I knowed bery well he wa'n't a-gwine to git it.

"But, Major, you oughter seen old marsa lookin' for der udder leg ob dat goose! He rolled him ober on de dish, dis way an' dat way, an' den he jabbed dat ole bone-handled caarvin' fork in him an' hel' him up ober de dish an' looked under him an' on top ob him, an' den he says, kinder sad like:—

" 'Chad, whar is de udder leg ob dat goose?'

"'It did n't hab none,' says I.

"'You mean ter say, Chad, dat de gooses on my plantation on'y got one leg?'

"'Some ob 'em has an' some ob 'em ain't. You see, marsa, we got two kinds in de pond, an' we was a little boddered to-day, so Mammy Jane cooked dis one 'cause I cotched it fust.'

"'Well,' said he, lookin' like he look when he send for you in de little room, 'I'll settle wid ye after dinner.'

"Well, dar I was shiverin' an' shakin' in my shoes, an' droppin' gravy an' spillin' de wine on de table-cloth, I was dat shuck up; an' when de dinner was ober he calls all de ladies an' gemmen, an' says, 'Now come down to de duck pond. I'm gwineter show dis nigger dat all de gooses on my plantation got mo' den one leg.'

"I followed 'long, trapesin' after de whole kit an' b'ilin', an' when we got to de pond"—here Chad nearly went into a convulsion with suppressed laughter—"dar was de gooses sittin' on a log in de middle of dat ole green goose-pond wid one leg stuck down—so—an' de udder tucked under de wing."

Chad was now on one leg, balancing himself by my chair, the tears running down his cheeks.

"'Dar, marsa,' says I, 'don't ye see? Look at dat ole gray goose! Dat's de berry match ob de one we had to-day.'

"Den de ladies all hollered an' de gemmen laughed so loud dey yerd 'em at de big house.

"'Stop, you black scoun'rel!' Marsa John says, his face gittin' white an' he a-jerkin' his handkerchief from his pocket. 'Shoo!'

"Major, I hope to have my brains kicked out by a lame grasshopper if ebery one ob dem gooses did n't put down de udder leg!

"'Now, you lyin' nigger,' he says, raisin' his cane ober my head, 'I 'll show you'—

"'Stop, Marsa John!' I hollered; ''t ain't fair, 't ain't fair.'

"'Why ain't it fair?' says he.

"''Cause,' says I, 'you did n't say "Shoo!" to de goose what was on de table.'"*

*This story, and the story of the "Postmaster" in a preceding chapter, I have told for so many years and to so many people, and with such varied amplifications, that I have long since persuaded myself that they are creations of my own. I surmise, however, that the basis of the "Postmaster" can be found in the corner of some forgotten newspaper, and I know that the "One-Legged Goose" is as old as the "Decameron."

Chad laughed until he choked.

"And did he thrash you?"

"Marsa John? No, sah. He laughed loud as anybody; an' den dat night he says to me as I was puttin' some wood on de fire:—

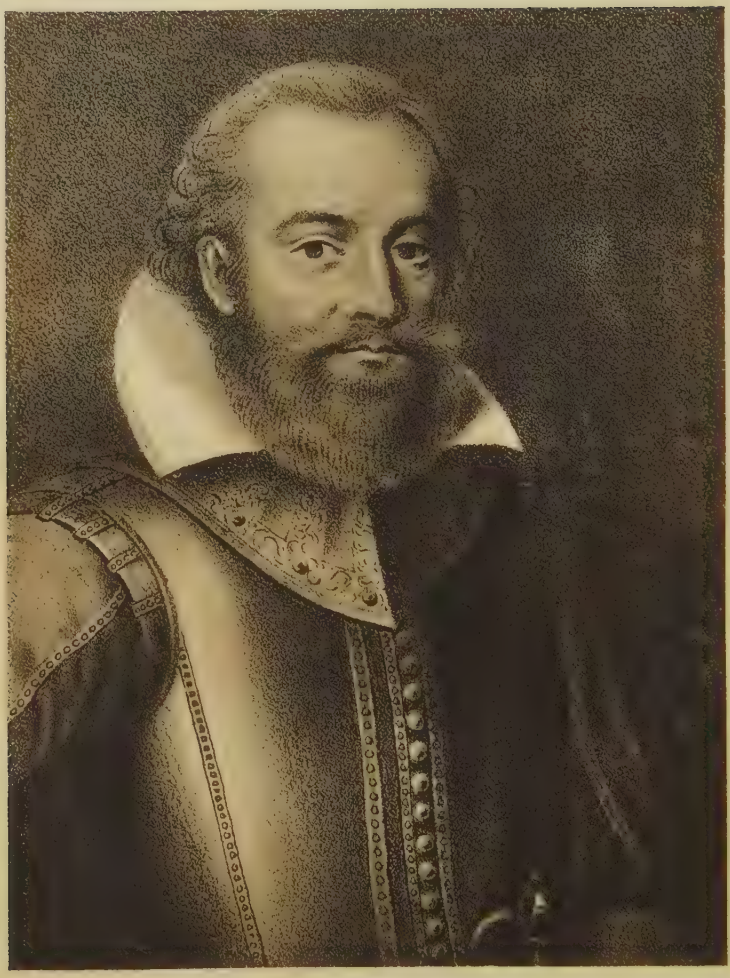
" 'Chad, where did dat leg go?' An' so I ups an' tells him all about Henny, an' how I was lyin' 'cause I was 'feared de gal would git hurt, an' how she was on'y a-foolin', thinkin' it was my goose; an' den de ole marsa look in de fire for a long time, an' den he says:—

" 'Dat's Colonel Barbour's Henny, ain't it, Chad?'

" 'Yes, marsa,' says I.

"Well, de next mawnin' he had his black horse saddled, an' I held the stirrup for him to git on, an' he rode ober to de Barbour plantation, an' did n't come back till plumb black night. When he come up I held de lantern so I could see his face, for I wa'n't easy in my mine all day. But it was all bright an' shinin' same as a' angel's.

" 'Chad,' he says, handin' me de reins, 'I bought yo' Henny dis arternoon from Colonel Barbour, an' she's comin' ober to-morrow, an' you can bofe git married next Sunday.' "



JOHN SMITH

[1579—1631]

J. A. C. CHANDLER

AT Jamestown was planted, May 13, 1607, the first permanent colony of the English-speaking nation in the New World. For this settlement we are, therefore, able to claim many of the "firsts" of American history, such as the first Protestant Church, the establishment of representative government, the organization of the county system of government, and the first resistance to English oppression.

It is also true, but not so well known, that the first book written on American soil was produced at Jamestown within the first thirteen months of the life of the colony. The work was entitled:

"A True Relation of such occurrences and accidents of noate as hath hapned in Virginia since the first planting of that Collony, which is now resident in the South part thereof, till the last returne from thence.
Written by Captain Smith, Coronell of the said Collony, to a worshipfull friend of his in England.
London: Printed for John Tappe, and are to bee solde at the Greyhound in Paules-Church-yard, by W. W. 1608."

We have quoted the title-page in full because of its quaintness, but the work is generally known as 'Smith's True Relation,' the author being no other than the much-talked-of and written-about John Smith, gentleman and soldier of fortune, by some designated as the "Founder of Virginia." If Smith in history may not be properly designated as the founder of Virginia, at least he was for two years and a half the mainstay of a colony almost on the verge of ruin. In literature, however, he is certainly entitled to be designated as the founder of American literature if the authorship of the first book written on American soil entitles one to that honor.

John Smith was born in Lincolnshire, England, 1579, of parents of good English stock, and was left an orphan at the age of thirteen. Filled with the spirit of adventure, he early began a wandering life, visiting France, Holland, Belgium, and Scotland, and then, still a lad, he returned to his native Lincolnshire, where he lived for a while the life of a hermit. Yielding to the persuasion of some friends, he gave up his lonely life, but again resumed his adven-

tures on the Continent. Having lost his all at the hands of highway robbers, in France, he proceeded to Italy on board a ship whose passengers were pilgrims on their way to visit the holy shrines at Rome. A storm arose, and the superstitious passengers, believing that the heretic, Smith, was the cause of their danger, cast him overboard, but being a good swimmer he reached a small island nearby.

After adventures in Italy, Smith joined the German Christians in their wars against the Turks, in which he proved a good soldier, and was soon made a captain in the army of Prince Sigismund. He tells the story of having defeated in succession three Turkish warriors who had challenged any officer among the Christian forces to single combat. Upon Smith's coat-of-arms were placed three Turks' heads, by some thought to have been adopted by him on account of this eventful incident in his life, though, as a matter of fact, the use of three Turks', or Saracens', heads upon the shield has been common since the days of the Crusades. Soon after this, Smith was captured by the Turks and sold as a slave to a Turkish lady of rank, who, according to Smith, became greatly attached to him, and, fearing that harm might befall him from one of her suitors, entrusted him to the care of her brother, who lived in Asia. By this Turkish nobleman he was cruelly treated, his beard and hair were shaven, and an iron collar was riveted about his neck. Shortly afterward he escaped into Russia, having killed his master, and again visited Prince Sigismund, who rewarded him with a purse of fifteen hundred ducats to replace his losses in the services of Germany.

After traveling in northern Africa, he returned to England in 1604, at a time when efforts were being made to organize the Virginia companies. He at once interested himself in the movement, and, on the granting of the charter to the London Company, agreed to go in person to Virginia, and was by King James appointed as one of the seven members of the council resident in the colony.

On December 19, 1606, Smith departed for Virginia with the little band of colonists who sailed in the three ships, *Susan Constant, Godspeed* and *Discovery*. He doubtless did much boasting of his prowess and of the things which he would accomplish when the shores of Virginia were reached; at least, for some cause, he fell into disrepute with the leading gentlemen who were proceeding to Virginia, and before reaching the New World was placed under arrest on the charge of mutiny. After arriving in Virginia, he was tried and acquitted of the charge, and soon became the chief explorer among the colonists.

From June 1, 1607, until September, 1609, he was constantly active. He explored the James River, the Chickahominy River, the

Chesapeake Bay and its many tributaries, and every time he returned to Jamestown he found everything in a state of confusion. One after another of the presidents of the council were removed, and finally, in September, 1608, the people forced Smith to assume the reins of government as president. It was he who, during the period that he lived in Virginia, was constantly called upon to secure the necessary provisions to prevent starvation and to ward off Indian attacks. In the autumn of 1609 he was wounded by the explosion of some gunpowder and was forced to return to England, never again to visit Virginia. He seemed to have lost the good opinion of the London Company, for he was never again in its employ, though such a man as Ratcliffe, who, according to Smith, was a great scoundrel, was again intrusted with important duties after Smith's return to England.

Little is known of Smith for the next five years, save that, in 1612, his 'Description of Virginia' was published at Oxford. But in 1614 he comes again prominently to light in connection with American discoveries, undertaking, at the persuasion of some London merchants, to explore the coast of New England, of which he published a description in 1616. He proposed the establishment of a colony in New England, chiefly with the idea of carrying on a trade in fish, and the Plymouth Company conferred upon him the title of Admiral of New England. His efforts were fruitless, and he describes them in his 'New England's Trials,' published in London in 1620.

The remaining days of his life he spent in revising his early productions and in writing other books. He died on the twenty-first of June, 1631, and was buried in Saint Sepulchre's Church, London.

This brief account of Smith is based upon what he wrote concerning himself. Of his adventures before he became connected with the London Company, we have no account save his own; but of the general part he played in the Virginia colony, we have some account in the writings of such men as Percy, Strachey, Newport, Wingfield, Hamor, Spelman, and Purchas; none of these writers, however, gives any account of Smith's adventures; for these, therefore, we must rely on the Captain's account of himself.

To this sketch is appended a list of his works, all of which relate to what Smith himself did, and recount his adventures in one form or another, save 'An Accidence: or, The Pathway to Experience' and 'A Sea Grammar.' All were written by Smith except the 'Generall Historie,' which is a compilation from many sources—chiefly from men who had figured in American colonization—edited by Smith, with running comments.

Of the list given, two were undoubtedly written on Virginia soil. The first of these books, 'A True Relation,' was sent from Jamestown to London by Captain Nelson, of the *Phenix,* which sailed from Jamestown on June 2, 1608. Another production written in Virginia, not mentioned in this list but included in his 'Generall Historie,' was his letter to the London Company, usually designated as "Smith's Rude Answer," a sharp reply which Smith made to the London Company when it complained of the Virginia government, which reply was sent to England by Captain Newport about the close of the year 1608. With it was sent the second book mentioned, 'A Map of Virginia, Description and Appendix,' etc., which, however, was not printed until 1612, after Smith had returned to England.

Smith's writings are deserving of a place in literature. They are not merely dry chronicles of facts, but racy productions of a man of action, narrating stories of adventure, filled with an appreciation of the beauties of nature and a keen humor and insight into human life, whether savage or civilized. His first book, 'A True Relation,' is graphic in style and of intense interest because of the information it gives us about the beginnings of English colonization. It is not a tedious description, but a narrative of action, giving the story of the colony from the beginning of the voyage in 1606 to the last of May, 1608.

It is interesting to note that in this 'True Relation' Smith tells the story of his capture by the Indians under Opechancanough, who delivered him into the hands of Powhatan. He speaks kindly of their treatment of him, and says nothing of any attempt on the part of Powhatan to put him to death or of the rescue by Pocahontas. The account of his rescue by Pocahontas he gives in his 'Generall Historie,' which was published in London after the Princess Pocahontas, then Mrs. John Rolfe, had visited England and had been received at Court. Pocahontas being well known in England, the story of his rescue by her would naturally attract attention to Smith's 'Generall Historie.' This has caused some historians to doubt Smith's account of his rescue by Pocahontas, while other historians have claimed that the omission of this account from the 'True Relation' was natural in view of the fact that its publication in 1608 would have prevented migration to Virginia, and that, therefore, for commercial reasons, the story of his narrow escape from death was omitted from his first publication.

In reading the 'True Relation,' we find that Smith was not a polished and finished writer. He frequently confused the cases of pronouns and the agreement of verbs with subjects. It is the book of a rugged soldier, written in haste, to the point, but withal having a sentence structure clear and terse and a vocabulary not unlike that

of the King James version of the Bible, though the sentences are far more crude and less rhetorical. One realizes on reading it that Smith is entitled to a place along with the gentlemen scholars and soldiers of the day—Raleigh, Philip Sidney and others—though of not the same inbred culture. Still, it should be said that, taking his works all in all, while the use of coarse and vulgar language was so common in his time, especially among playwrights like Ben Jonson—Shakespeare himself not being free from it—Smith seemed to have an inborn dislike for it, and little that is objectionable is found in his works, though the opportunity for its use is frequent.

The "Rude Answer," so often quoted as literature, has no special place save as an epistolary type of a business report, filled with indignation and disgust at the ignorance of the leaders in the London Company.

With reference to Smith's 'Map and Description of Virginia,' it is generally thought that the descriptive part was furnished to Dr. William Simmonds for revision before publication, while the second part is undoubtedly a combined production of at least six friends of Smith. This book—for it is entitled to be called a book—deals chiefly with Smith's explorations of the Chesapeake Bay and its many tributaries. As literature, it is deserving of mention on account of its picturesque narrative and vein of humor, and its accurate descriptions enlivened by Smith's good humor. His pen pictures are excellent. Of the advantages of the colony of Virginia, he says: "So, then, here is a place, a nurse for soldiers, a practice for mariners, a trade for merchants, a reward for the good; and that which is most of all, a business, most acceptable to God, to bring such poor infidels to the knowledge of God and his holy gospel." Professor Moses Coit Tyler, in his 'History of American Literature,' in commenting on this sentence, says: "We may be well content to let this strong and beautiful sentence linger in our memories as the last one we shall draw from Captain John Smith's American writings, and as an honorable token of his broad and clear grasp of the meaning of that great national impulse which stirred the heart of England in his time, for the founding of a new English empire in America."

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THE FIRST SETTLEMENT

From 'A True Relation,' etc.

KINDE SIR, commendations remembred, &c. You shall vnderstand that after many crosses in the downes by tempests, wee arriued safely vppon the Southwest part of the great Canaries: within foure or fiue daies after we set saile for Dominica, the 26. of Aprill: the first land we made, wee fell with Cape Henry, the verie mouth of the Bay of Chissiapiacke, which at that present we little expected, hauing by a cruell storme bene put to the Northward:

Anchoring in this Bay twentie or thirtie went a shore with the Captaine, and in comming aboard *(on land)*, they were assalted with certaine Indians, which charged them within Pistoll shot: in which conflict, Captaine Archer and Mathew Morton were shot: whereupon Captaine Newport seconding them, made a shot at them, which the Indians little respected, but hauing spent their arrowes retyred without harme. And in that place was the Box opened, wherein the Counsell for Virginia was nominated: and arriuing at the place (James Town) where wee are now seated, the Counsell was sworn, and the President elected which for that yeare was Maister

Edm. Maria Wingfield, where was made choice for our scituation, a verie fit place for the erecting of a great cittie, about which some contention passed betwixt Captaine Wingfield and Captaine Gosnold: notwithstanding, all our provision was brought a shore, and with as much speede as might bee wee went about our fortification.

The two and twenty day of Aprill (or rather May 1607), Captaine Newport and my selfe with diuers others, to the number of twenty two persons, set forward to discouer the Riuer, some fiftie or sixtie miles, finding it in some places broader, and in some narrower, the Countrie (for the moste part) on each side plaine high ground, with many fresh Springes, the people in all places kindely intreating vs, daunsing and feasting vs with strawberries, Mulberries, Bread, Fish, and other their Countrie prouisions wherof we had plenty: for which Captaine Newport kindely requited their least fauours with Bels, Pinnes, Needles, beades, or Glasses. which so contented them that his liberallitie made them follow vs from place to place, and euer kindely to respect vs. In the midway staying to refresh our selues in a little Ile foure or fiue sauages came vnto vs which described vnto vs the course of the Riuer, and after in our iourney, they often met vs, trading with vs for such prouision as wee had, and ariuing at Arsatecke, hee whom we supposed to bee the chiefe King of all the rest, moste kindely entertained vs, giuing vs in a guide to go with vs vp the Riuer to Powhatan, of which place their great Emperor taketh his name, where he that they honoured for King vsed vs kindely. But to finish this discouerie, we passed on further, where within an ile (*a mile*) we were intercepted with great craggy stones in the midst of the riuer, where the water falleth so rudely, and with such a violence, as not any boat can possibly passe, and so broad disperseth the streame, as there is not past fiue or sixe Foote at a low water, and to the shore scarce passage with a barge, the water floweth foure foote, and the freshes by reason of the Rockes haue left markes of the inundation 8. or 9. foote: The south side is plaine low ground, and the north side high mountaines, the rockes being of a grauelly nature, interlaced with many vains of glistring spangles.

That night we returned to Powhatan: the next day (being

Whitsunday after dinner) we returned to the fals, leauing a mariner in pawn with the Indians for a guide of theirs, hee that they honoured for King followed vs by the riuer. That afternoone we trifled in looking vpon the Rockes and riuer (further he would not goe) so there we erected a crosse, and that night taking our man at Powhatan, Captaine Newport congratulated his kindenes with a Gown and a Hatchet: returning to Arsetecke, and stayed there the next day to obserue the height (*latitude*) thereof, and so with many signes of loue we departed.

The next day the Queene of Agamatack kindely intreated vs, her people being no less contented than the rest, and from thence we went to another place (the name whereof I doe not remember) where the people shewd vs the manner of their diuing for Mussels, in which they finde Pearles.

That night passing by Weanock some twentie miles from our Fort, they according to their former churlish condition, seemed little to affect vs, but as wee departed and lodged at the point of Weanocke, the people the next morning seemed kindely to content vs, yet we might perceiue many signes of a more Iealousie in them then before, and also the Hinde that the King of Arseteck had giuen vs, altered his resolution in going to our Fort, and with many kinde circumstances left vs there. This gaue vs some occasion to doubt some mischiefe at the Fort, yet Captaine Newport intended to haue visited Paspahegh and Tappahanocke, but the instant change of the winde being faire for our return we repaired to the fort with all speed (27 May), where the first we heard was that 400. Indians the day before (26 May) had assalted the fort, and supprised it, had not God (beyond al their expectations) by meanes of the shippes (at whom they shot with their Ordinances and Muskets) caused them to retire, they had entred the fort with our own men, which were then busied in setting Corne, their armes beeing then in driefats, and few ready but certain Gentlemen of their own, in which conflict, most of the Counsel was hurt, a boy slaine in the Pinnas, and thirteen or fourteene more hurt.

With all speede we pallisadoed our Fort: (each other day) for sixe or seauen daies we had alarums by ambuscadoes and four or fiue cruelly wounded by being abroad: the Indians

losse wee know not, but as they report three were slain and diuers hurt.

Captaine Newport hauing set things in order, set saile for England the 22 of June (1607), leauing prouision for 13. or 14. weeks.

The day before the Ships departure, the King of Pamaunke (*i.e., Opechancanough*) sent the Indian that had met vs before in our discouerie, to assure vs peace; our fort being then palisadoed round, and all our men in good health and comfort, albeit that thro(*u*)gh some discontented humours, it did not so long continue. For the President and Captaine Gosnold, with the rest of the Counsell, being for the moste part discontented with one another, in so much, that things were neither carried with that discretion nor any busines effected in such good sort as wisdome would, nor our owne good and safetie required, whereby, and through the hard dealing of our President, the rest of the counsell beeing diuerslie affected through his audacious commaund; and for Captaine Martin, albeit verie honest, and wishing the best good, yet so sicke and weake; and my selfe so disgrac'd through others mallice; through which disorder God (being angrie with vs) plagued vs with such famin and sicknes, that the liuing were scarce able to bury the dead; our want of sufficient and good victualls, with continuall watching, foure or fiue each night at three Bulwarkes, being the chiefe cause: onely of Sturgeion wee had great store, whereon our men would so greedily surfet, as it cost manye their liues: the Sack, Aquauitie, and other preseruatiues for our health, being kept onely in the Presidents hands, for his owne diet, and his few associates.

Shortly after Captaine Gosnold fell sicke, and within three weekes died. Captaine Ratcliffe being then also verie sicke and weake, and my selfe hauing also tasted of the extremitie thereof, but by Gods assistance being well recouered. Kendall about this time, for diuers reasons deposed from being of the Councell: and shortly after it pleased God (in our extremity) to moue the Indians to bring vs Corne, ere it was halfe ripe, to refresh vs, when we rather expected when they would destroy vs:

About the tenth of September there was about 46. of our

men dead, at which time Captaine Wingfield hauing ordred the affaires in such sort that he was generally hated of all, in which respect with one consent he was deposed from his presidencie, and Captaine Ratcliffe according to his course was elected.

Our prouision being now within twentie dayes spent, the Indians brought vs great store both of Corne and bread ready made: and also there came such aboundance of Fowles into the Riuers, as greatly refreshed our weake estates, wherevppon many of our weake men were presently able to goe abroad.

As yet we had no houses to couer vs, our Tents were rotten, and our Cabbins worse then nought; our best commoditie was Yron which we made into little chissels.

The president (*'s*), and Captaine Martins sicknes, constrayned me to be Cape Marchant, and yet to spare no paines in making houses for the company; who notwithstanding our misery, little ceased their mallice, grudging, and muttering.

As at this time were most of our chiefest men either sicke or discontented, the rest being in such dispaire, as they would rather starue and rot with idlenes, then be perswaded to do anything for their owne reliefe without constraint: our victualles being now within eighteene dayes spent, and the Indians trade decreasing, I was sent to the mouth of the riuer, to *Kegquohtan,* an Indian Towne, to trade for Corne, and try the riuer for Fish, but our fishing we could not effect by reason of the stormy weather. The Indians thinking vs neare famished, with carelesse kindnes, offred vs little pieces of bread and small handfulls of beanes or wheat, for a hatchet or a piece of copper: In like man(*n*)er I entertained their kindnes, and in the like scorne offered them like commodities, but the Children, or any that shewed extraordinary kindnes, I liberally contented with free gifte (*of*) such trifles as wel contented them.

Finding this colde comfort, I anchored before the Towne, and the next day returned to trade, but God (the absolute disposer of all heartes) altered their conceits, for now they were no lesse desirous of our commodities then we of their Corne: vnder colour to fetch fresh water, I sent a man to discouer the Towne, their Corne, and force, to trie their intent,

in that they desired me vp to their houses: which well vnderstanding, with foure shot I visited them. With fish, oysters, bread, and deere, they kindly traded with me and my men, beeing no lesse in doubt of my intent, then I of theirs; for well I might with twentie men haue fraighted a Shippe with Corne: The Towne conteineth eighteene houses, pleasantly seated vpon three acres of ground, vppon a plaine, halfe inuironed with a great Bay of the great Riuer, the other parte with a Baye of the other Riuer falling into the great Baye, with a litle Ile fit for a Castle in the mouth thereof, the Towne adioyning to the maine by a necke of Land of sixtie yardes.

With sixteene bushells of Corne I returned towards our Forte: by the way I encountred with two Canowes of Indians, who came aboord me, being the inhabitants of *waroskoyack,* a kingdome on the south side of the riuer, which is in breadth 5. miles and 20 mile or neare from the mouth: With these I traded, who hauing but their hunting prouision, requested me to returne to their Towne, where I should load my boat with corne: and with near thirtie bushells I returned to the fort, the very name wherof gaue great comfort to our despa(*i*)ring company:

Time thus passing away, and hauing not aboue 14. daies victuals left, some motions were made about our presidents (*Captaine Ratcliffe's*) and Captaine *Archers* going for England, to procure a supply: in which meane time we had reasonably fitted vs with houses. And our President and Captaine Martin being able to walk abroad, with much adoe it was concluded, that the pinnace and barge should goe towards Powhatan, to trade for corne:

Lotts were cast who should go in her, the chance was mine; and while she was a rigging, I made a voiage to *Topohanack,* where arriuing, there was but certain women and children who fled from their houses, yet at last I drew them to draw neere; truck they durst not, corne they had plenty, and to spoile I had no commission:

In my returne to (*at*) *Paspahegh,* I traded with that churlish and trecherous nation: hauing loaded 10 or 12 bushels of corne, they offred to take our pieces and swords, yet by stelth, but (*we*) seeming to dislike it, they were ready to assault vs: yet standing vpon our guard in coasting the shore,

diuers out of the woods would meet with vs with corn and trade. But least we should be constrained, either to indure ouermuch wrong or directly (*to*) fal to reuenge, seeing them dog vs from place to place, it being night, and our necessitie not fit for warres, we tooke occasion to returne with 10 bushells of corne:

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RELIGION AND CEREMONY

From 'A True Relation,' etc.

Their religion and Ceremonie I obserued was thus: Three or foure dayes after my taking, seuen of them in the house where I lay, each with a rattle, began at ten a clocke in the morning to sing about the fire, which they inuironed with a Circle of meale, and after a foote or two from that, at the end of each song layde downe two or three graines of wheate: continuing this order till they haue included sixe or seuen hundred in a halfe Circle; and after that, two or three more Circles in like maner, a hand bredth from other. That done, at each song, they put betwixt euerie three, two, or fiue graines, a little sticke; so counting as an old woman her *Pater noster.*

One disguised with a great Skinne, his head hung round with little Skinnes of Weasels and other vermine, with a Crownet of feathers on his head, painted as vgly as the diuell, at the end of each song will make many signes and demonstrations, with strange and vehement actions. great cakes of Deere suet, Deare, and Tobacco he casteth in the fire: till sixe a clocke in the Euening, their howling would continue ere they would depart.

Each morning in the coldest frost, the principall, to the number of twentie or thirtie, assembled themselves in a round circle, a good distance from the towne: where they told me they there consulted where to hunt the next day:

So fat they fed mee, that I much doubted they intended to haue sacrificed mee to the *Ouiyoughquosicke,* which is a superiour power they worship: a more uglier thing cannot be described. One they haue for chief sacrifices, which also they call *Quiyoughquosick.* To cure the sick, a man, with a Rat-

tle, and extreame howling, showting, singing, and such violent gestures and Anticke actions ouer the patient, will sucke out blood and flegme from the patient, out of their vnable stomacke, or any diseased place, as no labour will more tire them.

Tobacco, they offer the water in passing in fowle weather. The death of any they lament with great sorrow and weeping. Their Kings they burie betwixt two mattes within their houses, with all his beads, iewels, hatchets, and copper: the other in graues like ours. They acknowledge no resurrection.

Powhatan hath three brethren, and two sisters, each of his brethren succeeded (*succeedeth or will succeed*) other. For the Crowne, their heyres inherite not, but the first heyres of the Sisters, and so successiuely the weomens heires. For the Kings haue as many weomen as they will, his Subjects two, and most but one. . . .

HAPPY ARRIVAL OF MAISTER NELSON AND THE PHENIX

From 'A True Relation,' etc.

The twenty of Aprill (1608), being at worke, in hewing downe Trees, and setting Corne, an alarum caused vs with all speede to take our armes, each expecting a new assault of the Saluages: but vnderstanding it (*to be*) a Bote vnder saile, our doubts were presently satisfied with the happy sight of Maister Nelson, his many perrills of extreame stormes and tempests (*passed*), his ship well as his company could testifie, his care in sparing our prouision was well: but the prouidence (*prouider*) thereof, as also of our stones, Hatchets and other tooles (onely ours excepted) which of all the rest was most necessary: which might inforce vs to thinke (*him*) either a seditious traitor to our action, or a most vnconscionable deceiuer of our treasures.

This happy arriuall of Maister Nelson in the Phenix, hauing beene then about three monethes missing after Captaine Nuports arriuall, being to all our expectations lost: albeit that now at the last, hauing beene long crossed with tempestuous weather and contrary winds, his so vnexpected comming did so rauish vs with exceeding joy, that now we thought our selues

as well fitted as our harts could wish, both with a competent number of men, as also for all other needfull prouisions, till a further supply should come vnto vs.

Whereupon the first thing that was concluded was that my selfe and Maister Scriuener, should with 70. men goe with the best meanes we could prouide, to discouer beyond the Falls, as in our iudgements conueniently we might. Six or seauen daies we spent only in trayning our men to march, fight and scirmish in the woods. Their willing minds to this action so quickned their vnderstanding in this exercise as, in all iudgements, wee were better able to fight with Powhatans whole force, in our order of battle amongst the Trees (for Thicks there is few) then the Fort was to repulse 400. at the first assault, with some tenne or twentie shot not knowing what to doe, nor how to vse a piece.

Our warrant being sealed, Maister Nelson refused to assiste vs with the voluntary Marriners and himself, as he promised, vnlesse we would stand bound to pay the hire for shippe and Marriners, for the time they stayed. And further there was some controuersie, through the diuersitie of Contrary opinions: some alleadging that how profitable, and to what good purpose soeuer our iourney should portend, yet our commission commanding no certaine designe, we should be taxed for the most indiscreete men in the world, besides the wrong we should doe to Captaine Nuport, to whom only all discoueries did belong, and to no other:

The meanes for guides, besides the vncertaine courses of the riuer from which we could not erre much, each night would fortifie vs in two houres better then that they first called the Fort, their Townes vpon the riuer each within one days iourney of other, besides our ordinary prouision, might well be supposed to adde reliefe: for truck and dealing only, but in loue and peace, as with the rest. If they assalted vs, their Townes they cannot defend, nor their luggage so conuey that we should not share: but admit the worst, 16. daies prouisions we had of Cheese Oatmeale and bisket; besides our rendevous we could, and might, haue hid in the ground. With six men, Captaine Martin would haue vndertaken it himselfe, leauing the rest to defend the Fort and plant our Corne.

Yet no reason could be reason to proceede forward, though

we were going aboard to set saile. These discontents caused so many doubts to some, and discouragement to others, as our iourney ended. Yet some of vs procured petitions to set vs forward, only with hope of our owne confusions (*disasters in the expedition*).

Our next course was to turne husbandmen, to fell Trees and set Corne. Fiftie of our men we imployed in this seruice; the rest kept the Fort, to doe the command of the president and Captaine Martin.

30. daies (? from 4 May to 2 June 1608) the ship (*the Phnix*) lay expecting the triall of certain matters which for some cause I keepe priuate.

THE RESCUE BY POCAHONTAS

From 'The General Historie of Virginia.'

Opitchapam the Kings brother invited him to his house, where, with as many platters of bread, foule, and wild beasts, as did environ him, he bid him wellcome; but not any of them would eate a bit with him, but put vp all the remainder in Baskets.

At his returne to Opechancanoughs, all the Kings women, and their children, flocked about him for their parts; as a due by Custome, to be merry with such fragments.

But his waking mind in hydeous dreames did oft see wondrous shapes,
Of bodies strange, and huge in growth, and of stupendious makes.

At last they brought him to Meronocomoco (5 Jan. 1608), where was Powhatan their Emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim Courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had beene a monster; till Powhatan and his trayne had put themselues in their greatest braveries. Before a fire vpon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe, made of Rarowcun skinnes, and all the tayles hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of 16 or 18 yeares, and along on each side the house, two rowes of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red;

many of their heads bedecked with the white downe of Birds; but every one with something: and a great chayne of white beads about their necks.

At his entrance before the King, all the people gaue a great shout. The Queene of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, in stead of a Towell to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beate out his braines, Pocahontas the Kings dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her armes, and laid her owne vpon his to saue him from death: whereat the Emperor was contented he should liue to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him aswell of all occupations as themselves. For the King himselfe will make his owne robes, shooes, bowes, arrowes, pots; plant, hunt, or doe any thing so well as the rest.

> They say he bore a pleasant shew,
> But sure his heart was sad.
> For who can pleasant be, and rest,
> That liues in feare and dread;
> And having life suspected, doth
> It still suspected lead.

Two daies after (7. Jan. 1608), Powhatan having disguised himselfe in the most fearfullest manner he could, caused Captain Smith to be brought forth to a great house in the woods, and there vpon a mat by the fire to be left alone. Not long after from behinde a mat that divided the house, was made the most dolefullest noyse he ever heard; then Powhatan more like a deuill than a man, with some two hundred more as blacke as himselfe, came vnto him and told him now they were friends, and presently he should goe to Iames towne, to send him two great gunnes, and a gryndstone, for which he would giue him the Country of Capahowosick, and for ever esteeme him as his sonne Nantaquoud.

So to *Iames* towne with 12 guides Powhatan sent him.

That night (7. Jan. 1608) they quartered in the woods, he still expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every houre to be put to one death or other: for all their feasting. But almightie God (by his divine prouidence) had mollified the hearts of those sterne *Barbarians* with compassion. The next morning (*8. Jan.*) betimes they came to the Fort, where Smith having vsed the Saluages with what kindness he could, he shewed Rawhunt, Powhatans trusty servant, two demi-Culverings and a millstone to carry Powhatan: they found them somewhat too heavie; but when they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree loaded with Isickles, the yce and branches came so tumbling downe, that the poore Saluages ran away halfe dead with feare. But at last we regained some conference with them, and gaue them such toyes; and sent to Powhatan, his women, and children such presents, as gaue them in generall full content. . . .

MARY STUART SMITH

[1834—]

CHARLES W. KENT

MARY STUART SMITH, wife of the widely-known and beloved professor of natural philosophy, Francis H. Smith, was the second child of Gessner Harrison and Eliza Carter Tucker, his wife, and was born at the University of Virginia on February 10, 1834. Her father, because of his distinguished ability, had been selected in the first flush of his manhood to succeed the renowned George Long of England when the latter relinquished the chair of ancient languages in the University of Virginia to become a professor in the University of London. In 1831 Gessner Harrison married the cultivated daughter of George Tucker, Jefferson's appointee to the chair of moral philosophy. Of this union came, first Maria Carter Harrison, and two years later Mary Stuart. These sisters were devoted to each other, and from the day they left their nurse's arms were inseparable companions. When they were respectively twelve and ten years old they were put in the same class, where they studied side by side. At first they were sent to small private schools, but got their instruction chiefly through tutors, sometimes foreigners attracted to the University of Virginia by a desire to find employment in so noted an institution. Some of these foreigners proved to be men of rare intellectual and linguistic attainments. As the girls grew into maturity they were accorded a still finer opportunity, for two of their father's colleagues and friends requested the privilege of giving them private instruction. Thus it came about that in one "delectable session" they were taught algebra and geometry by William B. Rogers, then the most eloquent lecturer on physics in America; and advanced French by the gifted author and professor, Schele De Vere. But the strongest and most lasting aspirations were not so much the result of these peculiar privileges as they were the immediate product of the very atmosphere breathed in the home, for both parents found their greatest pleasure in fostering their children's ambition and in imparting to them their own superior gifts.

The hard-worked professor, Dr. Harrison, seemed to find his supremest recreation in teaching his own children, who never found irksome the lessons learned from him. Such was his skill as a teacher, gifted above all in making his high philological attainments available in the right instruction of beginners, that in six weeks of

one summer he taught his eldest children (sons had now been added to the happy family) enough German to enable them to read with readiness and profit the authors assigned the most advanced German classes in the University.

Mary Stuart was peculiarly devoted to her father, and standing book in hand would patiently wait for several hours until her father should be sufficiently disengaged from his multifarious duties to hear her recite. No wonder the golden hours of such communing with such a father should still brighten with a sacred halo the evening of Mrs. Smith's life. Even her early attempts at versification—and she began rhyming when she was nine—were for him not an occasion of good-natured merriment, but an opportunity to teach the simple laws of rhythm and to inculcate a higher poetical ideal by reading to her such selections as "Alexander's Feast." About this time she began to write her first book, starting the first chapter without plan or purpose and desisting before the end or even the middle was reached. Like Lord Bacon, she must at this time have taken all knowledge for her sphere, for on one occasion Dr. Harrison discovered her sitting on the floor with a tremendously ponderous tome opened before her, and upon inquiry as to what she was doing got the startling answer: "Why, you see, papa, I want to read your whole library through, and I am starting at the bottom shelf." His wise direction changed her course without curbing her spirit of industrious acquisition, so that to this day she knows no such thing as *ennui* when a good book is in reach, and her well-worn Bible is the best of all books.

Her early practice in rhyming first bore fruit in her twelfth year, when she was chosen May-Queen. Disappointed that no older person would write a poetical address for the young Queen, she assumed the sovereign task herself and accomplished it so well that time and again since then her address has been used by less gifted successors.

While these sisters, Maria and Mary, inseparable companions as they were, had never gone to preparatory schools or graduated from any seminary, they had received excellent training, and, better still, had fallen so ardently in love with learning that they were students ever afterward. Their tastes turned naturally to foreign languages, in which their father so excelled, and in these they added, without ceasing, to their proficiency.

The close union of these two sisters was in some measure dissolved by the marriage, at nineteen, of Maria to John A. Broadus, later one of the most distinguished authors and ministers of the Southern Baptist Church. This married happiness lasted but a few brief years, for at the age of twenty-six Mrs. Broadus died.

In 1853, two years after the marriage of Maria, Mary married Francis H. Smith. This was the same year in which he was selected

by the brilliant William B. Rogers to succeed him as professor of natural philosophy and duly appointed to that high office. The reputation of the professorship knew no decline, even in the first years of Professor Smith's incumbency, and steadily grew through his fifty-three years of service. He voluntarily relinquished his work, to the profound regret of his colleagues, and carried with him into his retirement a larger share of admiration, esteem and love than it is given most men to enjoy in their prime. Throughout more than fifty years Professor and Mrs. Smith have lived in one house on the lawn at the University of Virginia, where they still give joy by their presence.

Although Mrs. Smith wrote occasionally for the University of Virginia *Magazine,* and delighted to translate beautiful passages she encountered in her French and German reading, she did not become an author until the spur of necessity drove her to this employment after the Civil War. She then found her steadiest compensations in translating popular but pure novels, and in contributing to a ladies' journal articles on practical household matters. It should be said here that notwithstanding Mrs. Smith's literary tastes and occupations, she attended so scrupulously to her own household duties as to earn the reputation of being an excellent housekeeper. This reputation was materially enhanced and extended by the publication of her 'Cookery Book,' a veritable handbook in many Southern homes.

Her translations are numerous and exemplify her ideal as set forth in one of her early essays: "While a close comprehension of the meaning of the original text and the power of rendering it correctly are the indispensable requisites of a good translation, yet at the same time a slavish literalism is by all means to be avoided. Without due care, in adhering too closely to the letter, the spirit may evaporate. Here are called into requisition not merely knowledge but delicacy of discernment and a certain sensitiveness to impressions from without; so to speak, the translator should for the time being lose his own identity and become imbued with the very spirit and life of his original, and thus clothe his impressions in such words as are the simple and spontaneous overflow of any cultivated mind seeking expression for a clearly defined train of thought." Mrs. Smith's cultivated mind has enabled her to reach just this desirable result, and her full and appreciative knowledge of good English has led her to find by patient seeking "almost an exact equivalent for any given expression."

But her literary productivity has not been limited to translation. Her 'Art of Housekeeping' may not belong to pure literature, but its note of popularity and its attention to style lift it above the plane of the merely practical. 'The Heirs of the Kingdom,' which won a prize

of three hundred dollars offered for the best Sunday-school book, was reviewed at some length in the *Southern Review* for July, 1872, by Dr. A. T. Bledsoe, and pronounced the work of "a truly remarkable woman."

Her brother-in-law, Dr. Broadus, urged her to write a novel of University life and manners, but for this task she never felt herself adequate. She was moved, however, by the patriotic emotions engendered by the Philadelphia Centenial to give some expression to her own interest in our early heroes. Thereupon she wrote 'Lang Syne, or the Wards of Mt. Vernon: A Tale of the Revolution,' but nearly ten years elapsed before it was published. This book persuaded Dr. Broadus that she should go forward to a regular novel and induced Dr. A. D. Mayo and others to recommend its use as a patriotic reader in our schools. Mrs. Smith is now collecting for republication her numerous contributions to magazines and journals, and finds that she has on hand enough material for two volumes of long essays, mainly reprints from the *Southern Review, Southern Methodist Review,* New York *Church Review, New England Magazine,* etc., one volume of translated poetry, one volume of original poetry, one volume of stories translated from the German, and one volume of original stories. Her friends can wish her no greater boon than time, strength, and inclination to see these volumes through the press, and themselves no greater gain than to possess them as a personal and intimate souvenir of a long and beautiful life, that has been to many a perpetual benediction. "It is no part of our object," wrote Dr. Bledsoe, and we repeat his words, "to make her blush whose modesty is the crowning glory of all her other virtues, but only to inspire ourselves, and other lazy worms, with a sense of duty."

Charles W. Kent

STRATFORD

(The Birthplace of General Robert E. Lee.)

THIS noble family-seat is to be found in Westmoreland, Virginia, that cradle of great men, for within her borders were born Washington, Monroe, the Lees and many others who have done eminent service to their country. The limits of this remarkable county are strangely narrow, too, for it consists but of a strip of land thirty miles long with an average width of twelve miles. A water-shed extends nearly its entire length, all water courses emptying on the one side, into the Rappahannock, and on the other side into the Potomac, for the latter river has many tributaries, abounding in fish, oysters, water-fowl and sora.

At no point of its course does that grand river of the new world appear more majestic than where Pope's and Bridge's Creeks empty themselves into its bosom, within sight of the birthplace of George Washington and Robert E. Lee. There, doubtless in boyhood, they enjoyed the sports of fishing, boating, and hunting, with all the ardor of their high-strung natures, for, well stocked as are the forests and waters of this region with game of the most delicious sport, no spot could be more alluring to the sportsman. Indeed, we have General Lee's word for it, that he was very fond of hunting, when a boy, and that many a time, he would follow the hounds all day long, and that afoot. His having enured himself thus early to fatigue and the habit of constant exercise, out of doors, are thought to account for the perfect development of his fine form, and his ability to sustain uninjured the hardships of a soldier's life.

The road leading from Westmoreland Court House to Stratford, like all the highways in this part of Virginia, is through a natural avenue of beautiful shade trees, deciduous, and evergreen. Wherever the land is uncultivated, cedars spring up spontaneously, accompanied often by the satin-leaved holly, and, as the roads are smooth, and sandy, the effect is a marvelously delightful one—especially when the visitor happens to come from the mountain regions of the state, where

broken rocks and tenacious clay do what they can to render roads bad and traveling disagreeable.

In Westmoreland, too, a particularly fine breed of horses remain to testify of past glory, and in a double buggy, with a congenial companion, one bowls along charmingly, and without straining one's highbred steed, at the rate of ten miles an hour. If put to the test, the writer believes that the Westmoreland horses would be found to excel those of other parts of the country, as decidedly as her public men have done other statesmen and patriots.

Alighting before the front gate of the manor house, a servant takes charge of our vehicle, and sending in our cards, we are invited into the lofty and airy hall of imposing dimensions, upon which the front door opens. The plank floor is stained a dark brown, being highly polished and bare, now in August, for the custom in old Virginia has always been never to use carpets in the summer season. The walls are panelled, and several book-cases let into the wall, and furnished with glass doors, being well filled with books and magazines, many of them leather-backed and antique looking, bear silent testimony to the scholarly character of the inmates of this honorable mansion.

A large comfortable sofa stands hospitably near the entrance, an immense centre-table conveniently adjacent, while a tall hat-rack of painted iron becomes exceedingly interesting, when told that it is the sole piece of furniture in the hall, actually in use, when General Lee's parents occupied the house. A cabinet organ; the sound of children's voices in the distance, and an unmistakable but fragrant odor of quinces being preserved, reminded us of the living present.

The proprietor of Stratford at this time is Dr. Stewart, a genial gentleman, and a relative of General Lee's. He was not at home, but his pleasing young wife, Mrs. Stewart, soon made her appearance, bade us kindly welcome, and to the best of her ability seconded us in our endeavors to see all that was noteworthy about the place. She showed us the chamber where the great Confederate chieftain first saw the light, as had also, in a previous generation, Richard Henry Lee and his brother, Francis Lightfoot Lee, both Revolutionary heroes and signers of the Declaration of Independence.

We were next permitted to ascend to the roof of the house, where, from two watch towers, as it were, encircled by a balustrade, and ensconced between the massive chimneys, ten feet across, one has a fine view of the surrounding country, and, when the trees have dropped their foliage, of the Potomac —many a time alive with craft of varied size, from the puffing steamer to the tiny fishing-smack.

We were told that, in former times, the owners of Stratford had their own vessels trading between England and their estate, and that these posts of observation were used by the proprietor, much as the ship captain uses his lookout from the bridge.

But now the conformation of the shore has greatly altered, and the water is very shallow and unnavigable, where two hundred years ago large merchant vessels could easily sail in, and safely ride at anchor.

Now, from our station in one of these towers, we could only catch glimpses of the river through the trees, survey vast sweeps of forest land and inviting expanses of waving grain and grassy meadow.

The present manor-house at Stratford has stood since early in the eighteenth century, being built to replace one that had been destroyed by fire. The materials for its construction were made a present to the then proprietor, Honorable Thomas Lee, by the East India Company, with the addition of a large sum from the privy purse of Queen Caroline herself. They builded well in those days, as the state of the edifice proclaims most eloquently. The brick is of a deep colored red, fine-grained, strong, and smooth; the wood-work is perfectly preserved, and it looks as if it could, for hundreds of years yet to come, defy the assaults of wind and weather.

The hall is surely of hospitable dimensions, containing nineteen rooms, and then, the four large square out-houses, at the corners of the lawn and back yard, are of the same fine brick as the main building, and if fitted up, could have really furnished the accommodation for a hundred guests, of which former chronicles have spoken to unbelieving ears. The stables were evidently very capacious, but we did not visit them.

Many beautiful shrubs and rare evergreens ornament the grounds, as is natural enough to expect in a country seat that

has been, for generations, the home of cultivated and refined people.

When we took our leave of the sweet young mistress of this venerable mansion, she bade us help ourselves to any flower or spray of evergreen that we might like to take with us, as a memento of our visit. We gratefully accepted some of the lovely microphylle roses blooming on the lawn, some sprigs of arbor-vitæ, and a horse chestnut fallen from the very tree of which we had read the day before, in a diary written by Miss Polly—a young lady visitor in this neighborhood who had dined here in the middle of the eighteenth century.

We could fancy her in her favorite company dress that she mentioned as her most becoming attire, namely a pink satin redingote and leghorn hat trimmed with white plumes, sitting, after dinner, as she had described herself, under this magnificent tree, the centre of a group of merry hearted young folks—now somebody's venerated ancestors!

This reminds us that nobody should leave Stratford without visiting its vault, where slumber many worthies.

These old-time Virginians cling closely to the customs of their English ancestry, and family vaults were long the usual places of interment for the well-born planter.

Nobody more than the Lees had a right to regard the traditions of the past, since their genealogy could be clearly traced back to a certain Launcelot, who followed William the Conqueror from fair France to England. Then, again, we heard of Lionel Lee, a brave crusader, who fought by the side of Richard Cœur de Lion, in Palestine, and, as a reward for his valor, was made first Earl of Litchfield upon his return.

The gallantry of a later race of Lees is vouched for by the fact that, in token of their transcendent achievements, the King caused their banners to be suspended in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, emblazoned with their coat of arms, and inscribed with their motto, "Non incautus futuri."

Richard Lee was the first of the family to settle in Virginia, and came over in the time of Charles the First and from the very beginning his career in this country was marked by a virtue and patriotism that may be said to be characteristic of the Lees.

The following inscription, copied from his tomb-stone in

an old church yard in Cople parish, Westmoreland, proves this assertion more incontestably than could any record of merely worldly greatness:

"Here lieth the body of Richard Lee, Esquire, born in Virginia, son of Richard Lee, Gentleman, descended from an ancient family of Merton Regis, in Shropshire. While he exercised the office of a magistrate, he was a zealous promoter of the public good. He was very skillful in the Greek and Latin languages and other parts of polite learning. He quietly resigned his soul to God, whom he always devoutly worshipped, on the twelfth day of March in the year 1714, in the sixty-eighth year of his age."

Below this is written:

"Near by is interred the body of Lettuce, his faithful wife, daughter of Henry Corbyen, Esquire, Gentleman. A most affectionate mother, she was also distinguished by piety toward God, charity to the poor, and kindness to all. She died on the sixth day of October, 1706, in the forty-ninth year of her age."

The vault at Stratford is only a short distance to the rear of the house, below the garden, and is much larger than these depositories of the dead are usually found. It is divided into several chambers or alcoves, to provide for different branches of the family, and is entered from above, through a trap-door. It is floored over and covered by a substantial brick building. Among other tomb-stones lining the wall is one dedicated to the Hon. Thomas Lee, the first native born American who was ever made governor of Virginia, under British rule.

His body, however, it seems, was buried at Pope's Creek Church in 1756, five miles above his county-seat, Stratford Hall. At this church the Washington and Lee families used to worship, and here George Washington was baptised, but alas! there is hardly a stone standing now, to remind us of its existence.

From the mansion we proceed to the Potomac, and as the stranger stands upon the verge of the tall precipitous cliff, full a hundred feet high, that here skirts the river, an awe steals over one, becoming a pilgrim to the shrine of departed greatness. For could one forget whose feet had been once wont to tread familiarly every inch of this ground? And yet the huge piles of splendid lumber lining the shore, just ready

to be launched upon tremendous rafts waiting below, say cheerily that the energies and activities of the present are not at all held in check by nearness to the haunts of the sacred past.

Upon the bank, below the cliff, is a boat-house, and small pier, where a skiff and boatman can be procured for sailing across the three miles intervening between the Lee and Washington estates, but alas! the clouds that have been threatening all day begin to pour down rain, and we reluctantly resign the hope of seeing Washington's birthplace. Although assured again and again that only the stack of a chimney remains to mark the spot where stood the old homestead, and that the slab laid down by the reverently patriotic Mr. Custis lies in an open scrubby field, and is really not worth a visit, under such difficulties, with a heavy sigh, and, only half convinced, we defer to another time the long cherished hope of standing upon the very spot where Washington was born.

It is hard to refrain from moralizing upon the singular coincidence which caused two such men to spring not only from the same state, the same county, but the same parish and neighborhood. But we spare our readers, and merely mention the fact, as suggestive of thought and reflection.

CHIDHER

From the German of F. Rückert.

Chidher the ever young thus spoke:
I journeyed past a city gate
A gardener from his fruit trees broke
Rich clusters for the market great.
"How long hath this fair city stood?"
"This city hath stood here of yore,
And shall stand here forevermore."

Thither again my pathway led
When full five hundred years had sped.

I found no trace of town or throng,
A lonely shepherd piped his song,
And fed his flock in pastures green.

I asked "Where has the city gone?"
He careless answered, then piped on,
"No spot so rich in herbs is found,
Forever here my pasture ground."

Five hundred years, and yet again
My way led to the self-same plain.

Where once the rustic clown I met
Of surging waves I heard the roar,
A boatman boldly cast his net
Deep in the main, then dragged ashore.
"Since when this mighty sea?" I cried.
He with a mocking laugh, replied:
"This port is famed both far and near,
They fish—and fish forever here."

Five hundred years elapsed once more,
I wandered to the self-same shore.

There found I now a wooded space,
The tenant of the solitude,
A woodman felling trees apace.
I questioned him: "How old this wood?"
Said he: "It hath been here always,
Here, ever here I've spent my days,
No mortal may these forests raze."

When still five hundred years had sped
Again my pathway hither led.

A city there I found, and loud
The market rang with bustling life;
In vain I spoke, the struggling crowd
Heard not my words for noise and strife.
"By whom the city built, and when?
Wood, sea, and shepherd, what of them?"
So went it there in days of yore
And so shall go forevermore.

Five hundred years to come and then
Perhaps I may go there again.

SONG

Translated from the German of F. Freiligrath.

Oh! love, while love you may and can
Oh! love, for brief the life of man!
The hour will come, the hour will come,
That finds you weeping at the tomb.

And cherish in your heart the glow
Whence loving words and actions flow,
And to the voice of friendship fond
Oh! ever lovingly respond.

And who to you his breast lays bare,
Oh tenderly his burdens share!
And make for him each moment glad,
And make for him no moment sad.

Your tongue's undue dominion dread,
An evil word is quickly said!
"Oh God! it was not evil meant"—
The other though in sorrow went.

Oh love, while love you may and can!
Oh love, for brief the life of man!
The hour will come, the hour will come,
That finds you weeping at the tomb!

You kneel the lowly mound beside,
With weeping wet, your eyes you hide—
(They see no more their friend alas!)
Amid the long, damp churchyard grass.

And speak: "One glance of thine I crave,
Who here am weeping at thy grave!
Forgive the pain I thoughtless sent,
Oh God! it was not evil meant."

But ah! he sees and hears you not,
Comes not to cheer that lonely spot:
The mouth that kissed you oft, no more
Says: "I forgave you long before."

Ah! that he did forgive you. Well—
Yet many bitter, hot tears fell,
Because of you and your harsh speech,
Yet peace—His rest no anguish reach!

MARTHA, THE WIFE OF WASHINGTON

From 'The Women of the Revolution.'

If Washington were blessed in a mother so fully qualified to guide his youthful footsteps into paths of rectitude and honor, he was equally so in finding a wife meet for the companionship of his maturer years. That the beginning of so fortunate a union was in accordance with the most approved modes of procedure in the school of romance is pleasing enough to those who acknowledge the authority of its somewhat antiquated code. In his twenty-seventh year, Washington was already Colonel in the English army, and had seen abundance of active service in the border warfare with the French and their savage allies. In the spring of 1758 the Indians were making hostile demonstrations to an alarming extent in many unprotected portions of Virginia, and the terrified inhabitants appealed urgently to the military for defence. In response to this call, large forces of militia gathered together, in addition to the regular troops already in the field, preparing for an expedition against Fort Duquesne. All of these men were in desperate need of clothes, arms, indeed everything that constituted the soldier's outfit. Washington, after repeatedly soliciting relief for their necessities, but without avail, at last received the welcome order from Sir John St. Clair, quartermaster-general of the forces under the Commander-in-Chief, Forbes, to repair to Williamsburg, where the Council was in session, and there represent the pressing nature of the case. With alacrity the young officer obeyed the order, and set forth on horseback from Winchester, attended by Bishop, a faithful military valet. As he crossed the Pamunkey in a ferry-boat, he fell in company with Mr. Chamberlayne, a neighboring planter, who urged him to stop and partake of his hospitality; in short, he would take no denial. Washington objected much to the delay, but finally yielded, on condition

that he might be allowed to depart immediately after dinner. Among a large company of guests already assembled in Mr. Chamberlayne's parlor, he was introduced to a young widow, Mrs. Martha Custis, whose maiden name, Dandridge, proved her to belong to a family of distinction. She is represented as possessing a fine figure, although rather below medium height, dark hazel eyes, chestnut brown hair, a winning countenance, and manners at once frank and engaging. There must indeed have been something peculiarly fascinating in the conversation, which could make Washington loiter in the path of duty, as was the case at this time. Bishop, punctual as the clock, brought out his horses at the hour named, but in dumb amazement heard them remanded to the stable. His master had allowed himself to be persuaded to tarry awhile longer; nor got his own consent to leave his charming new acquaintance until the following morning. The impression made that afternoon was not effaced, for, as Mrs. Custis's residence was not far from Williamsburg, the young soldier improved the opportunity for prosecuting his courtship, and was successful, despite the rivalship of many another suitor. Amid the pressing and conflicting duties of an ardent campaign, he made his way into the fair widow's affections; and before he was recalled to headquarters at Winchester, they became engaged, and appointed the marriage to take place so soon as Fort Duquesne should have fallen. Accordingly, we find that the wedding did take place, at the bride's residence, White House, New Kent County, January 6th, 1759, where the nuptials were solemnized in old Virginia style, amid a large circle of friends, and with general merrymaking.

Washington now resigned all connection with the army, supposed his military career had drawn to a close, and, in good faith and contentment, proposed to himself henceforward to lead the life of a retired country-gentleman. In view of the brilliant future that we know was before him, how strange seems the following sentence, penned at Mount Vernon a few months after his marriage: "I am now, I believe, fixed in this seat, with an agreeable partner for life, and I hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced in the wide and bustling world." So little do even those who are Heaven's choicest instruments for good to their

fellow-men know of the path which is appointed for them to follow. The pursuits of agriculture and the pleasures of country life never lost their charm for Washington. Again and again we see him return to his beloved Mount Vernon, ardently longing to remain there; and again and again he is called forth to serve his country, a call to which no selfish gratification could ever make him deaf.

Mrs. Washington seems to have been one of those women who shine equally in domestic and social circles, so that it is hardly matter for surprise if her husband found his home so attractive as to have no need for seeking his happiness elsewhere. Doubtless, the secret of her charm lay in her piety, which was deep and sincere. In that long struggle which lasted with changing success for so many years, and whose issue trembled so often in the balance, she showed that equanimity of spirit and temper which is a very tower of strength to its possessor, and a beacon of hope to all who come within reach of its blessed influences. In the dark days at Valley Forge, not to speak of many another dreary winter, the cheering effects of the presence of ladies in camp, more especially that of Lady Washington, is spoken of gratefully in many a soldier's letter; and many a page of history, that would have been otherwise a dreary record of gloom, hardship, and disaster, is thus softened and brightened. Nor are we left without a description of this lady's mode of dress, which is worthy of note, as, doubtless, true daughters of the Republic will wish to imitate it. An old soldier tells the story of how there was much stir in the barracks, when it was bruited abroad that so grand a lady was coming to visit the camp as Lady Washington—one of those aristocratic Virginians whose pride was even then the subject of comment, and one who, at all events, as the wife of their Commander-in-Chief, might be expected to appear in elegant attire. Many flocked as near as they dared, to see her alight from her coach, and could hardly believe at first that the plainly dressed person whom they saw, with her only neck-dress a neatly folded kerchief, was the expected lady. But they were soon convinced of her identity when they observed the manner of General Washington's welcome, and saw the deference paid her by all in attendance. Simplicity, with neatness, were marked characteristics of Mrs.

Washington's attire, qualities which many of her sex in those days were not slow to imitate, led by so august an example. Since the funds which would ordinarily have gone for the adornment of their persons were now, in most instances, poured into the common treasury, this moderation on the part of the women of the day must have contributed in no small degree to the support of the ill-fed, ragged Continental troops, in whom, nevertheless, was centred every hope of coming freedom.

Who knows how much of that outward imperturbable serenity for which Washington has been so much admired, resulted from his possessing domestic peace—a wife at home in whom his heart could safely trust. The genuine hospitality of this pair is evinced by the cheerfulness with which it was dispensed, amid the discomforts and mean accommodations of camp-life, as well as when they were at home, surrounded by all the accessories of wealth, wherewith to provide comfort and good cheer for their visitors. The Marquis de Chastellux speaks feelingly of the warm reception he experienced at their hands, when the only chamber they had to offer him at night was a small room, which during the day served quite a large company as a sitting-room. The trouble and inconvenience to which General and Mrs. Washington put themselves to entertain him could not fail to call forth the gratitude of this impressible young Frenchman, and made him apprehensive, he says, lest M. Rochambeau might arrive the same day. He well knew that the expansiveness of their benevolence would not allow them to consider their own ease, where the accommodation of a guest was concerned.

An old veteran, many years afterwards, related an anecdote illustrative of Mrs. Washington's condescending kindness towards those in the humblest walks of life. He told how himself and several other young carpenters had been called upon by General Washington to make a buffet, to put up shelves, and some other little contrivances for the comfort of his wife, who was daily expected at headquarters. The lady arrived before the arrangements were complete, and hastened to impart her own instructions. While busied in her service, she so encouraged the workmen by her amiable manners, and by herself daily mounting the stairs with some refreshment for

them, that they worked with a will, and all their life long treasured her parting words of approval, as something beyond price. When they called her to inspect the completed task, their spokesman said, "Madam, we have endeavored to do the best we could; I hope we have suited you." She replied, smiling: "I am not only satisfied, but highly gratified with what you have done for my comfort." Simple words truly; but were the poor men wrong to prize them, coming as they did from such a source?

In the darkest hours of the war Mrs. Washington's cheerful deportment and her patient endurance of hardship made many ashamed to complain of their own trials, who would otherwise have used no such self-restraint; and when prosperity came, that severest of tests, it was her modest, yet noble demeanor, together with that of her husband, which lent dignity to a new and untried form of government. Their stately simplicity of manner taught the world that republican institutions did not necessitate the abrogation of conventionality; and their purity and moderation of life proved that the noblest patriotism might exist in union with great power, provided its seat lay in the hearts of the people ruled.

WILLIAM BENJAMIN SMITH

[1850—]

WALTER MILLER

WILLIAM BENJAMIN SMITH was born at Stanford, Kentucky, October 26, 1850, the youngest child and only son of Jeremiah Smith and his wife, Angeline, *née* Kenley. His family was of those sturdy yeomen pioneers of the valley of the Ohio, whose life and work so distinctly made for the development of characters of force and chivalry. In 1854 his parents, with their three children, moved to Missouri and settled on a farm ten miles south of St. Joseph. Here he had, apart from "little Joe," his negro body servant, almost no companions save the world of nature about him and the visionary world of unwearied and unbridled imagination within him. From his childhood his thoughts were naturally directed upward; plain living was the necessary result of circumstances; high thinking was the natural working of a mind generously endowed of God, happily directed, and exalted and enriched by constant companionship with great thinkers of the past.

His father, a man of forceful intellect and extensive reading, possessed a good library. Therein young William browsed without let or hindrance. He would select his own book, a volume of Hume, perhaps, or Virgil or Plutarch, and with it hide away under the great ancestral bed in his father's chamber, until he had devoured and digested and made his own all that his prize had to offer him. No one molested or directed his literary activities. Indeed, no one was aware that he had any.

In the same way he had stored away in his memory Homer's "Iliad" and Anthon's 'Classical Dictionary'—the only presents, strange to say, that he ever received from his learned father—and Thucydides, Euripides, Macaulay, and the fragmentary masterpieces contained in Goodrich's and McGuffey's fine old readers. Nothing was too heavy or too abstruse for his eager appetite; such things as Cousin's 'Course of Modern Philosophy' and Buck's 'Theological Dictionary' were read as carefully as the 'Life of Napoleon' and Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress'—the type of juvenile books to be found on this child's reading list.

At the age of ten he was sent away to boarding-school—to the DeKalb Academy *alias* and *alibi*, The Sleepy Hollow Academy—one

of those curious, old, migratory preparatory schools, with a faculty of one strong man (a Jamaican, Charles Scarlet Raffington), whose work and whose glory it was to make strong men. Never was more clearly illustrated the paradox that "teachers are of no help except to those who do not need their help."

His academy school-days fell in the troublous times of the Civil War. His father was a Southern sympathizer, who, however, took no active part in the conflict; but in the border States feeling ran high, and for his sympathies he was foully assassinated—shot down on the public highway by an Iowa soldier, who was afterward killed by an Omaha policeman for resisting arrest for some other crime.

The family fortunes were ruined by the war. The father's death left the mother and sisters dependent upon the energies of the thirteen-year-old boy. For three years he worked the farm. His management proved so successful that, at the end of that time, he found that he had funds enough to warrant resuming his studies, and that he could leave the farm to manage itself on the plans that he had organized. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1867, he entered the Kentucky (now Transylvania) University. His college career was characterized by the same thoroughness and independence of self-training that had been marked in his preparatory course. He entered as a well-prepared sophomore in Latin, English, and mathematics; but he knew no Greek. Yet in his second year he was reading with ease and appreciation the matchless oration of Pericles in the second book of Thucydides's peerless history. The depths of his soul were easily and naturally opened to the influence of Hellenic culture; the response was quick and full; and before the end of his course he was completely Hellenized. Plato, Sophocles, Demosthenes, Euripides, and Homer had become part and parcel of his mental fiber. No one masterpiece of literature, he says, made so deep an impression upon his modes of thought and feeling as the Agamemnon of Æschylus—an impression to which his commencement oration, entitled "If a man die, shall he live again?" bore striking and almost awful witness.

Besides establishing a record for general scholarship, he distinguished himself most of all in debate by the extreme vigor of his reasoning. "His logic," said a critic, "is a Damascus blade wielded in dignity, yet in power." Hence, he received the sobriquet of "Aristotle," which, corrupted into Harry Stoggles by the "town," denotes him among his college chums and acquaintances unto this day.

After graduating as A.B. in 1870 and as A.M. in 1871, he taught in the University first as tutor, then as assistant in English and sacred history, then as acting professor of natural history until 1874. In that year occurred the incident laid by his college chum,

James Lane Allen, at the basis of his novel, 'The Reign of Law.' David is, in fact, none other than William Benjamin Smith, transformed but not transfigured. The next two years he spent in teaching in St. John's College, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. Thence he went to the University of Goettingen for further study, where he captured two prizes in the Mathematico-Physical Seminary, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in March, 1879. "His examination," said Professor Schwartz, one of the ablest living mathematicians, "was a delightful conversation, by which I profited not less than he."

Returning to the United States, he taught one year in the Bethel Military Academy in Virginia; four years as professor of mathematics in Central College, Missouri; eight years in the University of Missouri, first as professor of physics, then of mathematics and astronomy; thirteen years as professor of mathematics in Tulane University of Louisiana, where since 1904 he has occupied the chair of philosophy.

His interests have been many-sided, his versatility exceptional. He is master in many lines of thought. He is well versed in the literatures of Greece, Rome, Germany, France, Italy, Holland, and England, and has a working knowledge of Semitic tongues. He stands in the very foremost rank of New Testament critics of our day, and is recognized as an authority even more in Germany and England than in America.

With a voice of authority he speaks on questions of economics, finance, and sociology. As a public speaker he has delivered addresses (most of them published) on "Equality at the Bar of Nature," "The Greek Genius and What We Owe It," "A Plea for the Individual," "The University," "The Origin and Significance of Disease," "Race Decay," "The Culture Value of Higher Mathematics." His "Tariff for Protection" (1888) and "Tariff Reform" (1892) are wells of thought from which scholars and statesmen alike have drawn copiously. Mr. William C. P. Breckenridge used both of them extensively on the floor of Congress. Mr. Logan Carlisle in Kentucky and Judge Chester H. Crumm made them the basis of many campaign speeches on the tariff issue. "Tariff Reform" was sent in manuscript by a mutual friend to ex-President Cleveland, who replied that he had received the manuscript, opened it with the expectation of glancing over the first page and throwing it aside; but the first page was not enough; he had never laid it down until he reached the end. Mr. Cleveland "found it so clear, able and convincing" that he had it published by the Democratic National Committee and circulated as a campaign document. Equally searching and cogent were his discussions of the silver question, es-

pecially his refutation of Altgeld, in a series of six articles in the Chicago *Record* (1896), with which he made his first public appearance in the world of finance. With such mastery did he champion the cause of the single gold standard that the executive committee of the Gold Democracy invited him to take the stump for their party; but academic duties forbade.

On mathematics, he has published 'Co-ordinate Geometry' (1885), 'A Clew to Trigonometry' (1893), 'Infinitesimal Analysis' (1895). These are all works of scientific rank and worth; so also is his widely read memoir on 'Twelve vs. Ten,' sketching and strongly advocating the reformation of our numerical notation and system of weights and measures and calendar, on the basis of twelve instead of ten as a radius.

On Sociology, 'The Color Line' (1906), a work of his ripest and best thought, gives an exposition of the tremendous race problem that confronts our country—particularly in the South. It is thorough, scholarly, clear, convincing; no phase of the question is overlooked; the work is accomplished without bias; it is free from prejudice; the conclusions are reached by calm reasoning based upon scientific method and logical procedure; it is generally recognized, especially by the Northern critics, as the ablest defence yet presented of the Southern attitude.

But this scholar's labor of love has always been the study of the Bible, more particularly the New Testament, and of other literature bearing on the subject of Christian origin. After a number of tentative articles in the *Non-Sectarian,* the *New World,* the *Unitarian Review,* and the *Outlook,* he began grave speech in 1901 in an article on the "Address and Destination of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans," published in the *Journal of Biblical Literature,* wherein he showed that Ρωμῃ was absent from the earliest text of Rom. 1:7, a demonstration that secured him immediate European recognition. Professor Harnack of Berlin at once wrote of it in the *Zeitschrift für die Neutestamentlische Wissenschaft*: "Critics have generally remained content with the received text, but Smith is right in declaring it interpolated." Harnack, furthermore, pronounced Smith's result especially interesting and significant, as being the first instance of a manuscript of second rank proved to be correct against the united testimony of all witnesses of the first rank.

This was quickly followed in the same journal by two elaborate memoirs entitled "Unto Romans: xv, xvi," in which "text-critical artillery is deployed in masterly manner with mathematical proof." He reviewed the Dutch work, Van Manen's *Oudchristlyke Letterkunde,* for the first number of the *Hibbert Journal,* and was requested to write "Did Paul Write Romans?" for the second num-

ber, to which Schmiedel of Zürich replied in the third number, Smith closing the discussion in the fourth. In the July and October numbers (1903) of the *American Journal of Theology* appeared the text-critical study of "The Pauline Manuscripts F and G," in which he upheld convincingly (even to his opponents, against nearly the whole weight of critical authority in Europe and America) the mutual independence of the two manuscripts. He himself regards this as his best piece of work, and it would not be easy to name anything in its class more careful, cogent, or penetrative. Among German scholars it is regarded as a model of method and scholarly acumen.

In 1894 he read at the St. Louis Congress of Arts and Sciences a memoir, displaying his keenest powers of investigation and his perfect command of material, on the "Meaning of the Epithet 'Nazarean'," which he referred to the old Semitic root *Na Sa Ra,* signifying *to protect.* In 1906 at the urgence of Professor Pfleiderer of Berlin, and with the generous coöperation of other noted German scholars, he gave to the world, from the well-known press of A. Töpelmann, by far his most important volume, the first of a contemplated series, entitled *Der vorchristliche Jesus nebst weitren Vorstudien zur Entstehungsgeschichte des Urchristentums. Mit einem Vorwort von Paul Wilhelm Schmiedel.*

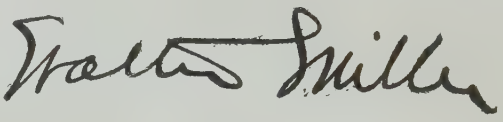
This book has been extensively reviewed in English, French, German, Dutch and Italian. The spirit of these reviews is reflected by Borinski, when he says of "this daring pathfinder": "In this remarkable investigator there stirs, in spite of all his radicalism, no breath of destructive zeal, but on the contrary he is animated by a spirit of thoroughly *requickening, constructive criticism.*"

One contribution only has Dr. Smith made to historical literature. In 1891 appeared his biography of "James Sidney Rollins," Father of the University of Missouri. In this he sketches, with all the accuracy of the historian and with all the grace of the artist, that great leader of men—as a legislator, as a party leader, as a Southern champion of the Union's cause, as a patron of education and letters, as a man.

Not often is one so many sided in his attainments, so scholarly and thorough in his achievements, so unassailable in his conclusions. Whether it be in philosophy or economics, in sociology or mathematics, in New Testament criticism or literary criticism, his utterances come with all the weight of a master's authority. Not always pedestrian, moreover, is his Muse. Like Empedocles of old, this modern philosopher is also a poet of no mean rank. One poem of his, entitled "The Merman and the Seraph," printed on page 4981, stood first among two hundred in *Poet Lore's* competition in 1906. Some of his

finest work in verse is to be found in his translations—such as his versions of "Dies Irae," "Stabat Mater," "Der Gesang der Erzengel"—which combine in a most unusual degree fidelity to the original with perfection of form in English.

Indeed, in all that Dr. Smith has written—even in his more technical scientific treatises—he shows himself a master of a polished albeit vigorous, trenchant style. Literary interest is always subordinated, to be sure, but no sentence is left without the effects of the file and the pumice-stone. But the dominating qualities of his literary style will be found to be intense earnestness, forceful imagery, fervid eloquence, convincing power.



POLITICAL PARADOXES

From 'James Sidney Rollins.'

The services of Rollins to the cause of higher education, more particularly to the State University, undoubtedly ground his chief claim to immortality and uprear the central pillar of his fame. Yet his political achievements were very far from inconsiderable, though they fell short both of his own just deserts and still more of the confident expectations of his admirers. Here again the fault lay not so much in the chisel as in the marble, which proved refractory in its intimate structure and refused to take upon itself the highest polish. It is a fact that confronts us at more than one turn of events that time and place had conspired against him, and they performed their vow. Had the stage of his action been shifted through three degrees either in latitude or in longitude, his political career would have been far less chequered. Had the meridian of his life, which traversed the troublous times of the Kansas agitation, been displaced by ten years either backwards or forwards, his political development would have been true to itself and his elective affinities would not have been thwarted. As it was, he found himself a Whig in the decadence of Whiggery; a leader of his party when that party had begun to dis-

integrate; a slaveholder, but in heart unalterably opposed to the institution of slavery; a conservative when conservatism was impossible; and a preacher of peace when war was inevitable. The dissolution of the Whigs left him without any firm partisan anchorage; at a time when the political elements were undergoing rapid polarization and rearrangement, he found himself still beneath the strong coercitive magnetism of the great Apostle of Compromise, repelled alike by either polar extreme and buffeted by the contrary currents that so often vex mid-lying equatorial regions. Nature had formed his mind and temper for the "era of good feeling," and then, with that bitter irony, in that grim mockery, that she loves, had flung him into the maëlstrom of sectional strife and partisan hatred. It is surely no wonder if the tempest whose first blasts stranded far from their haven such heroic crafts as Clay and Webster should wreck or engulf at the height of its fury even the sturdiest of their *epigoni*. Rollins himself was wont to find solace for the miscarriage of his aspirations in the just observation that in minorities, where his lot was so frequently cast, there is generally to be found more than a due proportion of virtue and wisdom, of patriotism and intelligence. To this we may add the further reflection that disappointment is not failure, and may really be the guise of some higher and unhoped-for success. Had Rollins been a more famous, perhaps he might have been a less useful, man; had his career been crowned with greater good fortune, perhaps it might have been filled with less beneficence. From its highland fastness, from its homestead in the hills, its undiscovered sources, the stream of his life broke forth with glad and strong and impetuous current. Swift and bright, deep-flowing and abundant, it rushed onward through half its descent to the main. Then it was that the sands, sluggish and heavy, began to choke it and drain off its brimming wave and dull the mirror of its surface. Yet through the desolate tract it held on its slow and toilsome and sinuous course, and at last, having redeemed and blessed with fertility a long wide stretch of the desert, it emerged, though with contracted flood, "out of the mist and hum of that low land," to hear the waves breaking on the destined shore and to mingle its own murmur in the eternal anthem of the sea.

A DIP INTO THE FUTURE

From 'The Color Line.'

And the individual withers,
And the world is more and more.
—*Tennyson.*

. . . The reader may find the foregoing discussion convincing; we think the unprejudiced reader will almost surely find it so, and yet he may not find it satisfactory. For he may urge that no solution has been propounded or foreshadowed for the problem, and that it is by no means enough merely to know what the problem is—its dangers, its difficulties, and its terrible threat. This objection is perfectly just. Up to this moment our sole concern has been to establish unshakably firm the central position, of the supreme and all-overshadowing importance of preserving the American-Caucasian blood pure and untainted and dedicated to the development of the highest humanity. But this accomplished, we have no disposition to shirk another task, to avoid another question, however delicate, disagreeable, or depressing. This question is: What has the future in store for the Negro? If social equality must be resolutely denied him forever, if he is to be treated as an outcast and a pariah because of his race and the weight of inheritance which he can never shake off from his shoulders, what hope remains? Where are the blessings of freedom? Is, then, emancipation but an apple of Sodom, turning to ashes on his lips? These are fearful questions, but we must not quail before them; we must confront them firmly, calmly, with eyes wide open to all the facts in the case, and with ears unclosed to all the teachings of history.

In the light of the foregoing, it is vain to appeal to Education. We know that many noble and excellent spirits expect wonders from this potent agency. As an educator ourself, we can have no interest or motive in unduly distrusting or minimizing its capabilities. The work that education may accomplish is undoubtedly great; and in spite of many discouraging disappointments the task of educating the Negro will assuredly be bravely performed, in larger and larger measure, for all generations to come.

But it is a colossal error to suppose that race improvement, in the strictest sense of the term, can be wrought by education. The reason is simple and easily understood: Race-improvement is organic; education is extra-organic. Any change or amelioration that affects the race, the stock, the blood, must be inherited; but education is not inherited, it is not inheritable. It must be renewed generation after generation in each individual. The Sisyphus-stone of culture is rolled with infinite toil up the steep ascent by the fathers; it thunders instantly back, and must be rolled up again with equal agony and bloody sweat by their children. All must start at the same centre of ignorance, and beat out a long and arduous path to the ever-widening circumference of the furthest knowledge. The son of the learned and the son of the unlearned have equal chance side by side in the race for learning. If the children of the cultured acquire more readily than their fellows, it is not because they have inherited parental culture, but only the parental capacity for culture; not because their parents knew more, but because they had more inborn power to know. Had circumstances doomed the savant to ignorance, his children would not have suffered in their ability to learn. Nay more, if devotion to intellectual pursuits has any influence at all on the native quality of offspring, as it may possibly have in extreme cases, it would seem to be more probably hurtful than helpful; for, by impairing nutrition of the germinal cells, excessive intellectual activity may induce impotence and sterility; and the fecundity of the very highly cultured seems to have suffered measurably in Europe, if not in the United States.

These propositions lie beyond possible contradiction. We need not raise the question of the general Weismannian theory of heredity; but we must recognize, as wholly undeniable, that the characters and qualities acquired by education are not in any degree inherited. The testimony of every-day observation is, on this point, so unanimous and so overwhelming that further insistence would seem superfluous. We may refer, however, to the broad, patent, universally recognized fact that centuries of culture and most careful training have never been known to improve the breed, the stock, the inherent quality of any race of men or plants or domestic animals. Wherever any of these have been organically modified, it has been by other

agencies, more especially by some form of natural or artificial selection. While the extra-organic development of civilization has gone on and still goes on, and apparently will go on apace indefinitely, under the guidance of science and invention, there is no evidence of any organic improvement in man in thousands of years, since the working of natural selection ceased to be progressive. The Mesopotamian of to-day is surely not the superior of his sculptured ancestors, who observed and measured the procession of the equinoxes nearly 6,000 years ago. The Jew of to-day can boast nothing above the authors of the Psalms, and of Job, and of the prophecies of Isaiah. The modern Greek may or may not have descended from Homer or Pericles; but, surely, he has not ascended very far. It is needless to multiply illustrations. We believe firmly in the mutability of species; but the phenomenon of the permanence, even of sub-species and varieties, is far more universal and impressive.

Education, then, can do much; but its mission is to the present—it cannot stamp itself upon the future. The limits of its efficiency, though absolutely wide, are relatively narrow and are speedily reached. With man it discharges the function of care and training, of cultivation and domestication, with the lower animals and with the products of the soil. By diligent tillage, by the spade, the hoe, the plough, by irrigation and fertilization, the planter may greatly increase the yield of his field or his orchard and even refine, in a measure, the quality of his fruit or his grain. By feeding, grooming, and the like, the horse-dealer may much improve the appearance and serviceability of his horses and may even add no little to their health, vigor, and value. It would be insanity in these men to neglect or despise such artificial helps and to trust their crops and their stock to grow and to take care of themselves. The farmer and the stockman know very well that only by the highest cultivation and the most watchful attention can they secure the best results in field or fold and maintain themselves in competition with wide-awake neighbors.

But they also know, not less certainly, that the maximal results of such instrumentalities are not far away but are hemmed within a contracted circle. Care and culture soon do their best and attain at least practically their *ne plus ultra.*

For any progressive improvement, whether in animal or in plant, the agriculturist knows that he must look to the seed. This he must select with the utmost skill and caution—if he would maintain the level of excellence already reached, if he would not have the "stock" lapse back to an ancient inferior average.

All this doctrine, which every one admits so instantly and unhesitatingly in its application to wheat, corn, and cotton; potatoes, apples, and oranges; grapes and melons; sheep, cattle, swine, and horses; bees, birds, and fishes—all holds with full force and with inconceivable significance when applied to men. Education is of exceeding importance. People that neglect it thereby doom themselves to hopeless subordination; they drop out of the race for the prizes of life; they surrender unconditionally to their rivals and commercial foes. Training and culture of the highest type are necessary to secure the realization of potentialities, to make the very best of the material offered at hand; necessary, not only now and here, but everywhere and all the time. Any neglect or indifference at this point must prove fatal. The husbandman dares not deprive his corn of a single "ploughing," nor leave his herd one night unprotected from the wolf and the cold.

But it is the sheerest folly to expect of education the impossible—to dream that it can affect the blood, or transmute racial qualities, or smooth down the inequalities between individuals of the same breed, much less between the breeds themselves. Why, if education could lift the Negro to the Caucasian level, to what, pray, in the meantime, would it lift the Caucasian himself? We repeat, and the repetition cannot be made too emphatic, there is no hope whatever of any organic improvement, of any race betterment of the Negro, from any or from all extra-organic agencies of education or religion or civilization. Let us, then, educate the Negro, to make him a more useful and productive, a law-abiding and happier, member of the community; but let us not hope too much from this education, if we would not be bitterly disappointed. . . .

But our sympathy with such rational and well-directed efforts must not blind us to near-lying limitations, which no might of man can possibly remove. Let it be said, then, bold-

ly that the Negro will not enter generally or in great numbers into the field of skilled labor—neither in the North nor in the South. It is, of course, not unattended with danger to venture into the realm of prophecy, but in this case the bases of prediction seem particularly broad and solid. We all know that skilled labor is daily growing more and more thoroughly organized. Rightly or wrongly, for weal or for woe, it regards capital, especially combined and organized capital, if not as its enemy, at least as its exploiter, prepared at every instant to make the very most of it—to assail it at any and every exposed point, to throttle it by any and every means, and to reduce it to serfdom. As over against the might of accumulated millions, the laborer cannot fail to perceive his utter impotence—he is not even a drop in a bucket. It is only in great numbers, in compact and readily wielded organizations, that the individual workman can count for anything whatever —can find any hope of escape from the veriest servitude. It is idle to suppose that, for many years to come, capital will not continue to mass itself into formidable aggregations, or that labor will cease to array itself in firmer and firmer unions and associations for self-protection and for maintenance or elevation of the standard of life, the minimum of subsistence.

Now, to such federations of labor, to such combinations for the commonweal, involving, as they often do, the most determined self-renunciation, the most heroic self-sacrifice, even the Caucasian is by no means full-grown, and the Negroid is altogether unequal. There is not the slightest probability that the great labor organizations would, in general, think of admitting to their membership an element of such notable weakness as the Negro would certainly be. Such would be the case, even if other considerations were absent. But they are present. As inferiors, accustomed to a lower standard of life and more pliant to the demands of employers, the Negroes would present the same problem and the same menace as the Chinese —only in a more aggravated form. In their admission in large numbers to the ranks of skilled labor, this latter could not fail to see a terrible and instant threat of reduced wages, of lowered life, of baser thraldom. Race prejudice, if you call it so, would blaze out immediately, and with irresistible violence. It makes not the slightest difference whether labor

would be right or wrong, justified or unjustified; it would be the instinct of self-preservation fanned suddenly into vehement flame, and nothing could withstand it. As an example in point, take the violent opposition offered a few years ago by the miners of Illinois to the importation of Negro laborers; take the recent practically total expulsion of Negroes, many of them peaceable and unoffending, from various towns, districts, and counties in Pennsylvania, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, and elsewhere. Consider all this as unreasonable, as outrageous —it matters not; it shows the temper of the American-Caucasian laborer, which will hardly tolerate the competition of his equals, and certainly not of any form of labor lower than his own. And in defense of what he regards as the most important and most sacred of all his rights, he will not hesitate for an instant at the adoption of means.

Accordingly, we may confidently affirm that the experiment of Mr. Washington and his Northern multi-millionaire admirers, to solve the race problem by making of the Negro a skilled laborer, may indeed be magnificent, but, in any large measure, it cannot succeed. If at any time it seemed to promise any very wide success, it would rouse a race animosity, North and South, the like of which we have not yet beheld.

What fields of employment, then, remain open to the Negroid? We answer: Those he has thus far occupied, where there is no great organized competition of the Whites. The plantation and the countless forms of personal and occasional service are undoubtedly the regions where his abilities may be most naturally and most profitably employed. There, too, his better qualities, his endowments both of mind and body, find fullest and most useful play. Small farming and retail dealing he may also ply successfully; he may teach his kind, he may preach and plead and prescribe and publish for them. Superior artisans will show themselves here and there, and occasionally abilities of still higher order will crop out, especially among Mulattoes. If they will, these can find ample scope for their powers within the ranks of their own people. *Spartam tuam exorna* will, in all such cases, be the counsel of friendly wisdom. Vain and foolish for even the superior Negroid to try to take the kingdom of heaven by force, to conquer a position among the Whites commensurate with his

abilities as a Black. Better a big frog in a small puddle than a small frog in a big puddle. In general, whatever tends toward the sharp demarcation of the two races, towards the accurate delimitation of their spheres of activity and influence, will unquestionably make for peace, for prosperity, for mutual understanding, and for general contentment. On the other hand, every attempt to blur these boundaries, to wipe out natural distinctions, to mix immiscibles, must always issue in confusion, discord, failure, reciprocal injury and final ruin.

* * * * * *

If then the Afro-American race stands even now at the entrance of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, what shall we say, what shall we do? Shall we weep and wail and gnash our teeth? Shall we lift up the trump of indignation against such red-handed iniquity? Shall we cry out to heaven and to Congress against the crime of the centuries? We think that a much calmer and milder mood may well become us before such a thanatopsis. Why should the spectacle of a racial diminuendo so arouse or revolt us? Surely it is something neither unique nor uncommon. All that breathe will share their destiny. It is appointed unto men once to die. If it were the highest form of human life, we might be concerned or even confounded. But such it is not; on the contrary, it is one of the very lowest, that has hitherto enacted and promises hereafter to enact only unhistorical history. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." The recession, the evanescence, of the Negro before the Caucasian is only one example among millions of the process of nature. The mystery of death is not maleficent; says the Cabbala, "The Lord said unto the Angel of Death, Behold I have made thee cosmocrator." In the upward mounting of the forms of life, there are no other stepping-stones than their own dead selves. The vision, then, of a race vanishing before its superior is not at all dispiriting, but inspiring rather. It is but a part of the increasing purpose of the ages, a forward creeping of the eternal dawn.

The doom that awaits the Negro has been prepared in like measure for all inferior races. Except where they are bulwarked by the climate, they must be drowned by the mounting wave of their superior rivals. To the clear, cold eye of

science, the plight of these backward peoples appears practically hopeless. They have neither part nor parcel in the future history of man; they are rejected as dross from its thrice-heated furnace.

This may sound harsh and unfeeling, but in reality it is not so. We do not mean that the inferior should be treated unjustly, unkindly, inhumanly. Far from it. Let equity be dealt with an even hand. We have never given either voice or vote for any form of injustice, however specious, or plausible, or grandfatherly. The processes we have in view lie deeper than any legislation; they are inwoven in the living garment of the Godhead.

But may we not check or arrest them? May not the strong Caucasian lend a helping hand to his weaker African brother and lift him up, and the two walk along hand in hand through the centuries? This is a very idyllic picture. "Behold, how good and how pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity!" But a moment's reflection must show how inadequate and unreal this dew of Hermon. It is not hard for altruism to run suicidally mad, if one lets go the check-rein of egoism. The first and highest and unescapable duty of a race is to its *self*—to realize its own personality, to put forth all its powers and potencies, to unfold the full flower of its own being. It must be neither unjust nor ungenerous in its treatment of others, but neither must it attempt self-immolation—especially, as that sacrifice would be idle and unanswered. The most, the best that one race can effect for another is merely some extra-organic amelioration of condition. The organic destiny of that other, written in bone and blood and cell and plasma, lies beyond the reach of the helping hand. We must dismiss, then, this vision of a higher race stooping down with arms of love and lifting up the lower to its altitude, as merely a pious imagination. The higher race may indeed stoop down; it has often done so; but never to rise again; instantly there falls upon it the Davidic curse: "Bow down their back alway."

The fate that awaits the backward race in the presence of the advanced should appear more vividly, one would think, to no other eyes than to those of New England. "Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and of

death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native." Nor in this process of extermination, in these "centuries of dishonor," has it really been a question of fairness or unfairness, of righteousness or unrighteousness. No kind or degree of gentleness or justice could have long delayed the departure of the Indian. When North-Europeans landed on his shores, for him the clock of destiny had struck. While we may properly applaud or condemn individual and communal acts by standards of individual or communal ethics, it is not possible to judge the race by any such feeble sense. Nature is neither moral nor immoral, but supermoral. Her æonian processes are not to be measured by our rules nor defined by our categories; they tower above good and bad; they reach beyond right and wrong. Should Roman legions have conquered Greece and girdled the Mediterranean with her civilization? Ought Babylonian empire to have lifted up its lion wings over Western Asia? We perceive at once the emptiness of such questions.

But even if it were possible for us to turn back the tide of time, to stay or slacken the rolling of the wheel of birth, would it be well or wise to do so? We venture to question it most seriously. There is a personal and even a social morality that may easily become racially immoral. There are diseases whose evolutionary function it is to weed out the weak and so preserve the future for the strong. The sufferers cannot be treated with too careful attention, too loving gentleness, too tender sympathy. It is the glory of our humanity to cherish these frail flowers, to water them with dew, to shield them from the sun, and not to suffer even the winds of summer to visit them too roughly. But not to gather from them the seed for generations to come! Let theirs be the present, but not the future. He who should discover some serum and apply it greatly to prolong their lives and give them equal chance with the vigorous in the matter of offspring, whatever thanks he might win from individuals or the community, would deserve and receive the execration of his race as its deadliest and most insidious foe. So, too, we hold it to be certain that all forms of humanitarianism that tend to give the organically inferior an equal chance with the superior in the propagation of the species, are radically mistaken; to the

individual and to society they would sacrifice the race. Their error may be very amiable, but it is none the less mortal. The hope of humanity lies not in strengthening the weak, but in perfecting the strong.

Herewith, then, we close this discussion. The mistake of our opponents is here exposed in its deepest root, its inmost core. It is seen to be a mistake in philosophy, in cosmology, in the scientific interpretation of the process of nature. But what a weird light is now cast upon the War between the States, its cause, and its ultimate result! Aside from questions of political theory, the North sought to free the Negro, the South to hold him in bondage. As a slave he had led a protected, indeed a hothouse, existence and had flourished marvelously. His high-hearted champions shed torrents of blood and treasure to shatter the walls of his prison-house, to dispel the pent-up, stifling gloom of his dungeon, and to pour in upon him the free air and light of heaven. But the sun of liberty is no sooner arisen with burning breath than, lo! smitten by the breeze and the beam, he withers and dies!

THE MERMAN AND THE SERAPH

Crowned in the *Poet Lore* Competition, 1906, and used here by permission.

I

Deep the sunless seas amid,
Far from Man, from Angel hid,
Where the soundless tides are rolled
Over Ocean's treasure-hold,
With dragon eye and heart of stone,
The ancient Merman mused alone.

II

And aye his arrowed Thought he wings
Straight at the inmost core of things—
As mirrored in his magic glass
The lightning-footed Ages pass—
And knows nor joy nor Earth's distress,
But broods on Everlastingness.

"Thoughts that love not, thoughts that hate not,
Thoughts that Age and Change await not,
All unfeeling,
All revealing,
Scorning height's and depth's concealing,
These be mine—and these alone!"—
Saith the Merman's heart of stone.

III

Flashed a radiance far and nigh
As from the vortex of the sky—
Lo! a maiden beauty-bright
And mantled with mysterious might
Of every power, below, above,
That weaves resistless spell of Love.

IV

Through the weltering waters cold
Shot the sheen of silken gold;
Quick the frozen heart below
Kindled in the amber glow;
Trembling heavenward Nekkan yearned,
Rose to where the Glory burned.

"Deeper, bluer than the skies are,
Dreaming meres of morn thine eyes are;
All that brightens
Smile or heightens
Charm is thine, all life enlightens,
Thou art all the soul's desire"—
Sang the Merman's heart of fire.

"Woe thee, Nekkan! Ne'er was given
Thee to walk the ways of Heaven;
Vain the vision,
Fate's derision,
Thee that raps to realms elysian,
Fathomless profounds are thine"—
Quired the answering voice divine.

V

Came an echo from the West,
Pierced the deep celestial breast;
Summoned, far the Seraph fled,
Trailing splendours overhead;
Broad beneath her flying feet,
Laughed the silvered ocean-street.

VI

On the Merman's mortal sight
Instant fell the pall of Night;
Sunk to the sea's profoundest floor
He dreams the vanished vision o'er,
Hears anew the starry chime,
Ponders aye Eternal Time.

"Thoughts that hope not, thoughts that fear not,
Thoughts that Man and Demon veer not,
Times unending
Comprehending,
Space and worlds of worlds transcending,
These are mine—but these alone!"—
Sighs the Merman's heart of stone.

WILLIAM RUSSELL SMITH

[1815—1896]

THOMAS McADORY OWEN

IN versatility of genius, varied and successful achievement, often in the face of apparently insurmountable obstacles, and in a broad and untrammeled grasp of public affairs, William Russell Smith takes easy rank among the first of distinguished Alabamians. Journalist, author, lawyer, and political leader, he was eminent in every field of endeavor in which he entered.

He was born in Russellville, Kentucky, March 27, 1815, the son of Ezekiel Smith, a prosperous pioneer and planter of Kentucky, and Elizabeth Hampton, who were married at Bowling Green, Kentucky, August 8, 1806, both being descended from old colonial families who, having their American origin in Virginia, had migrated to Kentucky. The boy was named for Colonel William Russell, of Virginia, a kinsman, from whom the town of Russellville, Kentucky, took its name.

After the death of her husband, the widow gathered the remnants of the patrimony and her slaves, and upon the advice of friends and relatives, and in their company, moved to Huntsville, in what was then the Territory of Alabama, with her six children, Sidney, the eldest; Louisa, Glovina, and Adeline, William, the fifth, and Joseph, an infant who died at Huntsville. There she built a stone house, near the great spring, which was still standing when the Civil War came on.

After a sojourn of a year or two in Huntsville, the mother, for what reason is not known, but possibly on account of the dwindling family fortune, sold the house at Huntsville, and removed to Tuscaloosa. Here, in the autumn of 1823, during an epidemic, she died of a fever, leaving her five orphans (Sidney, aged sixteen, being the eldest) to face the battle of life far from relatives or old friends. She was buried in the graveyard in Tuscaloosa, near the spot where her distinguished son now lies.

The death of the mother wrought a great change in the condition of the children. A family named Potts—Mrs. Potts having nursed Mrs. Smith in her last illness—took charge of the children and of their little remaining property. The slaves ran away, the property was speedily dissipated, and the children were temporarily

scattered among the neighbors, William remaining with the Potts family. Here, his little property being gone, he was mistreated by Mrs. Potts, deprived of his linen clothing, for which gingham and homespun were substituted, compelled to wait for his meals until the family had finished, and otherwise made to feel his dependent condition. He received severe whippings for trifling childish faults —perhaps the first and only blows he ever had felt. The culmination came when one night he crept out of his attic window and down the sloping roof to the ground, and ran away. After wandering about for two or three days, he was restored to his brother.

About this time a cousin came from Kentucky and endeavored to persuade the children to return to the home of their birth; but Sidney, who had then obtained employment, opposed this. Shortly afterward his sister, Louisa, married William A. McDaniel, a tailor, in whose shop the boy was employed. It was not long, however, before it was discovered that the little orphan was an embryo genius; and kind friends of whom he always spoke with affection came forward to assist him, the most generous being General George W. Crabb (to whose memory and achievements Judge Smith paid tribute in his 'Reminiscences,') who advanced the money for his education, which his future law student afterward repaid him.

In 1826 or 1827 he entered the school taught by Dr. Reuben Searcy, later one of the most distinguished physicians of West Alabama, and, in 1829, the school of the Rev. Nathaniel H. Harris, M.A., where he spent two years in preparing for college. The sixteen-year-old boy entered the University of Alabama on the opening day in the spring of 1831. Ambitious and diligent, young Smith, ably taught by earnest teachers, and emulating his brilliant fellow students, attained a high standard of scholarship in a thorough course of English, French, classical and scientific studies. Withal he assiduously cultivated the muses, as is attested by the publication of his first book while he was yet a student at the University. This little book of 112 pages, containing sixteen poems, unique in being, probably, the first literary production as such published in Alabama, is entitled 'College Musings, or Twigs from Parnassus,' printed by D. Woodruff at Tuscaloosa, in 1833. It was followed shortly afterward by 'The Bridal Eve,' an Indian romance in verse.

Early in 1834, within a few months of graduation, young Smith was compelled, from the necessity of earning a livelihood, to leave the University. He entered the law office of General Crabb, his friend and patron, and so diligently did he pursue his studies that at the end of one year he passed the necessary examination and was

admitted to the Bar. He began practice at Greensboro in 1835, at the age of twenty.

He was short of stature—about five feet, five inches in height—but with a sturdy, well-knit frame, capable of great and prolonged endurance, both physical and mental. He had dark brown hair, large eyes of the same color, and a large, expressive mouth, indicative of an affectionate and generous nature, and at the same time of unbending determination.

In 1836 his elder brother, Sidney, joining one of the Alabama companies, which were raised for that purpose, went to Texas to aid the fight for Texan independence, and there he was killed in the Goliad massacre of March 27, 1836—this being William's twenty-first birthday. In the mean time hostilities had broken out with the Creek Nation, and the young lawyer, fired with the military spirit inherited from his soldier ancestors of two wars, and nurtured by his mother's teachings, raised a company of mounted infantry, of which he was elected captain, and proceeded, in the regiment commanded by Colonel Joseph P. Frazier, to the seat of war. But, the Indian War having been just brought to an end, his company was disbanded and he returned home. There he met the news of his brother's death and of the destruction of the whole of Fannin's command by the treachery of Santa Anna; and he immediately set out, visiting several counties, and addressing audiences wherever he could find them, in an endeavor to raise a force to rally to the support of the Texans and to avenge the blood of the American patriots who had been so foully slaughtered at Goliad. The desire to avenge the untimely death of his brother, who had been father and mother to the orphan boy, who shared with him the inheritance of a brilliant mind, and for whom he entertained a passionate affection, must have dominated all other motives for this intended incursion into military fields. The company that he recruited went as far as Mobile, where the news of the battle of San Jacinto, and the subsequent success of the Texans, caused it to disband.

Instead of returning home, young Smith remained in Mobile and for a year devoted himself to literature, soon establishing a magazine. This magazine was *The Bachelor's Button,* a monthly periodical, purely literary in its character, the first number of which was published at Mobile in December, 1836. It had the distinction of being the first periodical of the kind ever published in Alabama. The first four numbers were published in Mobile, but in 1837 Judge Smith returned to Tuscaloosa where the fifth and sixth—the latter the last—numbers were published. This magazine of 1836-1837, to which young Smith was a large contributor, as well as its editor, might well hold a prominent place in our Twentieth Century publications. In

the fifth number appears a poem by the editor, entitled "Young Allan Glenn." It is a romance of seven or eight hundred lines, with occasional flashes of the sparkling little similes for which he afterward became famous. The tragedy of "Aaron Burr," mentioned by Brewer and Sol. Smith, has been totally lost, save for a few fragments in manuscript found among the author's papers.

In Tuscaloosa he resumed the practice of law, with which, in 1838 he combined the editorship of *The Monitor,* a Whig newspaper. In 1839 he was elected Mayor of Tuscaloosa.

In 1840 he supported General William Henry Harrison for President, and in 1841, and again in 1842, he was elected as a Whig to the General Assembly of Alabama, which met in Tuscaloosa, then the capital. But in 1843 he severed his connection with the Whig party, expressing in an address issued to his constituents, his opposition to Henry Clay's views on the tariff and on other questions. Thenceforward he was independent in politics. During these years Mr. Smith was a regular and frequent contributor to *The Southron,* a magazine published in Tuscaloosa.

In 1841 he published 'Alabama Justice.' This was a book very useful to magistrates, and passed three editions.

Early in 1843 William R. Smith married Jane Binion, daughter of John H. Binion and his wife, Elizabeth Strong. Mrs. Smith died in 1844, leaving an infant son, Sidney Binion Smith, who served throughout the Civil War as a captain in the Twenty-sixth Alabama, C.S.A., and afterward studied and practiced medicine in Mississippi. He died in 1889, leaving four sons and a daughter.

After the death of his wife Mr. Smith removed to Fayette, Alabama, where he was elected Brigadier general of Militia. There he devoted himself more exclusively than heretofore to the practice of law, and built up a large business. Yet he could not resist the call of letters, and in 1847 he wrote "War and Its Incidents," a review of several works of a military character, published in the *Southern Quarterly Review,* January, 1848, Vol. xiii, pp. 1-54. This article foreshadowed the nomination and election of General Taylor to the Presidency; and to this paper, which attracted wide attention, the author attributed his own election to Congress. It displays the depth of his historical researches, and shows his predilection for tracing historical parallels.

In 1847 he married, at Fayette, Mary Jane Murray, daughter of James Murray and Mary Moore, his wife. By this wife, who died in 1853, General Smith had three children: Lucy, who died in youth; Sophie, now the widow of William F. Walker of Fayette County, and William R. Smith, Jr., who was a lawyer and editor, and who died April 1, 1898, leaving three sons and a daughter.

General Smith was elected judge in 1850, but retired in 1851 and was elected to Congress. Hardly had he taken his seat in the House of Representatives when an occasion arose that impelled him to put into practice one of the principles he had learned in his study of the life and writings of Washington. Louis Kossuth had just landed in this country, his avowed purpose being to enlist the active aid of the United States against Austria and Russia and in behalf of Hungary. On December fifteenth Judge Smith delivered a speech in opposition to the resolution of welcome. His stand and his speech threw the House into a turmoil; but, although the resolution of welcome was adopted, Judge Smith's action turned the tide of popular and Congressional folly, and did more than anything else to prevent the foreign entanglement into which the United States was being led by an espousal of Kossuth's cause. He immediately achieved a national reputation, and was popularly called the "Kossuth-Killer."

A third time—in 1855—Judge Smith was elected to Congress. In the canvass of 1856 Judge Smith was defeated by Judge Sydenham Moore; whereupon he returned to the practice of law in Tuscaloosa.

In the meantime he married, at Washington, in 1854, Wilhelmine M. Easby, daughter of Captain William Easby of Washington, and his wife, born Ann Agnes Maria King, the widow of Colonel Overstreet, member of Congress from South Carolina. Mrs. Smith, the third wife, who survives him, is a woman of great natural gifts and high culture.

While practicing law in Tuscaloosa Judge Smith found time to write a novel descriptive of social and political life in Washington at that period. It was entitled 'As It Is,' and was published in 1860. A sequel was promised, but never was published.

In 1859, while devoting himself to his profession and to the preparation of a new edition of the 'Alabama Justice,' he was invited by the Alabama Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa Society to read a poem at the commencement of the University in 1860. He had nearly a year in which to prepare it, but six days before the commencement, only a few lines were written. Being urged on by his friends, he completed the poem in three days, and this poem, "The Uses of Solitude," his most inspired production, is considered by many competent critics sufficient to place him among the great American poets.

Judge Smith had always been a strong Union man, and when the call was issued for a State Convention to meet at Montgomery in January, 1861, he stood for election and was sent as a delegate to the Convention.

Upon the adjournment of the Convention in March, 1861, Judge Smith went home and raised the Sixth Alabama Battalion, which grew into the Twenty-sixth Alabama Regiment, of which he was commissioned Colonel; and at the same time he prepared for publication the 'History and Debates of the Secession Convention,' a work of the very highest value. He went into the camp of instruction; but was almost immediately elected to the Confederate House of Representatives, in which he served from the beginning to the end, in 1865. After the close of the war, he ran for Governor in 1865, but was defeated and entered the political field but once again, namely in 1878, when he was defeated for Congress.

He resumed in Tuscaloosa the practice of law, and also devoted himself to literary pursuits, principally the translation into English couplets of parts of Homer's "Iliad." About this time Judge Smith began also the preparation, under a joint resolution of the General Assembly, of a condensation of the Alabama Reports, which were published in ten volumes, the first in 1870, and the tenth in 1879, covering all the reports from Minor to the Eighth Alabama Reports, inclusive.

In 1870 he was elected president of the University, and served as such for about a year. The Board of Trustees was composed of Radicals, and it was thought that the election of Judge Smith would win over to the University the support of the people; but the antagonism to them was reflected on him, and seeing that he would be unable, under the existing state of feeling, to build up the institution, he retired.

In 1879 he removed with his family to Washington, where he resided during the remainder of his life, practicing law for several years, but devoting the greater part of his time, even until his death, to literary pursuits. In the early 'eighties he edited and published *The Law-Central,* to which he contributed a series of exhaustive studies in criminal insanity, including a study of the Guiteau case.

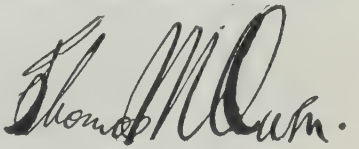
In 1889 he published one of his most valuable contributions to the history and literature of Alabama: 'Reminiscences of a Long Life; Historical, Political, Personal, and Literary.' During the succeeding years of his life he prepared a second volume of the same character, but it was never published.

In 1890 he published a humorous poem, in rhyming couplets, entitled "Was it a Pistol? A Nut for Lawyers," descriptive of a trial by jury for the carrying of a concealed pistol by an unsophisticated country youth, who was also a ventriloquist. He printed also, for private circulation, a number of poetical pieces, the principal one be-

ing "Polyxena: A Tragedy," based upon the story of that character in the "Iliad."

He retained the vigor of his intellect unimpaired to the very day of his death, which occurred in Washington, February 26, 1896, of an acute attack of bronchitis, the funeral services being conducted at the Roman Catholic Church of St. John the Baptist by the Bishop of Mobile.

He was a man whose love for his kin never hesitated; whose affection and loyalty to his friends never wavered; a man singularly free from any taint of envy, jealousy, or malice, even toward an enemy; indeed, it seems that it might have been well for him politically had he cherished resentment.



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SHAKESPEARE

Extract from a poem of four hundred lines, written at the age of seventeen, and published in 'College Musings,' 1833.

. . . Up rose the god; and 'round his face, arrayed
In sweetest smiles, a heavenly radiance played!
A gleam of joy came o'er his visage pale:
He whispered softly: "Pride of Albion, hail!
Hail to the bard, whose variegated lyre
Shall melt the heart, and turn the soul to fire!
Whose simple notes shall please the lowly churl,
And charm the ears of lady, lord and earl.
Whose lofty strains shall draw the princely tear;
While freedom laughs; and petty monarchs fear,
That tyrant sway must fail—while to the stage
The power is given to rule the groveling age;
To bring the deeds of tyrants to the light,
And threaten kingdoms in one single night."

* * * * * *

The train of nymphs then on the hill was seen,
With one that tower'd o'er all the rest, a queen;

* * * * * *

"Ah! gentle youth! ah! lovely boy" she said,
But here she paused and hung her pensive head.

* * * * * *

The boy was dreaming sweetly, but he heard
Her angel voice, and treasured every word.
She wept awhile, and then her tears she check'd,
"Awake!" she said—and SHAKESPEARE stood erect!

* * * * * *

And how the stage has gloried in its might,
Since Shakespeare mused on fancy's giddy height,
Winging afar his unpremeditated flight!
Marked you the eagle as he soared on high,
Losing himself amidst the cloudless sky,
Yet piercing all beneath him with his keen dark eye?
Thus soared great Shakespeare, buoyant, strong, and proud,
Wielding his silver wand with lightnings on the cloud.

THE LOST PLEIAD FOUND

SONNET TO THE ALABAMA FLAG

Long years ago, at night, a female star
  Fled from amid the Spheres, and through the space
Of Ether, onward, in a flaming car,
  Held, furious, headlong, her impetuous race:
She burnt her way through skies; the azure haze
Of Heaven assumed new colors in her blaze;
  Sparklets, emitted from her golden hair,
  Diffused rich tones through the resounding air;
The neighboring stars stood mute, and wondered when
The erring sister would return again:
  Through Ages still they wondered in dismay;
  But now, behold, careering on her way,
  The long lost PLEIAD! lo! she takes her place
  On ALABAMA'S FLAG, and lifts her radiant face.

SOLITUDE OF MIND

From "The Uses of Solitude," a poem published in 1860.

. . .But not alone the Solitude I sing
Of desolate islands and serene retreats
Where genius with the Gods may meditate:
I sing the Solitude of Mind; the power
To draw the sense from its accustomed use
Of natural avenues; the power to be
Still in the uproar, deaf to all the shouts
Of angered multitudes; the power divine
To pluck from turbulence the time to think;
To shape the glowing thoughts to themes sublime
And meditate perfections infinite;
While Fury raves and mobs tumultuous reign.
  * * * * * *
I held a festival myself, last night;
In my own closet, with my books alone.
My little chamber thronged with visitors.
Some were the spirits of antiquity;

Those demi-gods that walk the dusty realms
Of dim Tradition; mystic forms that grace
The niches of the old world's Pantheon—
And others of a giant race who came,
Grateful to greet their masters; Poets came,
Fresh from Olympian sports, with bays yet green
And flowers unwilted by the century suns;
Came warriors storming from the battlefields,
With dinted shields and foreheads darkly gashed.
O these were glorious guests; Milton was there,
And seemed that he would let me touch his robe!

* * * * * *

KOSSUTH

Extract from a speech in Congress, December 15, 1851.

. . . I now call your attention, Mr. Speaker, to the fact, that Kossuth is trying to stir up the young and the aged of the country to take up arms in favor of Hungary. The fate of the unfortunate fifty who fell in Cuba, whose melancholy end hung a pall of gloom over the whole country, which is still floating about us like shadows of mourning for poor Crittenden and Kerr, ought of itself to be sufficient to cause the American people and the American Congress to pause and make the solemn inquiry whether or not they are ready so soon to invite, to foster, to encourage and to feast another foreigner—another perturbed, restless, political revolutionist? It is impossible for any man to look this question calmly in the face as connected with Kossuth, his speeches, the press, and public excitement, without seeing all the features of the Cuban expedition on a larger scale. We cannot yet assign to Lopez his proper position; I trust that posterity will find in him all the elements of a martyr and of a hero. All we know of him is, that he beguiled the young of the country, and that he deceived the old of the country—not publicly, not by eloquence, but by dinner table conversation, private understandings, loans, and Cuban-bondisms. We know that however wrong he was, the press clamored greatly in his favor, and aided him to disseminate his mischievous doctrines, and

finally to fit out his fatal expedition. We all know its end. Disgrace and death terminate the inglorious cause! And the Government of the United States was compelled in humiliation to acknowledge a wrong committed by her citizens on the rights and property of a foreign nation.

Now, sir, this illustrious exile cannot consider that I bring him into contempt by mentioning his name with that of Lopez. I do it with no such intention. I believe that Lopez may find a lofty place in the estimation of posterity. I refer to him merely for the purpose of showing the dangerous influence that may be exercised in our country at this moment by any agitator. . . .

Yet Kossuth came here, a Republican!—a better Republican than any of us, who were born Republicans! Expounding for us the policies of our fathers, and giving us new readings of the doctrines of Washington! Well, I rejoice at his conversion! I congratulate him, and the friends of liberty throughout the world that American atmosphere has had such magical effect upon him.

But I must hasten on. Let us hear Kossuth upon Washington! In his Manchester speech he compliments the father of this country for promulgating what he is pleased to term, in his unique phraseology, "the letter-marque of despotism." Washington's policy of non-intervention is, in the idea of Kossuth, "the letter-marque of despotism!" . . .

In the last speech which Kossuth made in New York—to which speech I take no exception whatever—I have no doubt that he had seen or heard of my resolutions before he delivered it because it is free from incendiarism which marked his former speeches—but in the speech, he says that George Washington never recommended national non-intervention, but only neutrality; and he resorts to a species of fallacious logic by which he endeavors to draw a distinction between "neutrality" and national "non-intervention."

Now, Kossuth is unfortunate in this remark. Every one must know that this idea was poked at him, during his reflections by some busy-body who wanted to supply him with historical facts. . . .

This sage Hungarian, because the word non-intervention is not used, jumps at the conclusion that Washington only

recommended neutrality! Non-intervention is the predominant idea pervading all that Washington has said on this subject.

Everybody knows, Mr. Speaker, what has been our policy. It makes no odds whether Washington recommended it in so many words. And what has been the result of that policy? Why, from the small beginning of three millions of inhabitants, we have now got twenty-three millions; from a small number of states, we are now over thirty; from a ragged population, we present the best dressed population in the world; and from poverty we have risen to the greatest wealth and prosperity. Why and how did we get all these? By an adherence to the great principle of staying at home and minding our own business. It is a principle upon which a private man thrives. It is a principle upon which private families prosper. It is a principle upon which a neighborhood has peace and prosperity and enjoyment. It is that great principle which has raised us up to be the greatest government on earth. But Kossuth says that we may depart from that policy now—that it was wise when we were young, but that now we have grown up to be a giant and may abandon it. Here is another bit of philosophy for you. We can all resist adversity. We know its uses—

> Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.

It is the crucible of fortune. It is the iron key that unlocks the golden gates of prosperity. I say, God bless adversity; she pricks me, and I bleed, and am well. But the rock upon which men and nations split is prosperity. This man says that we have grown to be a giant, and that we may depart from the wisdom of our youth. But I say that now is the time to take care. We are great enough; let us be satisfied; prevent the growth of our ambition; prevent our pride from swelling, and hold on to what we have got. Do you remember the story of the old governor, who had been raised from rags? His King discovered in him merit and integrity, and appointed him a satrap—a ruler over many provinces. He came to be great, and it was his custom to be escorted

throughout the country once during the year, in order to look into the condition of his subjects. He was received and acknowledged everywhere as a great man, and a great governor. But he carried about with him a mysterious chest, and every now and then he would look into it; but let nobody else see what it contained. There was a great deal of curiosity excited by this chest, and finally he was prevailed upon by some of his friends to let them look into it. Well, he permitted it, and what did they see? They saw an old ragged and torn suit of clothes, the clothes that he used to wear in his humility and in his poverty; and he said that he carried them about with him in order that when his heart began to swell and his ambition began to rise, and his pride to dilate, he could look on the rags —they reminded him of what he had been, and thereby he was enabled to resist the temptations of prosperity. Let us see whether this can illustrate anything in our history. Raise the veil, if there is one, which conceals the poverty of this union when there were but thirteen states. Raise the veil that conceals the rags of our soldiers of the Revolution. Lift the lid of the chest which contains the poverty of our beginning, in order that you may be reminded, like this old satrap, of the days of your poverty, and be enabled to resist the advice of this Tempter, who tells you that you were wise in your youth, but that now you are a giant, and may depart from that wisdom! Remember, Mr. Speaker, I beseech you, remember, now, the uses of adversity! Let us take advantage of it, and be benefitted by it; for great is the man, and greater is the nation that can resist the enchanting smiles of prosperity.

In referring to our humble beginning, and our great and astonishing growth, I am induced to pause a moment, and ask, why is it that we should so lightly and carelessly treat propositions of this sort, which involve, as it is admitted this proposition does involve, the very principle by which we have grown to our present condition? What was the cost of this great and glorious Confederacy? We cannot find it by going back and searching the old Quartermaster's reports. We cannot find it in dollars and cents—we know not how to estimate it by this method. The true place to find the cost is on the battlefield of the Revolution—in the rags, the deprivations, the bleeding feet of your soldiers—the history of those brave men,

who fell in their youth. In this contemplation we cannot arrive at an estimate of the cost of these States. But I ask, if it is wise in this legislative assembly so lightly and carelessly to pass by the wisdom of our fathers? . . . .

For myself, and for the American people, I can safely say, that we cannot look with indifference on the struggles which arise between freedom and oppression in any quarter of the earth. Our sympathies are warmed, our enthusiasm is kindled when we hear of the triumph of liberty over tyranny. We rejoice in revolutions tending to overthrow monarchies, without pausing to inquire into the causes, or to look to the end; hoping and believing that the fall of a tyrant or a king contributes its mite to the establishment of freedom. And in the expressions of these sentiments and feelings we are clamorous and loud and forward, so that the nations of the earth are surprised, that when the "tug of war" comes we are seen, afar off, standing upon our own high promontories of liberty, merely looking on and shouting. To those expressions of surprise I answer: Patriotism is always cold, cold, except to its own country! It is warmed only by the blazing fires of its home affections, and kindled at the altar of Allegiance to the Constitution! God save the Constitution for the wisdom which created it, and for the policies which have sustained, perfected and preserved it!

SPEECH IN OPPOSITION TO THE SECESSION OF ALABAMA

Delivered in the Alabama Convention, 1861, on his vote against the Ordinance of Secession.

Mr. President—I will not at this time express any argument of opposition I may entertain towards the Ordinance of Secession. I have many reasons for this course.

I have met here a positive, enlightened and unflinching majority. I have respect for them, and I despair of being able to move them.

In times like these, when neighboring States are withdrawing one by one from the Union, I cannot get my consent to utter a phrase which might be calculated, in the slightest degree, to widen the breach at home. My opposition to the

Ordinance of Secession will be sufficiently indicated by my vote; that vote will be recorded in the book; that book will take up its march for posterity; and the day is not yet come that is to decide on which part of the page of that book will be written the glory or the shame of this day.

It is important to the State that you of the majority should be right, and that I should be wrong. However much personal gratification I might feel hereafter in finding that I was right on this great question, and that you were wrong, that gratification would indeed be to me a poor consolation in the midst of a ruined and desolated country. Therefore, as the passage of the Ordinance of Secession is the act by which the destiny of Alabama is to be controlled, I trust that you are right, and that I am wrong. I trust that God has inspired you with His wisdom, and that, under the influence of this Ordinance, the State of Alabama may rise to the highest pinnacle of national grandeur.

To show, sir, that the declarations that I now make are not forced by the exigencies of this hour, I read one of the resolutions from the platform upon which I was elected to this Convention:

"*Resolved,* That we hold it to be our duty, *first,* to use all honorable exertions to secure our rights in the Union, and if we should fail in this, we will maintain our rights out of the Union—for, as citizens of Alabama, we owe our allegiance first to the State; and we will support her in whatever course she may adopt."

Thus, Mr. President, you will observe that the course I now take is the result of the greatest deliberation, having been matured before I was a candidate for a seat in this Convention; and there is a perfect understanding on this subject between me and my constituents.

It but remains for me to add, that when your Ordinance passes through the solemn forms of legislative deliberation, and receives the sanction of this body, I shall recognize it as the supreme law of the land; my scruples will fall to the ground; and that devotion which I have heretofore through the whole course of my public life given to the Union of the States, shall be concentrated in my allegiance to the State of Alabama.

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE

Extract from a speech delivered in the Alabama Convention, 1861.

Sir, in every act of mine, in this Convention, I shall look towards peace. I would not wantonly provoke any nation nor would I favor a law which would not be likely to receive the approbation of the wisdom of the age.

There is no wisdom in war. It is the most brutal occupation of mankind. It should never be courted. The glory of American history is found in the fact that all her wars have been thrust upon her. We have conquered on almost every battle-field; we have vindicated our courage and our prowess before the eyes of the world; and have sent forth the historic heralds of our fame to proclaim to posterity, the achievements of our arms. We have a right now to rest—and to court the more inviting shades of peace without being suspected of cowardice, or charged with an inglorious disposition to avoid danger. Peace, then is our policy; for in peace alone can agriculture flourish. If COTTON IS KING his THRONE is peace, for WAR, that turns the ploughshare into the sword, will deprive him of the implements of his power and strip away the habiliments of his Royalty.

Sir, the blessings that are to come upon the State from this revolution, must be the blessings of Peace. You can do nothing without commerce—there can be no commerce without peace. You have achieved a revolution, but you have yet a great work to accomplish—you have a country to build up. You are not merely working out a dazzling reputation. You are not to be satisfied with having pulled down a government. You have not created a political storm for the unholy purpose of filling the history of the times with stirring events and disastrous accidents. You are not merely opening the womb of emergencies, that great warriors, great orators, great statesmen, and great poets may spring out of it. You are not only creating an era, an age—that may be an age of bronze—an age of iron—an age of gold—or an age of blood. You are here for the loftiest of all purposes—to build up a country—for the lasting happiness, and the permanent pros-

perity of the millions that inhabit the land. Look, then, to Peace—that stately and commanding Queen—

> Beneath whose calm inspiring influence
> Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
> And swelling Commerce opens all her ports.

FOREIGN ALLIES

Extract from a speech delivered in the Alabama Convention, 1861, on the Ratification of the Constitution.

SIR, in what a strange position do we place ourselves, by calling in foreign allies for our *protection!* Our fathers conquered the Britons in the name of Liberty. We, their degenerate sons, *now* call in those very Britons to *aid us in the protection* of *that* Liberty! Thus, we place this goddess in the tyrannical hands of those from whom our fathers rescued her!

It is a sad day, sir, when an American has to admit that he depends upon *foreign allies* for his *protection.*

Protection! Sir, we proclaimed, in the so-called Monroe doctrine, that on those portions of the North American Continent not already under foreign dominion, no Power outside of America shall place its governmental foot. Shall we abandon this? Do we not abandon this when we look around for an alliance of defense!

We must not depend upon foreign alliances. Our institutions are too essentially different from theirs. They will always demand more than they give. They surrender shadows and demand substances. We have had some experience in these matters with England, as well as with France. The generous sacrifices of the immortal La Fayette, whose impulses were as magnanimous as his services were important, were followed at last by the most exorbitant demands by the French Government. The mission of Genet cannot be forgotten.

England will never forget her colonies. The gap in her crown, caused by the tearing away of those jewels, has not yet been filled. It is the dream of her political philosophy to see those jewels restored; and English pride, with English

ambition, is far reaching. Her revenge is as deathless as the oath of Hannibal. This never sleeping desire will run through generations. The same spirit of monarchy that crushed the last remains of Cromwellism in England, and pursued the regicides to the farthest limits of the earth, is still sleepless and vigilant, though biding its time, to restore the jewels of America to the English crown.

On this question, then, of the acknowledgment of our independence by foreign powers, there is nothing to apprehend except, indeed, the dangers that are to follow an unnatural alliance.

England and France will recognize us with joy; but not with the joy of true friends; it will be the joy of Tyrants that gloat over the prospective desolation—the joy of Royalty vaunting over the fall of Constitutional Liberty. Wilberforce, a great colossal prophet, though dead, still looming over the dome of the British Parliament, points with his bony fingers to dismembered America and exclaims, "Behold the fall of Constitutional Liberty," and towering above its ruins, "Behold the irresistible genius of universal emancipation!"

Let us beware, then, of foreign friends. England has no feelings in common with us. Her politicians are emancipationists; and it is but a year since Lord Brougham broadly insulted the American Minister in London, on account of American slavery. Nothing but the last necessity should induce a free nation to submit to an alliance for defense with a monarchical one. Monarchy is a political maelstrom, whose vortex is the oblivion of Freedom.

THE PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF THE COUNTERFEITERS

From 'Reminiscences'

Great was the excitement in the village of Tuskaloosa, with its 2,000 inhabitants, when the news went abroad that the town had been *done for* by a gang of counterfeiters, and that several fifty-dollar counterfeit bills had been left in the hands of a prominent merchant for goods sold to that amount. Every cabin in the village was emptied of its inhabitants—

men, women, and children—agape for news, and craving revenge.

At that time the penalty for the crime of counterfeiting was *death*. And in this particular case the honor of the town called for pursuit, capture, and *execution*. Within two hours after the spreading of the news of this outrage, a band of bold citizens was organized for the pursuit; and Major James Childress, as leader, came rapidly riding into the village on a large iron-gray horse, accoutred with rifle and pistols, and in hunter's garb, followed by a lively pack of hounds, yelping in response to the mellow winding of the huntsman's horn.

This band was made up of the best and most daring of the citizens of Tuskaloosa and North Port, well armed and accoutred for the emergency, and, with a wagon drawn by two mules, supplied as if for a party on a *camp hunt*. The raiders took the road leading to Walker County, as it was known that the counterfeiters had come from that direction.

* * * * * *

About half a mile from the camp there was a rude log cabin on the edge of a small clearing of four or six acres of land, on which corn and cotton (the latter in a small patch) had been produced. In this cabin were found a woman and two small children. The cabin was of the rudest sort, but fresh built, only one room, about twenty feet square, a bed in each of the four corners. About fifty yards off was a row of small stables, of logs very strongly put together, four in number, by the side of a small but very substantial crib well filled with corn and oats. Our hunters agreed to spread themselves around the neighborhood as observers for the day. Childress and Prewitt visited the cabin and inquired for the master of the place. The woman said that her husband had gone to Huntsville, she did not know when he would be back, for it is "a good way out there." Loitering around, Prewitt looked in at the stables and noted that in each stall there was a horse freshly fed and groomed. And lo! in one of the stalls he saw his veritable filly! Upon his discovery he called Childress and exclaimed: "We have treed the coon! There stands my filly, it is all a lie about going to Huntsville. It takes *men* to look after stock in this way."

Childress was of the same opinion, and concluded from the

facts that the counterfeiters were in the adjacent woods. The party was speedily made acquainted with the facts, and every rifle and pistol was well prepared for whatever emergency might arise. Childress took pains to conceal from the woman in the cabin that he had made any discovery, and the idea of camp-hunters was sedulously cultivated. But Prewitt insisted that the stables should be picketed, and four men were detailed with special orders to keep an eye on the stables while the party carelessly scattered themselves up and down on the edges of the bluffs and cliffs of the creek, each with an eye for discovery.

If Clear Creek was in Switzerland it would be renowned for its scenery. It is a small stream, but its fierce waters dash along within their craggy confines uttering a sound as if made up of the mingling of a thousand rivulets, yet soft and distinct; the harmony never ceases. Here are crags to be castled in the future, with adjacent lands in valleys surpassingly rich. Here, for the distance of twenty sinuous miles, is room for as many mills, with natural power to drive enough spindles to clothe the population of a small empire. The whole is broken into numerous cascades, over one of which the water rolls without a break for the width of nearly one hundred feet and with a ten-foot plunge that seems the mimic of an echo of some far-off Niagara.

Near this, just above on one side, is a frightful crag, overlooking the bed of the stream, with a continuous threat to topple over, and bathe its rugged limbs in the lucid waters below, while, on the farther side, the bluff is of moderate height, declining gradually into a rich valley.

Just below the fall, comes in from the adjacent hill a frothing rivulet—a never-dying feeder to the larger stream, and empties itself, as if dropping its fleecy treasure from great baskets of snow.

But our camp-hunters are suddenly excited, and at the same time perplexed, by having discovered a very light curl of smoke issuing from a crevice in the edge of the crag, near the summit. Clambering up the locality of the bluish emission they discovered the mouth of a miniature crater about the size of the head of a large barrel. The conclusion was that the smoke came from a cavern below; and the gang began reconnoitering the place to find an entrance, having jumped at the

conclusion that the counterfeiters were concealed under ground. While our hunters were eagerly looking around for a trail a little girl, one of the children from the cabin aforenamed, came dashing down the hill with a little water bucket in her hand.

Major Childress hailed her, and looking into her little bright eyes which glowed like those of a scared minx in her full, round face, he inquired where she was going. "To the spring," she said, her face nothing exhibiting excepting the flushing eagerness natural to a child running. She was about six years old, very alert and active, in her bare feet; her long black hair was twisted into two rolls after the country fashion of putting up pig-tail tobacco.

Now just below this cascade the bed of the creek widened considerably, and the body of the water spreading out over a larger extent of space disclosed the rocky bottom, so that the stream was very shallow.

Twenty or thirty yards below, a row of rocks had been thrown, making a foot-path over which one could pass almost dry-shod. Over this path the child glided, and went up toward the cascade on the other side, where there was a spring, by which she sat down, resting her bucket on a stone.

In the meantime the hunters had crossed the rocky foot-path, and bent their course into the woods beyond. Childress, walking up to the spring where the little girl sat, said: "Will we find plenty of deer out in this direction?"

"Oh, yes; pap killed a buck over there yesterday."

The little girl kept her eyes on Childress, as he passed along, until she thought he was out of sight when she darted like an arrow, and disappeared under the waterfall.

Childress had seen her, and at once beckoned to his friends, who were on the lookout; and four of the gang, besides Childress, followed the child under the waterfall hastily.

There was a space of about three feet between the cascade and the bluff, serving as an opening, so that one could pass in and under, keeping at the same time perfectly dry. They found, over head, a flat rock extending the entire width of the creek, over which the waters rushed in a body with a regularity and precision as if the hands of man had made the dam out of solid timbers for the express purpose of letting

the stream pour over it. There was also under foot a solid rock, without a perceivable crack in it, and this was dry within a few feet of the plunge. Under the edge of the rock over which the waters poured, and for eight or ten feet inwardly, there was light enough to see clearly across the cavern, but beyond all was darkness impenetrable. The five men passed rapidly across and at the side beyond groped onward in the darkness, feeling every step of the way by pointing their rifles ahead, above, and under foot. The rock was firm beneath, while above and all around them was nothing visible. The hunters touched each other to assure themselves, said nothing, and moved on cautiously, listening.

Suddenly a gleam of light flashed upon them, as if from an opening shutter.

"What is it, Lizzie?" said a gruff voice at the opening.

"There's a gang of men here—hunters they say—just now crossin' the creek."

The opening was closed and the hunters advanced rapidly to the spot. Feeling, their hands came in contact with a rough plank or slab, upright, and firmly set as if in a wall. It was about two feet wide, six or seven feet high; on one edge of it was a strip of undressed raw-hide running all the way from top to bottom, and was nailed to the slab on one side and to a post on the other, and was undoubtedly used as a hinge for the slab to swing on. Childress made a light from his tinder-box and took the surroundings. There was a cavernous yawning on each side of them; in front a wall with a slab door. The men arranged themselves on the opening side of the slab, the light was extinguished, and they waited for events, supposing that the door would open directly to let out the little girl.

There were voices within, but unintelligible. In a very little while the door swung open, the girl passed out, and a naked, brawny, and stalwart arm was extended, grasping the edge of the shutter with intent to close it: Childress clutched the wrist of that arm in his left hand with a deathly grip, and with his right hand seized the man by the throat and dragged him at once out of the door and to the ground; placed his knees upon his breast, and cried out: "Enter, boys; I have got this fellow;" whereupon, in an instant, four rifles were leveled

at the occupants within—two men sitting on a bench, in front of a log-fire. The men sprang up.

"Hands up!" cried Prewitt, "and surrender or die—right here." The men were paralyzed, they offered not the slightest resistance. One of them, a tall, straight man, over six feet high, simply said: "Don't shoot, men," then turning to his comrades, exclaimed: "*The jig's up.*"

In twenty minutes the three were handcuffed, and led out of the den. In the den were found quantities of paper counterfeits on the North and South Carolina and Georgia banks, tools and implements for engraving bills, and dies for casting counterfeit coin of all denominations, and a quantity of poorly executed counterfeit metal dollars, half-dollars, quarters, and dimes.

The den was nearly triangular in shape, with rugged walls, but dry to the touch, and with a solid stone floor. On one side of the den was an opening to another and a darker cavern, which the hunters did not care to explore. A fire-place, quite snug, had been made in the corner, and over it was built up a sort of chimney by stones, adhering to the walls on the inside, so as to convey the smoke to the apex.

The submissive men were mounted on their own horses and well secured. Prewitt had captured his lost filly, on which he rode, "proudly pre-eminent." Childress wound his melodious hunting horn, the hounds yelped a long and sonorous response, when the hunters took up their homeward march. The raiders halted at Jasper for the night, and the prisoners, well ironed, were lodged in the cellar of old Jemmy Daniel's house. About three o'clock on the second day after this, the victorious raiders, with their prisoners, were entering the ferry boat, on the Black Warrior River, at Tuskaloosa.

THOMAS LOWNDES SNEAD

[1828—1890]

EDWARD A. ALLEN

THOMAS LOWNDES SNEAD, author of 'The Fight for Missouri,' was born in Henrico County, Virginia, January 10, 1828. He was graduated at Richmond College in 1846, at the University of Virginia in 1848, was admitted to the Bar, and in 1850 removed to St. Louis. In 1860-'61, he became editor and proprietor of *The Bulletin,* a newspaper published in St. Louis. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he promptly took sides with the South, and during the war period held several responsible positions, first as aide-de-camp of Governor Claiborne F. Jackson, then as Adjutant-general of the Missouri State Guard, and later as chief of staff of the Army of the West. His military career came to a close in May, 1864, when he entered the Confederate Congress as a member from Missouri.

At the close of the war, in 1865, he went to New York City and became managing editor of the *Daily News,* a Democratic paper of that city. Two years later he gave up journalism to resume the practice of law, and was admitted to the Bar of New York. In 1886 he published his 'Fight for Missouri,' (Charles Scribner's Sons), the first volume of a projected history of the war in the trans-Mississippi department, which was at once accepted by both sides as a fair and impartial history of the period it covers.

Colonel Snead died in New York City, October 17, 1890. His remains were brought to St. Louis for burial in Bellefontaine Cemetery, the Southern Historical Association attending his funeral in a body.

Of his charming personality and lovable nature his old-time friends and acquaintances speak with strong affection. His buoyant optimism and sunny disposition, always the same even in the most trying circumstances, his genial good-humor and inexhaustible fund of anecdotes on all occasions, inspired the most despondent with fresh courage and made him a welcome visitor in every circle. A friend writes of him that his nature rose superior to feelings of ill-will or revenge; and those who had been his stanchest opponents afterward became his warmest friends.

Edward A. Allen

FRANK BLAIR REBELS AGAINST THE STATE

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THIS letter* having been referred by the President to General Scott, the latter forthwith sent Lieutenant Robinson with a detachment of forty men, from Newport Barracks to St. Louis "to be placed by the department commander at the disposal of the Assistant Treasurer." This detachment reached St. Louis on the morning of the 11th of January, and was quartered in the Government Building, wherein were the custom-house, the post-office, the Federal courts and the Assistant Treasury.

This absurd display of force by the Government provoked the intensest excitement throughout the city. Extras were issued by the papers; great crowds began to gather around the post-office; and an outbreak would have followed had not General Harney wisely ordered the troops to the arsenal, and thereby quieted the people. No one seemed to be able to explain the coming of these Federal soldiers. The Assistant Treasurer kept himself prudently out of view. As soon as the fact had been telegraphed to Jefferson City, the Governor called the attention of the General Assembly to it, and Senator Parsons offered these resolutions:

"*Resolved,* That we view this act of the administration as insulting to the dignity and patriotism of the State, and calculated to arouse suspicion and distrust on the part of her people towards the Federal Government.

"*Resolved,* That the Governor be requested to inquire of the President what has induced him to place the property of the United States within this State in charge of an armed Federal force."

The removal of the troops from the post-office to the arsenal caused the General Assembly to drop the matter. But the incident had important consequences nevertheless, the very reverse, however, of what had been intended by Mr. Sturgeon; for it set both Union men and Secessionists to making

*Letter from the Assistant Treasurer to the President, suggesting the propriety of concentrating troops for the protection of the Government funds and the arsenal.

serious and diligent preparation to get possession of the arms in the arsenal.

It was now that Blair first began to convert the Wide-Awakes into Home Guards, and to drill, discipline, and arm them. He saw that the time for action had come. The State Government had, with the new year, passed into the hands of a Governor, who was an avowed sympathizer with the seceding States and was pledged to resist all attempts of the Federal Government to enforce its laws within those States, and he was supported by a General Assembly, one House of which was almost unanimously, and the other very decidedly, in accord with him. A law had already passed the Senate, and was pending in the House, to take away from the Republican Mayor of St. Louis all authority over the Volunteer Militia of that city, and to confer that power upon the Governor instead; and Blair knew that the object of this law was not only to deprive the Mayor of the means with which to help the Federal Government, in case of disturbances in St. Louis, but also to range the military companies of the city on the side of the Secessionists, if the latter should undertake to seize the arsenal, or if any conflict should take place between them and the Union men.

Blair did not hesitate. He never did. But, availing himself of the excitement produced by the bringing of Federal troops to St. Louis, he began the formation of companies of Home Guards, that self-same night. The work, once begun, was carried on actively by him, with the assistance of a committee of safety of which Oliver D. Filley, Mayor of the city, was chairman, and James O. Broadhead, secretary. Its other members were Samuel T. Glover, a Kentuckian; John How, a Pennsylvanian, and Julius J. Witzig, a German. Filley was a New Englander and Broadhead a Virginian.

The first company which they enrolled was composed of both Germans and Americans, and Frank Blair was elected captain. Eleven companies, aggregating about seven hundred and fifty officers and men, nearly all of them Germans, were soon drilling and getting ready for active service. Some of them were armed (partly by Governor Yates of Illinois, and partly by private contributions), but most of them were still

unarmed, at the time that the election of delegates to the State Convention took place.

The Governor and other Southern Rights men viewed these Home Guards with just apprehension; and consequently they put into the military bill, then before the Legislature, a clause which was intended to disband them. This clause required the commanding officer of each of the several military districts into which the State was divided to disarm every organization within his district, which had not been "regularly organized and mustered into the service of the State;" and to confiscate the arms of such organizations to the use of the State. Had this bill become a law in February, the course of events in Missouri might have been essentially changed.

The St. Louis Secessionists were no less active than the Union men. They were few in number; but most of them were young, ardent and full of zeal. They regretted the determination of the Cotton States to secede. They would rather have had them remain within the Union, and fight within it for their constitutional rights. But they believed nevertheless that these States had the right to secede and to establish a separate Government if they chose to do so. Whether this was a constitutional right, or a revolutionary right they did not care; nor ought they to have cared. For the God-given right of revolution is a higher and a more sacred right than any which is based upon the mere bargainings and concessions of men. The people who abandon it or fear to assert it always lose their freedom sooner or later and sink surely to the condition of serfs or slaves. To the exercise of this natural right in 1776 the Republic owes its existence. To the assertion of it by the South in 1861 the Republic owes its present grandeur, and its perfect unity.

When South Carolina seceded these young St. Louisians no longer doubted that all the Cotton States would secede and form a Southern Confederacy, that between this Confederacy and the Union war would ensue, and that in this war the whole country would take part. For themselves they were resolved to fight with and for the South, among whose people and upon whose soil most of them had been born.

Throwing aside all vain regrets and bravely accepting the inevitable, they began at once to fit themselves for war;

began to learn the rudiments of the art in the school of the soldier. They were very few, however, till Sturgeon's folly set fire to the passions of men and lit the flames of civil war on the soil of Missouri. Many then joined their ranks—many who had hitherto held aloof for love of the Union or for the sake of peace, but who now despaired of both.

Among these was Basil Wilson Duke, a young lawyer from Kentucky. He was about twenty-five years of age, able, enterprising, and bold; giving promise, even then, of those soldierly qualities which eventually made him John Morgan's most trusted lieutenant and the brilliant commander of a Confederate cavalry brigade. In the presidential election he had supported Douglas with great zeal and some eloquence, and since then had earnestly deprecated disunion and striven to stay the current that was setting toward secession in Missouri. Now he awoke suddenly to the conviction that the North was going to make war upon the South. That was enough for him. To go with his people when they were attacked; to stand by them when they were in danger, uncaring whether they were right or wrong; to share *their* perils, and to fight with them against *their* foes, was with him an instinct and a duty. He at once joined the small band of secessionists and became their most conspicuous leader. Among them he found men as brave and as earnest as he; some of them with ability equal to his own, and talents as useful, perhaps, though not so brilliant and attractive. One of these, Colton Greene, was a prosperous young merchant, hardly as old as Duke. A South Carolinian by birth, he sympathized earnestly with the people of that State and justified their conduct in seceding. With a rather delicate physical organization, and of a retiring disposition, he possessed fine sensibilities, a cultivated intellect which was both sharp and strong, courage, and determination. He was, withal, painstaking, laborious and earnest, upright and honorable.

These two, with Rock Champion, a great-hearted young Irishman, and a few others as daring, were as quick to organize the Secessionists into Minute Men, as Blair had been to organize his Wide-Awakes into Home Guards; and they did it boldly and openly, beginning it the very day that the Federal troops arrived at St. Louis.

Never was there a finer body of young fellows than these

Minute Men. Some were Missourians; some from the North; some from the South; and others were Irishmen. Among them all there was hardly a man who was not intelligent, educated, and recklessly brave. Some who had the least education were as brave as the bravest, and as true as the truest. Most of them fought afterwards on many a bloody field. Many of them died in battle. Some of them rose to high commands. Not one of them proved false to the cause to which he then pledged his faith. They established their head-quarters at the old Berthold mansion, in the very heart of the city, at the corner of Fifth and Pine Streets, and also formed and drilled companies in other parts of the city, against the time that they could arm and equip themselves. They were hardly three hundred in all, but they were so bold and active, so daring and ubiquitous, that every one accounted them ten times as numerous.

Like Blair and the Home Guards, they had their eyes fixed upon the arsenal, and expected out of its abundant stores to arm and equip themselves for the coming fight. In that arsenal were sixty thousand good muskets, while in all the Confederate States there were not one hundred and fifty thousand more. They were barely three hundred men, and more than ten thousand stood ready to resist them; but for love of the South, and for love of the right, and for the honor of Missouri, they were willing to peril their lives any day to get those muskets. And they would have gotten them or perished in the attempt but for the advice of their leaders at Jefferson City.

These counseled delay. They believed that it was better to wait till the people should, in their election of delegates to the Convention, declare their purpose to side with the South. They never doubted that the people would do this; never doubted that they would elect a Convention which would pledge Missouri to resist the subjugation of the South, and would put her in position to do it. Sustained by the voice of the people, and instructed by their votes, the Governor would then order General Frost to seize the arsenal in the name of the State, and he, with his brigade and the Minute Men, and the thousands that would flock to their aid, could easily do it.

THE BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK

From 'The Fight for Missouri.'

From the summit of Bloody Hill, Lyon could see the entire field. It all lay before him, its outmost limits hardly a mile away. He knew now that Sigel had been defeated, and that the troops which had put him to flight would soon be coming, all flushed with victory, to join the force which Price was getting ready to hurl again against his own disheartened men. He could see Gratiot hurrying even now with more than five hundred fresh troops to give vigor to the assault that was about to be made upon his own weary men, broken down as these were by a long night-march, and by five hours of the very hardest fighting; could see him clambering up the hill-side now, himself and his men eager to fight under the eye of the brave soldier that was leading them to death or to victory. He could also see the rest of Pearce's brigade forming on the opposite hill and about to bring their bright muskets into the thickening fight, muskets that had not yet been tarnished by the smoke of battle. And all through the valley that lay beneath him he could see Missourians, and Texans, and Arkansians—men who had as yet taken no part in the desperate fight that had been raging since day-dawn—thousands of men, taking heart again as they got used to the din of war, and clutching their shotguns and rifles, resolved to be "in at the death." He saw all this and more; and there was no hope left within him but to dash upon Price with all his might and crush him to the ground before these gathering forces could come to his help.

He now brought every available battalion to the front. "The engagement at once became general, and almost inconceivably fierce along the entire line, the enemy" (these are the words of Schofield and Sturgis) "appearing in front, often in three or four ranks, lying down, kneeling, and standing, and the lines often approaching to within thirty or forty yards as the enemy would charge upon Totten's battery and be driven back."

Neither line of battle was more than a thousand yards in length. Price guarded carefully every part of his own. Wherever the danger was greatest and the battle most doubtful,

thither would he hasten and there would he stay till the danger was all past. In the intervals of the fight he would ride far to the front among his skirmishers, and peer into the thick smoke which tangled itself among the trees and the bushes, and clung to the ground as though it wanted to hide the combatants from each other; would peer wistfully into it till through its rifts he could discern what the enemy was doing, and then his voice would ring down the whole length of his line, and officers and men would quickly spring forward to obey it; for long before the battle was over they had all learned that they were fighting under one of the best and truest of soldiers, under one who knew how to fight them to the greatest advantage, one who would expose them to no useless danger, nor to *any* danger which he would not himself share. Many a time did they cry out to him as with one voice: "Don't lead us, General; don't come with us; take care of yourself for the sake of us all; we will go without you." Several times his clothing was pierced by bullets, one of which inflicted a painful wound in his side. Turning with a smile to an officer that was near him, he said: "That isn't fair; if I were as slim as Lyon that fellow would have missed me entirely." No one else knew till the battle was ended, that he had been struck. One of his aides, Colonel Allen of Saline, was killed while receiving an order; Weightman was borne to the rear, dying; Cawthon and his adjutant were both mortally wounded; Slack was fearfully lacerated by a musket-ball, and Clark was shot in the leg. Colonel Ben Brown was killed, Churchill had two horses shot under him, Gratiot one. Colonels Burbridge, Foster, and Kelly, and nearly every other field officer, were disabled. But in spite of all these losses Price grew stronger all the time, while Lyon's strength was fast wasting away.

Walking along his line from left to right, encouraging his men by his own intrepid bearing and by a few well-spoken words; rallying them where they were beginning to give way; steadying them where they still stood to their duty; inspiring them with his own brave purpose to make one more effort to win the day, while yet there was time to try, Lyon had nearly reached the advanced section of Totten's battery when his horse, whose bridle he held in his hand, was killed, and himself was wounded in the leg and in the head. Stunned and dazed

by the blow, and his brave soul cast down by the shock, he said in a confused sort of way to those that were nearest that he feared the day was lost. But he came quickly to his senses, and ordering Sturgis to rally the First Iowa, which was beginning to break badly, he mounted a horse that was offered to him, and swinging his hat in the air, called out to his men to follow. A portion of Mitchell's Second Kansas, which Lieutenant Wherry had just brought again to the front, closed quickly around him and together they dashed into the fight. The next minute Mitchell was struck down severely wounded, and almost instantly thereafter a fatal ball pierced Lyon's breast. He fell from his horse into the arms of his faithful orderly, who had sprung forward to catch him, and in another minute he was dead.

The command devolved upon Major Sturgis. He called his chief officers together. Price had already been reinforced by Gratiot, and now Dockery's Arkansas regiment and a section of Reid's battery were getting into position, and with them was the Third Louisiana, which for the first time since its encounter with Plummer in the early morning had been gotten together under its colonel (Herbert), and was eager to add to the laurels which it had already gathered in the fields on which it had defeated Plummer, and routed Sigel.

Sturgis decided to retreat. The order was given, and was silently obeyed, Steele's battalion of regulars covering the retreat, and marching away from the field in perfect order.

It was now half past eleven. Silence had again fallen upon Bloody Hill, on whose rough surface the dead of both armies lay in great heaps. The Confederates, stretched out among the bushes in which they had been fighting all day, were waiting for the enemy's next onset, or for Price's order to attack, and ready for either. Suddenly a cry rang along their ranks that the Federals were retreating; that they had already gotten away, and were ascending the hill from which they had begun the attack upon Rains at dawn of day; that they had *at last* abandoned the field for which they had fought so bravely and so well against unconquerable odds. Springing to their feet they gave utterance to their unspeakable relief and to their unbounded joy with that exultant cry which is never heard except upon a battle-field whereon its victors stand. It reached

the ears of Weightman—true soldier and true gentleman—whose life was fast ebbing away in the midst of the men that loved him. "What is it?" he asked. "We have whipped them. They are gone." "Thank God!" he faintly whispered. In another instant he was dead. Of him General Price well said, in his report that:

"Among those who fell mortally wounded upon the battlefield none deserve a dearer place in the memory of Missourians than Richard Hanson Weightman, Colonel commanding the first brigade of the second division of this army. Taking up arms at the very beginning of this unhappy contest, he had already done distinguished service at the battle of Rock Creek, where he commanded the State forces after the death of the lamented Holloway, and at Carthage, where he won unfading laurels by the display of extraordinary coolness, courage and skill. He fell at the head of his brigade, wounded in three places, and died just as the victorious shouts of our army began to rise upon the air."

Nothing could better attest the constancy, the courage, and the devotion with which both armies fought that day on the wooded summit of the Ozark hills, than do the losses which each sustained.

In the engagement between McIntosh and Plummer, in the cornfield east of the creek, the Federals lost eighty of the three hundred men who took part in the fight; and the Confederates, who were over one thousand strong, lost one hundred and one.

In the final attack upon Sigel, which McCulloch and McIntosh led, the Confederate loss was trifling, but Sigel, whose panic-stricken men were pitilessly cut down by the Missourians and Texans who pursued, lost two hundred and ninety-three men. Of these, one hundred and sixty-seven were either killed or wounded, and one hundred and twenty-six were taken prisoners. These losses were confined exclusively to Sigel's Infantry and Artillery, which aggregated about one thousand and fifty men. Captain Carr's squadron of United States Cavalry which formed part of his column was not under fire and did not sustain any loss. This fact did not, however, prevent Captain Carr from being brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct on the field.

But it was on Bloody Hill that the main battle was fought,

and the heaviest losses were suffered. There Lyon and Price confronted each other, until, after four hours of desperate fighting, Lyon was killed; and still the battle raged for a time, till, overwhelmed by ever-increasing odds, Sturgis abandoned the unequal contest, and left the field. Here the Union Army lost not only its general, and so many of its field officers as to come out of the fight under command of a major, but of the 3,500 men that went into action nearly nine hundred were either killed or wounded. The First Missouri alone lost 295 men out of less than eight hundred, the First Kansas 284, and Steele's Battalion of regulars sixty-one out of 275 officers and men.

The Confederates lost in almost the same proportion. Of the 4,200 men who fought there under Price 988 were either killed or wounded. Nearly every one of his higher officers was disabled, and he was himself wounded. Churchill had two horses shot under him, and lost 197 of his 500 men.

The total losses of the Federals during the day amounted to 1,317 officers and men killed, wounded, and missing; that of the Confederates to 1,230 killed and wounded.

Never before—considering the numbers engaged—had so bloody a battle been fought upon American soil; seldom has a bloodier one been fought on any modern field.

THE RESULT OF THE BATTLE

From 'The Fight for Missouri.'

All this time, during all this disorderly retreat of a defeated army over difficult roads and through a not friendly population, more than twice its number of well mounted, and willing, Southern soldiers lay absolutely idle at Springfield. They might have easily captured the entire force, and its richly loaded train, worth more than $1,500,000, and with the captured stores could have armed, equipped, and supplied ten thousand Confederates. But McCulloch sulked in his tent, and his army melted away.

Nothing excuses that brave soldier's conduct on this occasion except the fact that the Confederate Government was then opposed to an aggressive war, and therefore objected to the

invasion of any State which had not seceded and joined the Confederacy. In entering Missouri at all he had violated both the orders under which he was acting, and the wishes of the Confederate Secretary of War, who had expressly cautioned him to remember that the main purpose of his command was to protect the Indian Territory, and had instructed him to assist the Missourians *only* when such assistance would subserve that "main purpose." But even these instructions hardly justify McCulloch's refusal to gather the fruits of a victory which would have been so valuable to the Confederacy, and which he could have gathered so easily and so abundantly.

He would, perhaps, have pursued even at the risk of displeasing his Government, had he not by this time become so prejudiced against the Missourians as to be wholly unable to recognize the skill with which they had been commanded, and the courage and constancy with which they had fought on Bloody Hill, from the beginning to the end of the battle. The distrust which he conceived the first moment that he saw their unorganized condition, and which had been increased by the behavior of a few of them at Dug Springs, had gone on increasing day by day ever since, and reached its height when, through his own fault, his army was completely surprised by Lyon and Sigel on the morning of the battle. "The fault was theirs;" he said to the Secretary of War, "the two extremes of the camp were composed of mounted men from Missouri, and it was their duty to have kept pickets upon the roads on which the enemy advanced." Though he ought to have known that one of these two extremes—the right—was composed of Texans and Arkansians of his own brigade, and that in any case it was his own duty to have kept his camp properly guarded, he unjustly attributed the blunder to the Missourians alone, and distrusted and disliked them more than ever. Nor could he help contrasting their condition with that of his own well-organized, well-disciplined, well-equipped, and finely uniformed brigade, with its full complement of quarter-masters, commissaries and ordnance officers, unlimited supplies of all kinds, and an overflowing army-chest. Many of them had not even enlisted, and had only come out to fight; thousands of them had not been organized into regiments; many of them were unarmed; none of them were uniformed; very few of

them had been drilled. Their arms were mostly shot-guns and rifles, and they had no other equipments of any kind; no tents at all; no supplies of any sort, and no depots from which to draw subsistence, or clothing, or ammunition, or anything. They had no muster-rolls and they made no morning reports. They bivouacked in the open air, they subsisted on the ripening corn, and they foraged their horses on the prairie-grass. McCulloch was not wise enough to see that they were, in despite of all these drawbacks, true soldiers, as brave as the bravest, and as good as the best, and he still distrusted them, even after they had unflinchingly borne the brunt of the battle for five hours, and with the aid of Churchill, Gratiot, and Woodruff, had won the main fight on Bloody Hill.

Both Schofield and Sturgis say in their reports of the battle that *after* the death of Lyon, "the fiercest and most bloody engagement of the day took place"; and that then "for the first time during the day, the Union line maintained its position with perfect firmness, till finally the enemy gave way and fled from the field"; that "The order to retreat was then given to Sturgis," and the whole column moved slowly to the high, open prairie, and thence to Springfield. Though these statements were doubtless believed at the time, the officers who made them would hardly repeat them now. If they had "driven the enemy precipitately from the field," they themselves would not have fled in such trepidation as to leave behind the dead body of their heroic commander.

The Union Army did leave in good order, but it left in a hurry; and Price, instead of being driven from the field, was still holding the line that he had taken at the beginning of the battle, nor had he been driven back one hundred yards from this line at any time during the entire day. But it is very easy to be mistaken as to what your enemy is doing on a battlefield, as any one can see who will take the trouble to study the reports of any hotly contested fight. Federals and Confederates alike made many such mistakes.

It is a noteworthy fact that the little army which fought under Lyon against Price and McCulloch furnished at least seven major-generals and thirteen brigadier-generals to the Union. Among the former were Schofield, Stanley, Steele, Sigel, Granger, Osterhaus, and Herron; and among the latter

were Sturgis, Carr, Plummer, Mitchell, Sweeny, Totten, Gilbert, and Powell Clayton.

Among the Confederates who became General officers in their service were McCulloch, McIntosh, Churchill, Greer, Gratiot, Dockery, Herbert, and McRae. Among the Missourians who rose to that grade were Price, Parsons, Slack, Shelby, John B. Clark, Jr., Colton, Greene, and Cockrell. Clark, who was one of the most gallant soldiers, is now Clerk of the United States House of Representatives, and Cockrell is a Senator from Missouri.

Out of the dust and smoke and out of the din and carnage of the battle Sterling Price emerged the leader of his people. Never till now had they known him. That he was just and upright, that he had been a successful general in the war with Mexico, that he had governed Missouri wisely and well for four years, and was a man to be trusted at all times and in all circumstances they knew; but not till now had they seen him display that genius for war which fitted him for the command of great armies. Calm, quiet and unimpassioned in the affairs of every-day life, and somewhat slow of thought and of speech, the storm of battle aroused all the faculties of his soul, and made him "a hero in the strife." When friends and foes were falling fast around him, and Life and Death waited upon his words, then it was that he saw as by intuition what was best to be done, and did it on the instant, with the calmness of conscious strength, and with all a soldier's might. Of danger he seemed to take no note, but he had none of that brilliant dash, of that fine frenzy of the fight, which men call gallantry, for he was great rather than brilliant. He was wise, too, and serenely brave, quick to see, prompt to act, and always right. From this time he was loved and trusted by his soldiers, as no Missourian had ever been; and never thereafter did he lose their trust and devotion, for throughout all the long years of war—years crowded with victories and with defeats—the virtues which he displayed that day grew more conspicuous all the time, while around them clustered others which increased the splendor of these—unselfish devotion to his native land, unending care for the men who fought under the flag, constancy under defeat, patience under wrongs that were grievous, justice toward all men, and kindness toward every one.

In its flight from Springfield the Union Army had again left the body of its General to the care of his foes. These caused it to be decently buried near the home of one of his friends.

Lyon had not fought and died in vain. Through him the rebellion which Blair had organized, and to which he had himself given force and strength, had succeeded at last. By capturing the State militia at Camp Jackson, and driving the Governor from the Capitol, and all his troops into the uttermost corner of the State, and by holding Price and McCulloch at bay, he had given the Union men of Missouri time, opportunity, and courage to bring their State Convention together again; and had given the Convention an excuse and the power to depose Governor Jackson and Lieutenant-Governor Reynolds, to vacate the seats of the members of the General Assembly, and to establish a State Government, which was loyal to the Union, and which would use the whole organized power of the State, its Treasury, its Credit, its Militia, and all its great resources, to sustain the Union and crush the South. All this had been done while Lyon was boldly confronting the overwhelming strength of Price and McCulloch. Had he abandoned Springfield instead, and opened to Price a pathway to the Missouri; had he not been willing to die for the freedom of the negro, and for the preservation of the Union, none of these things would have then been done. By wisely planning, by boldly doing, and by bravely dying, he had won the fight for Missouri.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE

A BRIEF SKETCH

It has been made sufficiently clear in the Introduction and the General Preface that the designation "Southern" is geographical, and is merely incidentally suggestive of sectionalism in any political sense. While it may connote provincialism, or rather provincialisms—for there are many smaller sections in this imperial domain—this means nothing more than that every great division of our common country has its peculiar characteristics. To-day it is just as appropriate to speak of the provincialism of New England, with its assumed superiority of culture, or of New York and its adjacent territory, with its confident authority of leadership, or of the Middle West, with its growing feeling of local independence and its protest against Eastern domination, or even of the Pacific Coast, with its westward look of longing for new markets, as to speak of the provincialism of the South. No one has thought that any of these forms of individuality augurs ill for the Union save that of the South. But is it not a trifle absurd to consider as detrimental to our National life a provincialism caricatured at its worst in a certain shiftlessness of life, carelessness of dress and bearing, drawl of speech, and an overplus of ardent and often ill-directed emotionalism and pictured at its best in a selfless chivalry of life, an Anglican culture of speech, a regnant idealism in society and affairs, and a heart-warm devotion to home, state, and country in the order named? Into the making of a national literature, especially our National literature, must go eventually all the local elements of these divers and diverse sections, and the charm of the final product will not be conventional uniformity but a variety that is forever surprising us with unexpected details and undefined gradations.

It will become more and more apparent as the pages of the Library of Southern Literature are turned that the South's contribution to the intellectual life of the Nation has been commensurate with its magnificent territorial gifts and its unreckoned political service. If ignorance, pardonable for the lack of some such book as this, has warped and distorted

our judgments of our literature as a whole, then this series may call for a complete revision of some of our conventional views and compel a changed perspective in the examination of our literary life.

To prove this is no part of the purpose of this general sketch of Southern literature; but from time to time the effort to correct, in passing, some present misapprehension may lead to a certain polemic or, at least, defensive tone. For this no further extenuation is needed and no further excuse is offered.

That our American literature had its beginning with the very settlement of Jamestown, in 1607, we owe to doughty John Smith, whose romantic history led almost inevitably to romances seeming to many but slightly historical. He was a doer of brave deeds that lost nothing of their signal prowess in his recitals. His style may have been a little stiffened, as were his fingers, by the firm grasp of his sword, but no less in the style than in the singular contents of his writings may be detected his spirit of romantic adventure, his wealth of personal resourcefulness, and his heartiness of outspoken independence, qualities that never have been lacking in his worthy Southern successors. The prosaic mind interprets his romantic "relations" as baseless figments of a highly wrought imagination; but, on the other hand, the reader endowed with that imagination that maketh alive, or with that higher imagination in quest of spiritual essence amid mere appearances, will as readily see here essential truth over-colored by the fancies of a life lived so romantically as to be wellnigh unintelligible to our duller age. Thus, too, his resourcefulness is translated into boastfulness, both American qualities but of vastly different intrinsic value. Yet this resourcefulness, established beyond peradventure in the salvation of that struggling and despairing colony, has reasserted itself over and over again in the South's long history, whether in overcoming with a smile the obstacles delaying prosperity or in meeting with a grim resoluteness on-coming adversity. The independence of Smith, with its origin in the heart and its utterance in a hundred ways, remained, and remains, a typical quality of the individualistic Southerner.

In the first flush of the discovery of a land differing in

flora and fauna from their home, the several chroniclers—and they are far more numerous than this book records—manifested wide-eyed astonishment and a frank enjoyment, without apologies, of these new delights. This worldliness, as many afflicted with other-worldliness deemed it, was not inconsistent with a profound sense of religion; for in every grant and in every official act Divine authority was invoked and Divine guidance sought, even in reducing to Christianity the rebellious savages. The first act of the colonists was to set up a cross where they first touched land, and their first employment after they had effected a landing was in solemn worship.

These qualities, suggesting others equally obvious, have been dwelt upon not by way of distracting attention from the relative poverty of this period of colonialism, when the daily contest was for sustenance and safety, but to impress the real worth of these early contributions to our literature. They may not reach the highest form, though the prose style is not inferior to the average prose of the average Englishman of that day, nor may we learn very much of substantial weight from the contents; but the inherent spirit revealing itself from that day to this in Southern writings makes this day of small beginnings illuminating. It is surprising to note how many characteristics of that early literature still persist as distinguishing marks of more recent writers.

From 1607 to 1676, then, the period of waxing colonialism during which in England and in the colonies alike the burning question was of the Colony's self-preservation and growth, there was only a small body of writings, and not all of that is as yet exploited. Its significance, however, may be found in the vigor and vitality of Smith, in Percy's "graphic sketches of brightness and gloom," in the vividness of detail in Strachey and Hamor, in the scholarliness of Whitaker, and the sprightliness of roistering Pory. None of these equals in literary import Colonel Norwood's thrilling account of his Virginia voyage. In this the naturalness and freshness, with its persistent evidence of first-hand observation and its aptness of expression, compel us to do homage to one of our first American stylists. Add to these the vigorous and enthusiastic sketch by Hammond entitled "Leah and Rachel," and Rich's crude,

rhymed chronicle of Gates and Newport, and the larger part of the tangible product of this first period is before us.

It is true that George Sandys was far more accomplished as a *littérateur* than any of these, but it is a violent assumption to include among American writers this brilliant translator, who spent but a few years on this side of the Atlantic. None of these writers, to be sure, had been born on American soil, though some of them had been transplanted and had taken fixed root: but Sandys, by the fortunes of official position, was given opportunity to spend but a few years here, and in these he sought solace for the hours of his weariness in continuing the translation already well under way when he came.

The year 1676 is a convenient dividing line, whether it be considered as closing an old era or opening a new one. Nor need there be any haggling over this. Suffice it to say that colonial life never could be quite the same after Nathaniel Bacon had asserted himself, had fought a good fight, and had died what seemed a futile death. In the days before him, Colonialism, the spirit of loyal allegiance to the mother-country, had waxed steadily stronger. As yet no questions had arisen as to England's claims, no boldness had been shown in confronting her governors, and no desire or hope of asserting their own rights had been manifested. In one dramatic episode of our National history, the Bacon Rebellion, the authority of England and the personal privileges of her governors were flatly assailed and the inherent rights of the Colonists were vigorously proclaimed and stoutly defended. With Bacon's death faded the vision that had thrilled these hardy Virginians, but its memory remained. The first declaration of independence had been written not in imperishable words but in a courageous life that set for his countrymen a new standard of self-reliance and self-sacrifice. No wonder that there grew up around this noteworthy adventure a wealth of legend and of story, and as little wonder that in literature as in life the colonist should then have become a trifle self-conscious. Had he not come to know himself in these experiences that had suddenly thrust upon him a new sense of responsibility? Out of this dramatic incident came, as was right, the best poem of our colonial days, the "Threnody on the Death of Bacon." If we could be quite sure that it was a contemporary produc-

tion we should be less guarded in according it the highest place in this period.

If from 1676, standing like some signal-post between the years that count the struggle for existence and the years that, coalescing in their sameness, settle back into social and political supineness, we could stretch the line of our country's progress to 1776, another year of singular pivotal distinction, we might note how, like any other cord stretched from two high points, there was the inevitable decline for a space, and then the gradual climb to the other height. This second pivotal point may be drawn closer by a few years, for contemporary historians, like David Ramsay, are sure that the year 1764 marks the end of our Colonial existence in fact though not in name. After the Bacon Rebellion and its failure there were the natural reaction and the rapid reëstablishment of the Colonial status. For a season, say to about 1737, midway between the birth of Washington and that of Jefferson, no pressing questions of personal or colonial rights arose, no problems of right adjustment between motherland and colony had to be solved. For thirty years, from Bacon's Rebellion to Beverley's History, intellectual progress was not rapid. It is true that William and Mary College had been founded, but the South was without educational system or adequate provision for the training of her youth. The printing-press had not been needed, and the libraries, in individual cases of rare value, had been collected by young men educated in England as Englishmen. The first newspapers belong to about 1736, and intellectual contact hardly antedates them.

In 1705 Beverley, by a sort of Providential interposition, wrote a simple, sensible, and attractive history of Virginia, with the historian's aim to be accurate in truthfulness and the historian's temptation to sacrifice his aim in the interest of sheer readableness. Hugh Jones was even simpler because he was more intent upon being understood in correcting errors as to his new home. Space cannot here be found for characterizing the work of James Blair, William Stith, and many others; but no account of Southern letters would be satisfactory that did not draw particular attention to William Byrd. Without posing as a man of letters, he became our first author of unique yet universal merit. His literary work was a day-

by-day avocation, as he pursued the tasks of his leisurely yet busy life. "These casual jottings in the diary of a man of affairs combine the ease of the polished gentleman, the wit of an accomplished courtier, the breeziness of the observant woodsman, and the humor of the genial philanthropist. Criticism can do little toward defining the charm of these sketches unstudied in their frankness, warm in their humanity, natural in their vitality."*

Unquestionably there had been sporadic flashes of humor in America before Byrd's day, but no single writer had so clearly accepted humor as a part of the philosophy of life. His humour is not accidental nor incidental, it is essential and pervasive. There is through all his writings the warmth of a vital good cheer, and at times the sudden flame of lambent wit is so clever and fascinating as to place him at the head of our long line of Southern humorists. Indeed, he developed a capacity for almost all forms of humor save that of misspelled words.

It is singular that between 1736, when the first book was printed in the South, and 1764, when the National spirit was born, so little of literary significance was achieved. In these years, when Nationalism was carried in the womb of time, there were the retirement, reserve, and sane quiet that promised virile offspring. Colonialism was declining, though as yet there was no display of antipathy to England's dealings with her colonies. The fullness of time was awaited with a self-satisfied patience born of helplessness. It was a period without dreams or visions, without compelling fears or constraining hopes, without glory in a past or confident faith in a future. But in the quiet of these stagnant years men were being born and unconsciously trained for the large tasks of an ampler day. Nationalism came to birth in 1764, or, if we dare not be so specific in fixing a date for a great movement, somewhere about the time when the accession of George III forced America to reflect upon England's blind stupidity, and compelled England to know the potency of an aroused will. As sudden as the birth-cry came the voice of this new Nationalism in the impassioned oratory of the early 'sixties. The pent-up silence of a generation burst forth with lusty strength,

*'Virginia Literature,' by Carol M. Newman, University of Virginia.

and the world was aware that a new life had begun in a new land. Faces that had turned toward England with longing in their glances now fronted the orbing of a new nation. Souls unstirred by the prosaic tasks of making a living quivered under the ennobling excitement of making a Nation. Men hitherto unchallenged to large endeavors now uttered challenges and essayed deeds that might mean death.

It would be pleasant to dwell on this period, so satisfying to honest Southern pride because so rich in opportunities for oratory, statesmanship, and military efficiency, fields in which the Southerner has ever had his triumphs. The roll of Southern names in this period would alone lend it a majesty, for what country in what time could furnish a longer or a nobler list?

That the Revolutionary orations lacked written form, in which they could be preserved for our cavilling scrutiny, need not diminish one jot our appreciation of their effectiveness. Our formal analytical judgments may be less secure but the power of these incomparable orators in their crucial times is sufficiently attested. The penalty of greatness in this sphere lies in the fact that its success in achieving its object reduces its value when the object is achieved and takes its place among the settled questions. Cold-blooded afterthought may consider verbose, bombastic, and exaggerated what its own age considered eloquent, ardent, and convincing. Fashions in oratory change, but any fashion may be good that serves its own high purpose in a trying time. But this was not an age given to oratory, to "mere oratory" with the implied insinuation that the power of expressing significant thought suitably is unworthy of admiration; it was preëminently an age of calm, deliberate thinking. Statecraft occupied the largest share of incisive attention. The Declaration of Independence was among the first of that series of unmatched state papers commanding the respect of mankind. To some this seems less a state paper than a sophomoric outburst of metallic oratory; but these are they who confuse sophomoric with the divine fire of youth and oratory with the gift of words. This paper, rooting itself in George Mason's Declaration of Rights and formulating the new-born Nationalism, was not written in the "dry-light" of academic detachment, but in the "moist-light"

of personal and national participation. For every word hearts had throbbed in expectation and should throb again in suffering and in sorrow. This paper would one day be punctuated with battles and bloodshed and despair akin to death.

After this war had passed, and the great Southern general, whose fame gains luster as he looms larger through growing distance, had given to his countrymen a land that was now their own, statecraft turned to the serious task of building a nation out of the several colonies with which England had made peace. Out of the brain of some single individual, and out of the richer wisdom of conferences and conventions, in which Southern men were prominent as leaders, came lasting papers making and defending constitutions and providing the "checks and balances" against the changes that were feared.

Beyond oratory and state papers this period (1764-1800) offered little of literary value, but this little should be mentioned. There were orators in the pulpit tempted to forget their higher mission in their interest in the absorbing cause of nation-making; there were several plays, as those by Guilford, Burk, Robert Munford, and Williamson; there were narrative poems by Godfrey, Breckenridge, Johnson, Ivor, and Robert and William Munford; and poems of a certain lyric quality by St. George Tucker, James McClurg, and others. There were patriotic poems besides, like "Virginia Hearts of Oak;" but most of these literary ventures and vagaries seemed in general to have no higher purpose than to afford a respite from the strenuous times in which their authors lived.

The independence declared had been successfully defended and a new nation had been created. To its head had been called, as a matter of course, its executive creator, but there were misgivings as to the form of government and as to the fate of the people under this new order to which the old had given place. But these same people were placated and their confidence was restored when authority glided smoothly from federalist to democrat. With 1800 our nationalism was confirmed, beyond all cavil, and it remained now to enjoy it and to make large use of its rich opportunities. The effect of the Revolution and its success had been to give a new meaning to American life and to expand immeasurably its horizon. Ramsay asserts that the Americans had profited in every way

except in individual morality, and this had rather "marked time" than materially retrograded. With tasks now demanding their finest ability, and possibilities far exceeding their enlarged outlook their chief concerns were growth, progress, increase in wealth and power, and general expansiveness. The student of American literature discerns clearly that between 1800 and 1850 there was surprising activity in the intellectual life of our Nation. The fact that the larger part of this activity belonged to New England has been permitted to depreciate too much the products of other sections, notably the Middle States and the South. The splendor of that New England period has been fully recognized, and it cannot detract from its real merit that in the South also there was commendable progress.

This period from 1800 to 1850, divided for convenience where it divides itself in fact, extends from Jefferson to Jackson and from Jackson to the Clay Compromise. When the long line of English presidents, English in temper, training, and culture, gave way to Jackson, a pioneer American indebted to his own country for all the training and culture he possessed, and certainly for his remarkable personality, literature also experienced its transformation from Anglican to American color. Not that these were essentially different, for America is the daughter of England, but that the fashion and form—and perhaps more vitally and no less perceptibly the spirit—changed from a loyal adherence to English models, standards, and tests to a willingness to be American, wherever this meant something different from being English, and to use American themes and treat them for American appreciation. In government as in letters, it meant a spiritual glorification of America. The great religious revivals that swept over the newer country about this time were a deep manifestation of the new enthusiasm and zeal that were burning within the breasts of these regenerated Americans. Before 1829 the Presidents were chosen largely because they had demonstrated their power of statesmanship and political leadership; after 1829 largely because as military heroes they had fascinated the imagination of an adventure-loving people or because the sharp conflicts of partisanry had made them logical candidates. Their debt was not to the traditions of England but to the favor of their

countrymen. Jackson, for example, was little concerned about his country's relations, diplomatic or otherwise, with foreign countries, but was immensely concerned about the internal improvement of the land over which he had been fortuitously called to preside. With a glint of the warrior's eye he gazed on the mountains and plains of the undeveloped West, which had given him his strength of body and mind. This devotion on the part of the President, and the people that believed in him, to the growth of America meant a literary independence, declared best, perhaps, in Emerson's famous address on "The American Scholar," but discernible as well in the work of nearly every Southern and Western writer. It meant independent thinking and utterance, with agitation and activity following fast on the heels of thought.

But to revert to the period from 1800 to 1829. Southern literary productions during this period were not very numerous nor overwhelmingly significant. "The Star Spangled Banner," by Francis Scott Key, was its emblem, and true to this sentiment were its thirteen novels, fifteen plays, and several metrical romances, but their literary style was not equal to their literary intention. By sheerest accident the year 1800 was the noticeable initial year of this period, for in it appeared the first Southern biography and the first Southern play. The biography was of the greatest American citizen, George Washington, and was the work of that puzzling and tantalizing figure, Parson Weems. This was soon followed by a wiser and weightier life of the same great hero by his personal friend, John Marshall. William Wirt's biography of Patrick Henry was less judicial, for Wirt was a lawyer, not a judge; but it has the greater interest attaching to a brief by an interested barrister on a subject worthy of his highest power. The names of Marshall, Madison, and Monroe, with others of note from other States, avouch the solidity of this period; while Jefferson, Wirt, Randolph and others illustrate its versatility and keenness. With biography so well grounded there could be no fear that this literary type would be thereafter neglected. The first play by Williamson, director of the theater in Charleston, South Carolina, had nothing to do with local history, but some of the plays that immediately followed it were patriotic directly or by indirection. Charleston is intimately associated

with the development of the dramatic art, with particular encouragement of the drama of classical *motif* and movement.

The first Southern novel was 'Delavel,' published anonymously. This was followed by others of hardly more than curious interest to the student to-day, though some are of value in reproducing the life and manners of that day. For this, however, one turns more confidently to the lighter descriptive essay, as those by William Wirt.

Education made a gigantic stride when Jefferson, after the long delays that tried the patience of this sage, succeeded in founding the University of Virginia, which threw open its doors before the first quarter of the century passed. With its history are connected Madison and Monroe, who served on its directing board; Wirt, who was elected professor of law and to whom its presidency was tendered; and Edgar Allan Poe, who was among the students of the second session.

The poets of this early period, omitting Poe, whose fame was secured later, were Shaw, Allston, Crafts, Wilde, and Pinkney. The Pinkney family, already famous, had found its best representative in William Pinkney, to whom some historians accord the honor of having delivered in the United States Senate the ablest speech up to that time. It is an interesting commentary on the transiency of things political in contrast with the permanency of things literary that William Pinkney is best known to-day as the father of Edward Coote Pinkney, the promising young poet of Baltimore. The poet's life was of promise rather than of performance, though his completed poems entitle him to high rank among the earliest of Southern poets of genuine merit. Among his contempararies was Richard Henry Wilde, a brilliant but melancholy young Irishman, who caught attention by a single poem and held it by a romantic career. His largest contribution to Southern life was the impulse he gave to the love of the artistic. In this he was not the equal of Washington Allston, but Allston, though Southern by heredity, became by environment and attachment an Englander, New and Old. His friendships as well as his artistic work, both in painting and in poetry, gave him a deserved preëminence. Other poets of more or less merit, and poems of more or less sustained quality, might be mentioned, but our attention turns insensibly to the begin-

ning of Poe's artistic career, which never has been surpassed in its resolute singleness of purpose and its love of the highest he had known.

But his story belongs to those sturdy years of stanch Americanism between 1829 and 1850. With this new era a new vitality was infused into Southern letters, not associating itself with one type, much less with one name. Novels and plays ran into the hundreds and reached their highest mark in the novels of Kennedy and Simms. Oratory grew with every year, finding its largest service in affairs of State, and in that realm equaling the splendid exhibition of similar gifts in the England of Macaulay, Cobden, and Bright. Periodicals sprang up overnight, and revealed in their short lives the presence of unexpected and unusual powers among cultivated Southern gentlemen and ladies. Humor was rampant in recitals of lawyers riding their circuits and explorers seeking their fortunes as pioneers. Above all, poetry and the short story were developed with such masterly skill by one artist that the age might well be called the Age of Poe. It will be of consequence to review these claims.

That the short story existed in the South before Poe is probably true, but there is little or no evidence that for his transcendent skill in making plots or in providing for "totality of effect" he was under obligations to his American predecessors in either the South or the North. His intrinsic power in this sphere enabled him so to transmute whatever he may have discovered in foreign or domestic sources as to leave no traces of his borrowings. On the other hand, his successors have not only felt their obligation to him but have raised themselves in the appreciation of others when they have claimed, rather than confessed, spiritual kinship with him. Of his critical powers he made such good use in the periodicals with which he was connected as to convert this often dull and unprofitable department into the sprightliest and most informative pages. His recognition now as a poet of high merit, if not of the highest yet exhibited in America, is national and international, and even his most ardent admirers must now be satisfied with the place accorded him. The danger that he may be unwittingly overestimated and overpraised is now so apparent as to be readily avoided.

But Poe was not an isolated Southern poet, though there was no other of his rank in that region or in all America. His exact contemporary in birth-time and his exact compatriot in birth-place was Albert Pike, who became known to the British public before Poe, and who had the honor, never vouchsafed to Poe, of having his poems first published in British reviews. His poetry is far more Southern in theme, atmosphere, and feeling than Poe's, and its musical quality falls behind only so far as his ear for complex harmonies was less true and acute than Poe's for simpler, searching melodies.

Judge Meek is primarily a historian, but he found time amid this and other occupations to indulge his taste both for reading and composing poetry. Doubtless he, as other Southern poets, would have won the Muse's favor more consistently had he wooed her with more constancy. Of his Southernism of subject and sentiment there can be no question among those who know his native State. Philip Pendleton Cooke, with his art flowering in a single poem, O'Hara, making a universal appeal in a poem for one occasion, and Simms, with his double province of poetry and prose, are a few of the more important poets of this period.

These poets, who eschewed humor though they faced fresh and verdant life, were the contemporaries of some brilliant observers who eschewed the poetry of life because they saw so obviously its humor. The humor of William Byrd, spontaneous, persistent, and original, based upon first-hand observation and not despising the homely even when it was streaked with coarseness, though never depicting coarseness for its own sake, is the exact prototype of the humor of the school to which belonged Longstreet, Baldwin, Hooper, Thompson, Crockett, and others, who unconsciously emulated one or the other of his qualities. Not all of this school belongs to the period before 1850, for men laughed and sought occasion for mirth even in the face of impending disaster. The source of their humor was largely the fresh, mirthful, resourceful, self-reliant pioneer life. These humorists were a part of the life they depicted, and therefore personal kindness, not heartless scorn nor supercilious contempt, is the prevailing mood of contemplation. Humor has always been a mark of the Southern temperament, and a large share of American humor,

perhaps even that of Mark Twain, may be traced to this section. That it is not better known is the public's loss, though the world never will laugh again as it has laughed, for the life so faithfully depicted seems in the light of our conventionalized civilization rather the figment of fancy than the facts of a turbulent existence.

From these pioneer humorists, revealing the life of their times, it is an easy step to the novelists who, without discarding the aid of humor, essayed in different fashion the same task. Of course these novelists did not always portray their own times, but they did generally picture their own land. The past, immediate or more remote, had its fascinations, to which Carruthers and Simms and Kennedy yielded without protest. No roll can here be called of the writers of fiction, for they were too numerous, but an examination of the best will convince the unbiased of the independent excellence of these early romances and lead him to wish for new and attractive editions of these neglected treasures.

There were still the lighter descriptive essays in the periodicals, but the Leagarés, and the other scholarly contributors to the dignified Southern magazines, preferred the academic essay, with its ample scope for exploiting their wide reading and substantial classical attainments. The fact is, that when these statesmen-scholars had aught to say of the problems of the day they sought the platform and spoke to men face to face. For they were, by nature, devotion, and practice, public speakers with a freedom approaching volubility and a love of ornamentation tempting to indulgence in high coloring. Injustice, however, has been done these great speakers in the very praise bestowed so ungrudgingly upon them. Their eloquence has been extolled as if it were a thing apart from the significance of their thought, and their oratorical gifts as if they were the mere accompaniments of display. Turn to Hayne's speeches, worthy of Webster's greatest force and adroitness in debate, to see the inaptness of such a judgment. Nor was display or its corollary ornament at all the characteristic of the irrefutable logic of Calhoun or the basis of the popular triumphs of Clay. In fact, it is the exception rather than the rule, though the exceptions were far too numerous for our calmer, modern taste. Demonstrative oratory was culti-

vated sedulously in the days of Edward Everett and his next in succession, William C. Preston, and speakers sure of the applause of their admiring audiences were not afraid that learning would seem pedantry and oratorical fire mere physical heat.

The period of "division and reunion" may be counted as that generation or less extending from 1850 to 1876, the dates of which are convenient and provisional rather than final and imperative. The death of Edgar Allan Poe, in 1849, and those of the great leaders, Clay and Calhoun, by 1852, seem of themselves to indicate a crisis in the course of events, both political and literary. The Clay Compromise accomplished nothing except to retard a controversy it could not avert. From the days of Andrew Jackson and Nullification, the contest as to the structure of our government, as to internal improvements, national banks, tariff, slavery, and States' Rights had become more and more acute, with opinions and feelings more and more divergent and hostile. The South had not suffered any losses in the war of words. Their debaters had lost no ground and had often routed completely their worthy adversaries. On the hustings and in the forum they were victorious, but the trend of the times and the spirit of the age were against them. The expansiveness that was creating a Western world, with boundaries steadily moving in from the water line, was itself a chief argument against a construction of the Constitution that seemed too narrow and strict. As the crisis approached, the ten years from 1850 to 1860 were years of fervid and even feverish premonition. There were many signs that the division of sentiment was becoming deeper and wider, and that the lines of allegiance were drawing closer and closer. It was a significant sign that Southern youth patronizing Northern institutions of learning withdrew and threw in their lot with Southern institutions, from which so many of them marched straight to glorious death. The University of Virginia saw its most prosperous ante-bellum sessions in the late 'fifties, and it was her privilege to furnish more soldiers to the cause she espoused than any other college or university in America.

The war focussed itself in four years, no long term in the life of a man and brief beyond notice in the existence of a nation; but, measured by sacrifice, suffering, woe, death, and

loss of hope, it seemed a veritable age. The South never has been ashamed of its part in that crisis of our National history, for the right of local self-government, involving the right to defend their homes against hostile invasion, was an Anglo-Saxon right which their British ancestors had defended with their lives. It was a time of testing, too; and the world saw a civilization that it had been inclined to consider ultra-aristocratic, feudal, and anachronistic, producing men of unexcelled virility in full-orbed manhood. No hardier soldiery ever went to fields of hardship than these that came from homes of comfort and luxury, and none ever more willingly stripped themselves of all the trappings of life when called to choose between them and life itself, which is honor and fidelity to duty. War has been declared brutal, and by inference brutalizing, but in the heart of that fierce struggle the South's leaders set such examples of purity of heart, loftiness of soul, unselfishness of life, and chivalry born of a profound Christian faith as might well last through our opening century. America can point with pride to its war, but what shall history make of that Era of Reconstruction? The most charitable will call it a huge blunder, the most judicial an unpardonable folly, and the less reserved a national crime. The dire effects of it lasted and last through the lives of those who bore in their own persons the marks of its woes worse than war. The era as such may be historically pronounced a closed incident in 1876. In that year the troops were withdrawn from Louisiana; Hampton, the popular idol of South Carolina, was elected Governor; the Hayes-Tilden controversy was settled peaceably when in other circumstances war might have ensued; and, as if to put a seal upon these factors of reconciliation, the Centennial of our National life was celebrated in the City of Brotherly Love.

But what of the literary history of the South during these adverse years? Paradoxically, it was in some important respects the most prosperous. For instance, it would take seven full pages to catalogue the novels, plays, and narrative poems of the ten years from 1850 to 1860. The older novelists were still at their tasks and new names were added annually.

No fear of impending struggle prevented the hearty laughter that greeted Baldwin, or Bagby, or even George Washington Harris. Travel never was made more subservient to the

entertainment of others than in Madame LeVert's 'Souvenirs of Travel,' and the whole world moved merrily. The great speakers were still present, many of them in the United States Senate, where their farewell addresses, such as those of Davis and Toombs, were epoch-making utterances. During the war there was of course relative stagnation in literary production, for men were then offering their country their lives, not their letters; but after the war there was occasion again for the oratorical powers of men like Hampton, Butler, Vance, Hill, and others of like high stature. Gradually men found their tongues again, after a period of silent suffering, and rubbed the rust from their unused pens. The lives of the heroes of battle must be told while facts were fresh in living memories. Biographies followed one another in rapid succession, written frequently with more of personal enthusiasm than critical *aplomb,* but filled with material of great import for the fuller realization of those troublous times. Biographies of modern heroes recalled older ones, and these too came in for their share of recognition in sketch and volume. From the lives of men to the incidents, tragic or comic, in which they had participated was an easy step. More sketches and larger productions were devoted to these, now and then in the form of short story with bases of fact, more frequently the historical sketch, sometimes with polemic purport. As this desire to defend a cause for which men had given their lives clamored for fuller treatment, great treatises of permanent worth were sent forth by men fitted by experience to speak with authority; or, if the spirit of romance prevailed, novels of war-time, with its grim humor and courageous suffering, were published. The most noticeable testimony of these novels is to the unexpected unifying power of this great struggle. The wide differences between large areas, which through long years had grown more and more distinct, had led to disrespect and discourtesy, especially in journalism and fiction; the experiences of this prolonged contest had not reconciled the differences but they had increased the respect of the combatants for one another. It is no longer the purpose of the novelists to exploit and establish these differences but to reveal life softened frequently by the gradual coalescing of these distinct civilizations. But by far the most interesting fact of this period from 1850 to 1876

remains to be recorded, though for convenience the dates may be shifted a trifle.

From the death of Poe (1849) to the death of Lanier (1881) reaches the fullest and finest period of poetry that the South has known. It is conceded, of course, that Poe surpasses in many ways all other poets of the South, but Poe's forty-seven poems are too slight in volume and too separate in character to constitute a poetic period or movement. And while the South rightly claims him, since he claimed her, his poetry is more cosmopolitan than Southern. The poets that immediately succeeded him were primarily Southern and then swept into wider circles. Hayne and Timrod, Thompson and Hope, Mrs. Preston and Dr. Ticknor, were born between 1820 and 1830; Father Ryan and James Ryder Randall in 1839, and Lanier in 1842. Their writings fall mainly between 1850 and 1881, by which latter date Timrod, Ticknor, Thompson, Hope, and Lanier had passed away. Father Ryan and Hayne died in the later 'eighties, Mrs. Preston in 1897, and Randall, outliving them all, died in 1909. These statistics serve to group them together as contemporaries, and, better than that, in many cases personal friends. Had they lived within some smaller area, such as favored the New England poets, their work would doubtless have profited by mutual advice, encouragement, and criticism. Hayne and Timrod were Charlestonians; Thompson, Hope, and Mrs. Preston, Virginians; Father Ryan was Virginian by birth and Alabamian by longer residence; while Ticknor and Lanier by birth, with Randall and Hayne by adoption, were Georgians. With this group of American poets no other group of a section or a period in America, save the great New England period, is comparable. Individually these poets have enjoyed appreciation, largely restricted, however, to their own land and too much to their own time; but the general judgment of their place in American literature underrates their real deserts. Hayne's love of the sea, which echoed in his soul, mingling with the vocal breezes in his Georgia pines and with the entrancing songs of his favorite birds, his gift of soft and liquid phrasing, his ear for music and his art sense, particularly in the limits of the sonnet, commend him to lovers of man, nature, and music and, in spite of a certain thinness, due to the amount and the expanse of his poetry, rank him

high among our poets of art. To his friend Timrod, the gift of poesy came more directly from the Divine, and his use of the gift shows a more unerring feeling for its highest values. Of Hayne we know the very best he could do, but we suspect in Timrod resources of which he made no avail and powers he never exercised. His achievements, however, are enough to command the high esteem of our best lovers of poetry and to challenge the further study of the critics. His poem on the "Cotton Boll" merits comparison with Lanier's on "Corn," of which, after all, it may have been the forerunner.

John Reuben Thompson, man of culture and of literary enthusiasms, who in a time of struggle gave his life to letters, has been too little known as a poet, but known by his best will be counted among that small body of men who devoted themselves entirely to the things of the mind. James Barron Hope will come into larger and larger recognition, both because of his poetic thought in general and especially because of his occasional poems. While no individual poem of his quite equals the few very best occasional American poems, no one of his brother poets ever was officially summoned to so many large occasions or responded with poems so ample and aspiring. That in their length they sometimes missed sustained excellence is true, but that at other times they attained an excellence of far more than transient value is likewise true. There are passages in each of these larger poems that might well be cherished for their intrinsic and lasting value.

Among the limited number of American women who deserve high rank as poets, Mrs. Preston's place is secure wherever she is known. Her background of culture and intellectual power, her sensitiveness and acute poetic insight, her catholicity and gracious art, reveal themselves in all of her poetry. There are poems that rise easily above the general level of her art, but none that fall far below it. Her touch was sure, her ear true, her judgment sound. Dr. Ticknor has had the good fortune to be known widely by his one best poem, but the misfortune to have his other poems overlooked. While his busy life left no large spaces to be filled with poetic activities, he had the knack of finding in his daily practice themes for his chastened hand. Into his poetry go the kindliness, gentleness, and

human sympathy of his profession without its accompaniments of depression, gloom, and despair. Father Ryan and James Ryder Randall, born about the same time, have this in common that they were alike devoted to their Church and their country. If Father Ryan in his poetic ministrations seems more priestly than his colleague, Randall does not excel him in poems that have to do with earthly loves nor outstrip him in his fervid loyalty to a cause which he has sanctified with prayers and penances. Randall's fame, like Ticknor's, rests too much on a single poem, though he wrote many, while Ryan's depends not upon his single poems but on his loyalty as priest, patriot, and man, and on his peculiar skill in producing rhetorical and poetical effects by some of the simpler devices of his art. By the use of repetition, parallelism, and refrain he varies his poems from the lilt of lighter music to the monotone melody of a haunting *recitatif*.

Lanier was born after all these poets, but he outlived no more than a meagre majority of them. His place in the group may be questioned because his work fell after the war, and much of it after the horrors of the reconstruction period had been endured; but he was a Southern soldier, subject like his greatest compeers to suffering from war, poverty, and disease, and like them bearing in his own bosom the penalties of his age and state. He was more fortunate, perhaps, than they in following his twin arts, music and poetry, away from the impoverishment and depression of his devastated home, but most fortunate in that these arts beckoned him onward and upward into the charmed realm where idealism reigns. However, his idealism did not enjoin isolation, but rather the companionship of kindred spirits, nor separateness from the scenes of his earlier life, but rather the glorification of these as, softened by lapse of time, they haunted his memory and directed his inventive mind. His themes were therefore Southern and his handling of them characteristic of that overmastering chivalry and purity which governed his life and his letters. In him was no bitterness nor hate, but a brotherly love as universal as his confidence in the All-Father was unlimited. Why, with the writing, should the name of Lee somehow link itself with Lanier unless it be that the rugged soldier, turning

from his spotless defeat, and the ragged poet, released from his galling imprisonment, both took up life in the same spirit of selfless chivalry and with the same fundamental faith that the "artist's price" as well as the patriot's was "some little good to man." The world came quickly to a keen appreciation and, in the main, a just judgment of Lanier's rare and unique poetry. Indeed, it was because his poetry was rare and differentiated from that of his contemporaries that English critics have most admired him, for to them Americanism, which they would commend, must consist of things un-English, things apart from the conventions that tend to become fixed. But Lanier need not be valued by his peculiarities. His merits are far other than mere vocal exercises or irregular line-lengths. He is a genuine poet in life and in soul, and if he fail at all in utterance it is not because he lacks knowledge or sense of form but because, "bent on no middle flight," he at times essayed poetic feats that dare failure.

There was other poetry in this period, but we cannot now dwell on war-songs or on isolated poems, on women's tears congealed in verses or on men's daring thrown into metrical form. As a matter of fact, the songs and poems that came directly from the war were neither so numerous nor so meritorious as a war so fraught with sentiment and so purified by patriotic sacrifice and undaunted idealism might have produced. This would be strange were it not true that in the South the poets were bearing arms and found little time or taste for poetic employment amid the exacting tasks of camp life and of campaigning.

From 1876 to this day we may name our Second National Period, and in full enjoyment of all its privileges and promises we are in a mood little suited to a critical estimate of its accomplishments. With its opening there was an outburst of local-color and dialect stories, developing by stages into longer stories or into romances based on Colonial, Revolutionary, or modern history, or into novels of character delineating the suave, superstitious, and essentially humorous negro, the bold, rough-hewn, but substantially forceful mountaineer, the sensitive, delicate, and artistic Creole, with his love of all the pleasures of life and all the solaces of religion, and his para-

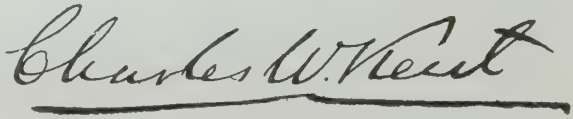
doxical adherence to France in his American loyalty. History enlarged its scope from dramatic incident of war to fuller and more accurate studies of the origin and growth of the several States, or of their organization into a Confederacy, with a government less than four years old functioning in every part. These histories were based upon closer and calmer research, from which we may yet expect more valuable contributions to the knowledge of our Southern life.

Akin to these historical studies are essays and treatises dealing with large and perplexing social problems, and tractates on education and on the expanding occupations of a resilient people. But propagandas in the South must still be carried forward by public speech. Oratory never has lost its charm for the warm-hearted Southern temperament, sensitive to the vibrant music of the resonant human voice, and schooled through generations in responsiveness to the uttered word. Older men, whose voices had been hushed by civil discord, took up again with noble courage the tasks of leadership and pleaded earnestly for a readjustment of inter-state relations so that the South might come back into her full partnership in civic pride and uses. Younger men, loyal to the South, and especially to the heroes of their boyhood, but unwilling to be tethered by traditional sentiments that under changed conditions made all progress difficult, were no less earnest in asserting their rights and in proclaiming their faith that no sacrifice of Southern principle was demanded of the loyal American and that no disloyalty to the memories of the past was involved in adjusting one's self fully to the American citizenship of to-day. These men are apostles of education, because convinced of its necessary; of a virile and self-respecting citizenship trained to the duties and services of a complex century and of determination to meet with all the strength the old South can give the problems that the new South cannot shirk. With all this there is the danger in this flood-tide of prosperity of crashing against the rock of a rooted materialism. In gaining all that the soul seems to desire we may lose the soul itself. Perhaps the most hopeful offset to this fear is in the persistent romanticism of our poets and in the fact that poetry still lives and

thrives. It may be pointed out that much of this poetry is not of primal excellence nor destined for long life, and that the poets seem to have suffered no profound experiences and to have beheld no visions blinding in their glory. But all this may be said of English and American poetry in general. On the other hand, there is much right feeling about nature, man, and God, and much heartiness in unabashed verse marked by grace, ease, smoothness, and a technique not due to chance but to knowledge. The present poets in the South are several score in number and are widely distributed, and there is not one that does despite to the higher life or proves untrue to his ideal of art. Poetry is used for purposes lowly but not low, for subjects that are trivial but never for trifling with things revered and sacred. In this lies a large hope, when coupled with the sound conservatism in morals and religion existing in a people more purely Anglo-Saxon than can be found elsewhere. Out of this sturdiness of moral fibre, this earnestness in material progress, this steadying faith in sane and saving idealism, and a fixedness in a higher faith in a holy religion, may grow a literature more significant than any yet produced, for these people love color and sound, live amid the odors of flowers, are given to emotion, revel in imagination, and have an art sense that does not mislead even when unschooled by laws and undisciplined by practice.

The South need not be ashamed of her literary life, save as all Americans may rightly feel that in the majestic progress of our country we have not yet achieved the intellectual greatness that may be destined for us; on the contrary, she may well be proud of the cleanness and honesty of her printed page. Refined courtesy and gentle demeanor are its signs-manual, save where fidelity to the rugged and uncouth in the pioneer life has forced a certain rudeness of tone and coarseness of conception. But the South has her greatest opportunity now. Educational advantages are more common and more valuable to-day than ever before and more easily accessible. Wealth, or at least freedom from the taxing strain of the struggle for existence, is imminent, and the sense of self-reliance and self-appreciation, without which the highest ventures are not essayed and the highest endeavors fall short of full achieve-

ment, grows apace. It may be that the South shall attest again what Palestine and Greece and Italy and Spain have abundantly established: that literature finds fruitful soil in Southern lands and flourishes under the balmy influences of Southern skies.



CORNELIA PHILLIPS SPENCER

[1825—1908]

W. C. SMITH

THAT conservative Institution, the University of North Carolina, has in the course of its long life of more than one hundred and thirteen years, conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon only one woman—Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer. This it did in 1895 in recognition, so the authorities declared, of her distinguished services and attainments.

Cornelia Ann Phillips, the youngest child and only daughter of James Phillips and Julia Vermeule, his wife, was born in Harlem, New York, March 20, 1825. The father, a younger son of a clergyman of Cornwall, England, was educated at an English military school, and, after nine years' service as teacher in his native country, removed in 1818 to America, where for forty-nine years he continued actively engaged in the work of his profession. The mother, an American of Dutch descent, was a woman of refinement and culture, strong in the household virtues, and, in the words of one who knew her, "well educated and literary." In May, 1826, the parents with their three children, Charles, Samuel and Cornelia, moved to Chapel Hill, North Carolina, the father there entering upon his duties as professor of mathematics in the State University. The children were educated together, all three beginning their studies under their mother, and the sister later keeping abreast of her brothers in the classical course of the University by studying with them and under the instruction of her father and other University professors.

Each of the three was destined to be distinguished in after life. Charles Phillips, D.D., LL.D., followed in the footsteps of his father and was for more than a quarter of a century professor of mathematics in the University of North Carolina. In the history of that institution by Dr. Kemp P. Battle his ability and usefulness are recorded. Samuel F. Phillips, LL.D., became one of the ablest lawyers in North Carolina. He was for a number of years professor of law at his *alma mater,* and in the course of his distinguished career held, under the State, the positions of reporter, auditor, and Speaker of the House of Commons, and, under the United States for three successive administrations, the high office of Solicitor-general.

In keenness of intellect, in force and vigor of understanding, and in scholarly attainments, Cornelia Phillips was no whit inferior to her

brothers. Nor have there been wanting able and conservative men and women to declare that in variety, versatility, and brilliancy of service she has surpassed them both. In 1853, she was happily married to James Magnus Spencer. With him she settled in Clinton, Alabama, where she remained until his death in 1861. Mr. Spencer was a lawyer, and is spoken of by Dr. Battle as "an alumnus of large brain and great force of character." After his death the widow, accompanied by her only child, Julia J. Spencer, returned to Chapel Hill, and there resided until 1894, when she moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts, whither the daughter had preceded her as the wife of Professor James Lee Love, of Harvard University. Mrs. Spencer died March 11, 1908.

The thirty-three years of Mrs. Spencer's residence in North Carolina following her return to Chapel Hill, in 1861, were years of abundant usefulness. Her influence upon men and events in North Carolina during the critical period of the Civil War, and the yet more critical period that followed, was probably greater than that exercised by any other one man or woman of her generation. Governors, statesmen, judges, and university presidents have placed themselves on record as finding in her a wise and trusted counselor. The list of those who sought her advice, personally and by letter, is a long one, and includes nearly all the men of the period who were prominently identified with important public movements. Among these may be mentioned Governors Swain, Morehead, Graham, Vance, and Scales. Swain and Vance conferred with her throughout the trying period of war and reconstruction. Three University presidents in succession were wont to rely upon her for advice in matters relating to the welfare of the University and the cause of public education. It was at the solicitation of President Swain that she wrote many valuable historical sketches, more particularly her published volume, 'The Last Ninety Days of the War.' President Battle has repeatedly borne testimony to the great value of her services in effecting the restoration of the University in 1875. Dr. George T. Winston, who as student, professor, and president was indebted to her for help and inspiration, speaks of her as the "daughter of the old University and living genius of the new" and, in a late address delivered at the dedication of a building named in her honor at the North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College, declares: "In the long list of brilliant and strong men who were graduated from the University in the generations immediately preceding, during, and following the Civil War, there were few who were not influenced by her, either in their college life or subsequent careers, and through them she contributed largely to shape the destinies of North Carolina."

These are high tributes, and the number might easily be multiplied

far beyond the containing limits of this brief sketch. It is well that they and others have spoken, for otherwise we should know little of the wider field of influence exerted by this modest, unassuming gentlewoman. Hers has been no feverish struggle for public recognition, but the quiet, useful, happy life of the typical Southern house-mother. The same hand that penned burning words to the people of her beloved State, calling upon them to rise with renewed hope and zeal amid the ruin of war and the ensuing spoliation of "carpetbag" misrule, was instant in good works among the helpless and the lowly. She shrank from any approach to publicity, and only from a strong sense of duty did she undertake a public service; even then her work was accomplished through others or through the unobtrusive agency of the pen. No one ever heard her deliver a public address nor was she ever seen to occupy a seat on any public rostrum. Her chief work, her greatest pleasure, was in the home. She was thus an embodiment of Paul's ideal—a woman well reported of for good works, having brought up children, lodged strangers, ministered to the saints, relieved the afflicted, and diligently followed every good work. "She has not," writes a member of her household, "welcomed the admission of women to the Universities, nor has she ever manifested other than hostility to any movement tending to bring women into men's places in the world."

Mrs. Spencer was a reader of the best literature, and while she never lost interest in current events and books she was fond of the Latin and Greek authors. Her favorite book, however, was the Bible. To its teachings her life was attuned, and from its inspired pages came her last message to the young women of the North Carolina State Normal College, that message being: "I will, therefore, that the young women marry, bear children, guide the home, and give no occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully."

Mrs. Spencer wrote much, but only a small part of her work has been published in enduring form. Her writings consist for the most part of letters and newspaper and magazine articles. For a number of years she was a regular contributor to the columns of *The North Carolina Presbyterian,* and her articles were the feature of the paper. It was her contributions to the North Carolina papers that kept alive the interest of the people in the University during the dark days of Reconstruction and that ultimately resulted in its re-opening in 1875. Many of her biographical and historical sketches appeared in *The University Magazine.* She is the author also of a number of patriotic lyrics and college songs. The hymn sung at the re-opening of the University was of her composing, as is also one of the songs in popular use there to-day. A number of her songs were, we believe, published in pamphlet form about 1880.

Her works published in book form are 'The Last Ninety Days of the Civil War in North Carolina,' and 'First Steps in North Carolina History.' The first named appeared serially in *The New York Watchman,* then under the editorship of the Rev. Charles F. Deems. In 1866 it was issued in book form by the Watchman Publishing Company of New York. The recent demand for the work has been such that last year it was reprinted serially in the Sunday editions of *The Charlotte Observer.* The 'First Steps In North Carolina History' appeared in 1889. It was designed for the use of elementary pupils in the public schools of North Carolina. For a number of years it has been on the adopted list of books used in the North Carolina schools, and it is to-day perhaps the best known and most popular work on the history of the State. It may be well to note here that this work in its published form is not what it was when it left the hands of its author. Mrs. Spencer wrote with her characteristic frankness and strength, but the publishers, without consulting her, saw fit to place the manuscript in the hands of a well known politician. He revised it in parts relating to war and politics, and in a modified and diluted form it was given to the public. A word from the preface will reveal Mrs. Spencer's patriotism and at the same time indicate her characteristic breadth of spirit:

"Ours is the story of a quiet, contented, somewhat unambitious people, not studious of change, not easily provoked—a people loyal to Law and to Religion, steady, modest, sincere, and brave; generous but not enterprising; prodigal of their best when called upon by others or in defence of their own rights, but moving too slowly and cautiously when not under the strong stimulus of special occasions."

Simple truth this, and had all Southern literature been characterized by a like modesty and sincerity of statement it might, perhaps, have been less open to the charge of provincialism.

On whatever subject Mrs. Spencer wrote she was sure to be interesting. Her biographical sketches were thoughtful studies displaying a penetrating analysis of character, an admirable insight into motives, and a sympathetic but just and conservative estimate of results. Her letters to the newspapers were models of animated writing—optimistic, stimulating and wholesome, as the letters of cultured women are apt to be. Her simple songs were spirited and patriotic; her reviews just, discriminating, and honest; and her histories true and graphic accounts of men, measures, and events. Her written work gives the general impression of being the fluent utterance of an acute and well stored mind. Her style is not bookish but simple, straightforward, and possessed of both dignity and strength. Not infrequently her pages are lightened by humor and, when the subject or the occasion demands it, ringing invective is not wanting. Charitable judgment,

a sincere admiration for all that is good, and a fearless condemnation of selfishness, corruption, and moral cowardice, pervade her writings. On the whole, they convey the impression of an author who has enjoyed the best society among men and books, and who, out of a full mind, writes with unselfishness, sincerity, and strength in the interests of truth and of human good.

H. C. Smith.

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LEE'S MEN

From 'The Last Ninety Days of the War.'

So we endeavored to play out the play with dignity and self-possession, watching the long train of foragers coming in every day by every highroad and byway leading from the country, laden with the substance of our friends and neighbors for many miles (though in many cases, let me say, the Government made payment for food and forage taken after peace was declared) watching them with such feelings as made us half ashamed of our own immunity, wondering where it would all end, and that we should have lived to see such a day; reviewing the height from which we had fallen, and struggling, I say, to wear a look of proud composure, when all our assumed stoicism and resignation was put to flight by the appearance on a certain day, of a squad of unarmed men in gray, dusty, and haggard, walking slowly along the road. A moment's look, a hasty inquiry, and *"Lee's men!"* burst from our lips, and tears from our eyes. There they were, the heroes of the army of Virginia, walking home, each with *his pass* in his pocket, and nothing else. To run after them, to call them in, to feel honored at shaking those rough hands, to spread the table for them, to cry over them, and say again and again, "God bless you all; we are just as proud of you, and thank you just as much as if it had turned out differently"; this was a work which stirred our inmost souls, and has left a tender memory which will outlast life. Day after day we saw them, sometimes in twos and threes, sometimes in little companies, making the best of their way toward their distant homes, penniless and dependent on wayside charity for their food, plodding along, while the blue jackets pranced gayly past on the best blood of Southern stables. But I am glad to record that wherever a Federal soldier met any of them, he was prompt to offer help and food, and express a kindly and soldierly cordiality. Grant's men, they all said, had been especially generous. There was something worth studying in the air and expression of these men, a something which had a beneficial and soothing effect on the observers. They were not unduly cast down, nor had any appearance of the humiliation that was burning into our souls.

They were serious, calm, and self-possessed. They said they were satisfied that all had been done that could be done, and they seemed to be sustained by the sense of duty done and well done, and the event left to God, and with His award, they had no intention of quarreling. It was a fair fight, they said, but the South had been starved out; one dark-eyed young South Carolinian said, for his part he was going home to settle down, and if any body ever said "secesh" to him again, he meant to knock 'em over! Many looked thin and feeble; and a gallant major from Fayetteville told me himself that when ordered to the last charge, he and his men, who had been living for some days on parched corn, were so weak that they reeled in their saddles. "But we would have gone again," he added, "if Lee had said so."

The news of the death of President Lincoln, received at first with utter incredulity, deepened the gloom and horrible uncertainty in which we lived. That he was dead simply may not have excited any regret among people who for four years had been learning to regard him as the prime agent in all our troubles. But when the time, place, and manner of his death came to be told, an unaffected and deep horror and dismay filled our minds. The time has not yet come for Southern people to estimate President Lincoln fairly. We never could admire him as he appeared as a candidate for the Presidency, nor look upon him as a great man, in any sense of the word. But even if we had recognized him as a lofty and commanding genius, fit to guide the destiny of a great nation through a crisis of imminent peril, the smoke of the battlefields would have obscured to us all his good qualities, and we should have regarded him only as the malignant star, whose ascendency boded nothing but evil to us. He was always presented to us in caricature. The Southern press never mentioned him but with some added *sobriquet* of contempt and hatred. His simplicity of character and kindliness of heart we knew nothing of; nor would many now at the South, much as they may deplore his death, concede to him the possession of any such virtues. They judged him by the party which took possession of him after his inauguration, and by his advisers. But a sense of remorse fills my mind now as I write of him, realizing how much that was really good and guileless, and well-intentioned and generous, may

have come to an untimely end in the atrocious tragedy at Ford's Theatre. The extravagance of eulogy by which the Northern people have sought to express their sense of his worth and of his loss, has had much to do with our unwillingness to judge him fairly. To place the Illinois lawyer by the side of Washington would have been an offense against taste and commonsense; but to compare him to the *Son of God,* to ascribe to him also the work of "dying the just for the unjust," is an impious indecency which may suit the latitude of Mr. Bancroft, and the overstrained tone of the Northern mind generally, but whose only effect at the South is to widen the distance between us and the day when we shall frankly endeavor to understand and do justice to President Lincoln.

AFTER THE SURRENDER

From 'The Last Ninety Days of the War.'

North Carolina had nothing to retract, nothing to unsay, no pardon to beg. She had acted deliberately in joining the Southern cause. She had given her whole strength to it, with no lukewarm adherence; and now, in the hour of acknowledged defeat and failure, she did not attempt to desert, or abjectly bespeak any favors for herself on the ground of her anti-secession record or proclivities. And when the negotiations were completed and peace was finally announced, it would not be difficult to say what feelings most predominated amongst us. We had desired peace—an end of bloodshed, and to the impending starvation of women and children. Peace we had longed and prayed for; but not *this* peace. The reunion was not *this* reunion. With all her former attachment to the old Union—with all her incredulity as to the stability or possibility of a separate independent Confederacy of the Southern States, even in case of its triumphant establishment—with all her sober conservative principles—I will venture to say, that there were not five hundred decent men within the limits of North Carolina who could be found to rejoice in her military subjugation, or who, under such circumstances, welcomed the reappearance of the Star and Stripes as our national emblem. I have never yet seen one who did, or who was, at any rate

willing to avow it. At the same time, I must say, I have never seen one who evinced any intention of other than an honest acceptance of the situation, and a determination to do their whole duty and make the best of the inevitable.

Looking back at our delusions, errors, and miscalculations for the four years of the war, the wonder is, that the Confederacy lasted as long as it did. The last six months of its existence were indeed but mere outside show of seeming. That Richmond was doomed, was patent to all shrewd observers in the fall of 1864; and there was probably not a member of the Confederate Congress who did not know it when he took his seat at the beginning of its last session. It certainly reflects very little credit on the wisdom or patriotism of that body that they did not, before adjourning, take some steps in concert to notify their respective constituents of their opinion as to the situation, and give some indication of the course they judged their States should pursue.

Respect for President Davis, who was well known to be extremely averse to any movement looking toward reconstruction, and who refused to contemplate the event of our subjugation as possible—due respect for him may have influenced the extraordinary reticence of our Congress; but it is more probable that an undue regard for their own political reputation and influence was the prime object with most of them. Whatever it was, history will point with a dubious expression to our representatives, each nudging his neighbor and desiring him to go forward—all convinced of the hopelessness of the cause, yet almost no man bold enough to say so publicly.

The Confederacy did not fail for want of genius to direct our military operations, nor for lack of the best qualities that go to make good soldiers in our armies, nor for lack of devotion and self-sacrifice among our people; for they who most doubted the wisdom of our policy or of our success gave as freely as the most sanguine. The history of the rise and fall of the Confederate currency will be a singularly interesting and instructive lesson if it should ever be honestly written. Its steady, unchecked decline but too surely marshaled us the way we were going, and in the successive stages of its destruction we may read as in a mirror the story of our own facile descent.

TIME WILL HEAL THE WOUNDS

From 'The Last Ninety Days of the War.'

THE benefits of the war in our State should not be overlooked in summing up even a slight record concerning it. It brought all classes nearer to each other. The rich and the poor met together. A common cause became a common bond of sympathy and kind feeling. Charity was more freely dispensed, pride of station was forgotten. The Supreme Court Judges and the ex-governors, whose sons had marched away in the ranks side by side with those of the day-laborer, felt a closer tie henceforth to their neighbor. When a whole village poured in and around one church building to hear the ministers of every denomination pray the parting prayers and invoke the farewell blessings in unison on the village boys, there was little room for sectarian feeling. Christians of every name drew nearer to each other. People who wept, and prayed, and rejoiced together as we did for four years, learned to love each other more. The higher and nobler and more generous impulses of our nature were brought constantly into action, stimulated by the heroic endurance and splendid gallantry of our soldiers, and the general enthusiasm which prevailed among us. Heaven forbid we should forget the good which the war brought us, amid such incalculable evils; and Heaven forbid we should ever forget its lessons—industry, economy, ingenuity, patience, faith, charity, and above all, and finally, humility, and a firm resolve henceforth to *let well enough alone*. That North Carolina has within herself all the elements of a larger life and hope, and a more diffused prosperity than she has ever known, is not to be doubted by those who are acquainted with the wealth of her internal resources and the consummate honesty, industry, and resolution of her people.

TIME will heal these wounds yet raw and bleeding; the tide of a new and nobler life will yet fill her veins and throb in all her pulses; and taught in the school of adversity the noblest of all lessons, our people will rise from their present dejection when their civil rights have been restored them, and with renewed hope in God will go on to do their whole duty as heretofore.

Silently they will help to clear the wreck and right the ship; silently they will do their duty to the dead and to the living, and to those who shall come after them; silently and with the modesty of all true heroism they will do great things, and leave it to others to publish them. Remarkable as North Carolinians have ever been for reticence and sobriety of speech and action, it is reserved for such epochs as those of May twentieth, 1776, and May twentieth, 1861, and for such great conflicts as succeeded them, to show what a fire can leap forth from this grave, impassive people—what a flame is kindled in generous sympathy, what ardor burns in defense of right and liberty. They are now to show the world what true and ennobling dignity may accompany defeat, surrender and submission.

I close these slight and inadequate sketches of a memorable time with the words of my first sentence. The history of the great war is yet to be written, and can scarcely be fairly and impartially written by this generation. But it is our imperative duty to ourselves and to our dead to begin at once to lay up the costly material for the great work. Every man should contribute freely according to his ability, gold and silver, precious stones, iron and wood; and with this motive, I have ventured to present such an outline of events in the last ninety days as circumstances would permit me to gather.

HYMN

Written on the occasion of the Reopening of the University of North Carolina, September 16, 1875.

Eternal Source of light and truth!
To Thee again our hearts we raise;
Except Thou build and keep the house,
In vain the laborer spends his days.

Without Thine aid, in vain our zeal
Strives to rebuild the broken walls;
Vainly our sons invoke the Muse
Among these sacred groves and halls.

From off Thine altar send a coal
As burning seraphs erst have brought;
Relight the flames that once inspired
The faithful teachers and the taught.

Pour on our path th' unclouded light
That from Thy constant favor springs;
Let heart and hand be strong beneath
The shadow of Almighty wings.

Recall, O God! the golden days;
May rude unfruitful Discord cease,
Our sons in crowds exulting throng
These ancient haunts of white-robed Peace.

So shall our upward way be fair
As that our sainted fathers trod;
Again the "Priest and Muse" declare
The Holy Oracles of God.

FRANK LEBBY STANTON

[1857—]

CHARLES W. HUBNER

FRANK LEBBY STANTON, poet and journalist, unquestionably, by the grace of genius, one of the most popular singers of the South, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, February 22, 1857, the son of Valentine and Catherine R. (Parry) Stanton. During his early childhood the family moved to Savannah, Georgia. In the war between the States his father was a soldier in the Confederate Army. Frank was sent to the public schools of the city, but at an early period developed a fondness for type-cases and printing-presses, and served his time as a printer's apprentice. Like many another bright American boy who in after life acquired distinction in literature and journalism, Frank received the larger part of his education at the "case," fitting himself by his own efforts to graduate in due time into the seductive world of journalism. Being an ambitious boy, with a talent for literary composition, he began his newspaper career on the Savannah *Morning News,* then edited by William Tappan Thompson, a noted editor of the old régime and author of that famous book of Southern humor, 'Major Jones's Courtship.' The late Joel Chandler Harris, the world-famous "Uncle Remus," was on the staff of the *News* at the same time, already achieving a more than local reputation by his witty and pungent paragraphs.

In 1887 Mr. Stanton moved to Smithville, in southwestern Georgia, where he married Miss Leona Jossey, and became the owner and editor of the Smithville *News,* doing also in great part the necessary mechanical work. Under his management and editorship this little country paper at once became one of the most noted weeklies in Georgia, for its racy editorials, its witty comment on current events, its sparkling humor, its graphic dialect verse and stories. This rare original matter was copied by the press throughout the South. Thus was laid the foundation for Mr. Stanton's present assured eminence as one of our most popular writers—certainly the South's foremost poet of the people. In 1888 he moved to Rome, Georgia, and became associated with the Honorable John Temple Graves on the *Daily Tribune* of that city; on that paper he did some of his best work. In 1889 he accepted a call from the managers of the *Constitution* of Atlanta; and he has since then occupied a prominent position on its editorial staff. To this paper, during all

these years, Mr. Stanton has contributed an extraordinary amount of rich literary matter in prose and verse, brief essays, short stories, comical comments, negro and "cracker" dialect verses, and frequently poems of exquisite quality. His fecundity as a writer is amazing, and, considering the great aggregate quantity of these effusions, their average merit is no less remarkable.

Mr. Stanton's special feature on the editorial page is a column under the caption "Just From Georgia," which for years has been one of the most attractive departments of the *Constitution*. This column, with its wit and wisdom, its quaint sayings, its sunshiny humor, its perfect dialect, love-songs, and beautiful poems, furnishes the exchange editors in all parts of the country with a favorite and succulent pasturage for their omnivorous clipping-scissors.

Mr. Stanton's pen is in demand for poetical contributions to leading American magazines and illustrated weeklies, and has been frequently represented in prominent English periodicals. Personally, Mr. Stanton is courteous and amiable, an interesting talker, with a large fund of humorous anecdotes always at command. He has a remarkably retentive memory, being able to quote at will, page after page from Shakespeare, and long extracts from other classic poets, English and American. He resides in a comfortable cottage in the west end of the city, not far from the charming home of his late distinguished friend, Joel Chandler Harris. His family consists of his wife and three lovely children, two boys and a girl. These are his "household gods" and to them he has dedicated many a sweet and tender lyric. Mrs. Stanton possesses fine literary taste, and recently has met with encouraging success as a public reader of her husband's poems.

The musical tone of Mr. Stanton's verse, with its flowing meter and rhythm, appeals especially to musicians, and many of his poems have been set to music by well known composers. Mr. Stanton is an optimist, and the rosy hue of his mental and spiritual atmosphere is reflected in his art. In his theory of life the darkest hour is always just before daybreak. Joy follows sorrow and glorifies its shadows. Life is, indeed, worth living, provided we live it in the sunshine of love, in an atmosphere of cheer and good will, in intercourse with kind hearts, in applauding as well as in doing generous deeds; we must have faith in the ultimate happiness of everybody, and have absolute confidence in the fact of the existence of a wise, beneficent, overruling Providence, as ideally expressed by Browning:

> "God's in his heaven,
> "All's right with the world."

This, condensed into a paragraph, is the governing *motif* in Stan-

ton's art, the keynote to the music of his melodies, the deepest source of his inspiration in the best of his poems, when he conceives the higher themes, and brings into flower and fruit the lyric gift with which he is so liberally endowed. He does not attempt the metaphysical, the philosophic, the epic, the pseudo-scientific, nor the stately measures of heroic blank verse. He is satisfied with homely themes, with household joys and sorrows, with the humorous or pathetic aspects of ordinary daily life, with things that touch the hearts of the common people. He plays with the feelings that respond either with heartsome laughter because of the comical realism of the picture he paints, or melt the soul with pity, because the poet pictures for us some of the frailties or afflictions to which mankind is subject, doing this, sometimes, merely by a couplet or a stanza injected unexpectedly into his song, with the suddenness of a sunbeam shot through the clouds of an April shower. Of course, in the columns of the *potpourri,* made up of fun, wit, epigram, gossip, dialect, and sentimental verse, a measured quantity of which Mr. Stanton is required to furnish day after day for the editorial page, there is a good deal that is ephemeral and of no literary value; but even amid this perfunctory dross the reader will frequently meet with the glitter of the pure gold of poetry and find some little gem which he will select for his scrapbook at home.

It is in his serious work in its various forms, found between the covers of his books, that the value of Mr. Stanton as a poet must be judged—a judgment which will result in placing him among the foremost of our living American minor poets. He has been aptly called the James Whitcomb Riley of the South. Like Mr. Riley he is a people's poet, appealing to the masses for the approval and acceptance of his work. Like Mr. Riley, Mr. Stanton is a master of dialect, although in this form he has an advantage over his brother in the West, the latter confining himself to the "Hoosier" dialect, whereas Mr. Stanton is a past-master in both "cracker" and negro dialect. Both of these gifted men reach excellence in their poems and songs for and about children. They express the grief and the joy, the dreams and desires, the whole beautiful life-world of childhood, in a way that proves that the power to conceive and to write a genuine child's poem is one of the surest tests for establishing a writer's claim to the title of poet. In this rare class Riley, Eugene Field, and Stanton occupy front places in America. Reference to Mr. Stanton's volume, 'Little Folks Down South' (Appleton's, 1904), will bear out this assertion.

It cannot be claimed that Mr. Stanton's poetry is perfect in artistic form. He has his mannerisms; errs sometimes in his grammar; uses words, figures, and phrases which have become shop-worn by

too frequent repetition; and manifests other occasional flaws and defects, usually due to hasty work and over-crowded production. The critic who stickles for the observance of the very letter of the classic canons of prosody, and who, with academic solemnity, applies to Stanton's verse the traditionary tape-line to measure its syllables, but shuts his heart against the sweet influence of the spirit throbbing and glowing within the lilting melodies—such a critic will find a number of really immaterial things to condemn in Stanton's poetic work. But we hold that what he lacks in artistic finish, in super-refinement of art, is more than counterbalanced by the exquisite tenderness, the direct appeal to the heart, the ethereal brightness of his songs, by the homely truthfulness, the reverent tone, the "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin" that characterize his serious poems, revealing him in his deepest moods.

Joel Chandler Harris, in his introduction to Mr. Stanton's 'Songs of the Soil,' pertinently says: "In a period that fairly reeks with the results of a sham culture, that is profoundly ignorant of the verities of life, and a sham philosophy that worships mere theories, it is surely something to find a singer breathing unceremoniously into Pan's pipes, and waking again the woodland echoes with snatches of song that ring true to the ear because they come straight from the heart."

Mr. Stanton loves Georgia, loves the South, its people, its homes, its history, its romance and traditions, its sunny skies, its lovely landscapes—all that is beautiful to the eye and dear to the heart of the sons and daughters of this fair land, he loves with the ardor of a devoted and favored lover. He is on familiar terms with nature, and she keeps few of her divine secrets from him. He is her chosen interpreter in Georgia, and lives in sweet communion with her. When anything appeals to Stanton for poetic expression, he is able to respond immediately, spontaneously. For him to sing is

"No more difficile
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

It is as natural for him to write poetry as it is for a bird to fly. Nature has taught him his art; her seasons in succession teach him knowledge; the birds bring him messages; every flower is a revelation of divinity. Every aspect of nature reflects itself in his imagination; insistent voices call to him from sod and star, wooing him, compelling him, to dip his pen into his heart and write, and interpret for us the spirit and the meaning of the good, the true, and the beautiful.

Charles W. Hubner

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WEARYIN' FOR YOU

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Jest a-wearyin' fer you—
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Wishin' fer you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home again;
Restless—don't know *what* to do—
Jest a-wearyin' fer you!

Keep a-mopin' day by day:
Dull—in everybody's way;
Folks they smile an' pass along,
Wonderin' what on earth is wrong;
'Twouldn't help 'em if they knew—
Jest a-wearyin' fer you!

Room's so lonesome, with your chair
Empty by the fireplace there
Jest can't stand the sight o' it!
Go out doors an' roam a bit:
But the woods is lonesome, too,
Jest a-wearyin' fer you!

Comes the wind with sounds that' jes'
Like the rustlin' o' your dress;
An' the dew on flower an' tree
Tinkles like your steps to me!
Violets, like your eyes so blue—
Jest a-wearyin' fer you!

Mornin' comes, the birds awake
(Them that sung so fer your sake!),
But there's sadness in the notes
That come thrillin' from their throats!
Seem to feel your absence, too—
Jest a-wearyin' fer you.

Evenin' comes: I miss you more
When the dark is in the door;
'Pears jest like *you* orter be
There to open it fer me!
—Latch goes tinklin'—thrills me through,
Sets me wearyin' fer you!

* * * * * *

Jest a-wearyin' fer you—
All the time a-feelin' blue!
Wishin' fer you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home again;
Restless—don't know *what* to do—
Jest a-wearyin' fer you!

THE LOVE FEAST AT WAYCROSS

From 'Songs of the Soil.'

It was in the town o' Waycross, not many weeks ago.
They had a big revival there, as like enough you know;
An' though many was converted an' fer pardon made to call,
Yet the Sunday mornin' love feast was the happiest time o' all!

'Twas a great experience meetin', an' it done me good to hear
The brotherin an' the sisterin that talked religion there;
You didn't have to ax 'em, ner coax 'em with a song;
Them people had religion, an' they told it right along!

Thar was one—a hard old sinner—'pears like I knowed his name,
But I reckon I've fergot it—who to the altar came;
An' he took the leader by the han', with beamin' face an' bright,
An' said: "I'm comin' home, dear fren's; I'm comin' home to-night!"

Then a woman rose an' axed to be remembered in their prayers:
"My husband's comin' home," said she, a-sheddin' thankful tears;
"I want you all to pray fer him; he's lived in sin's control,
But I think the love o' Jesus is a-breakin' on his soul!"

Any shoutin'? Well, I reckon so! One brother give a shout:
Said he had so much religion he was 'bliged to let it out!
An' the preacher jined the chorus, sayin': "Brotherin, let 'er roll!
A man can't keep from shoutin' with religion in his soul!"

I tell you, 'twas a happy time; I wished 'twould never end:
Each sinner in the church that day had Jesus fer a friend;
But a good old deacon said to 'em, while tears stood in his eye:
"There's a better time 'an this, dear fren's, a-comin' by an' by!"

I hope some day those brotherin'll meet with one accord
In the higher, holier love feast, whose leader is the Lord;
An' when this here life is over, with its sorrow an' its sighs,
May the little church at Waycross jine the big church in the skies!

SAINT MICHAEL'S BELLS

From 'Songs of the Soil.'

I wonder if the bells ring now, as in the days of old,
From the solemn star-crowned tower with the glittering cross of gold;
The tower that overlooks the sea whose shining bosom swells
To the ringing and the singing of sweet Saint Michael's bells.

I have heard them in the morning when the mists gloomed cold and gray
O'er the distant walls of Sumter looking seaward from the bay,
And at twilight I have listened to the musical farewells
That came flying, sighing, dying from the sweet Saint Michael's bells.

Great joy it was to hear them, for they sang sweet songs to me
Where the sheltered ships rocked gently in the haven—safe from sea,
And the captains and the sailors heard no more the ocean's knells,
But thanked God for home and loved ones and sweet Saint Michael's bells.

They seemed to waft a welcome across the ocean's foam
To all the lost and lonely: "Come home—come home—come home!
Come home, where skies are brighter—where love still yearning dwells!"
So sang the bells in music—the sweet Saint Michael's bells!

They are ringing now as ever. But I know that not for me
Shall the bells of sweet Saint Michael's ring welcome o'er the sea;
I have knelt within their shadows, where my heart still dreams and dwells,
But I'll hear no more the music of sweet Saint Michael's bells.

Oh, ring, sweet bells, forever, an echo in my breast
Soft as a mother's voice that lulls a loved one into rest!
Ring welcome to the hearts at home—to me your sad farewells
When I sleep the last sleep, dreaming of sweet Saint Michael's bells!

THE WOODLAND THRUSH

From 'Comes One With a Song.' Copyright, Bobbs-Merrill Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

In the deep woods remote
A sweeter minstrel dwells
Than ever piped a morn or twilight note
In all the song-swept dells.

It is no voice that soars
Unwearying to the blue;
Transient—elusive—even while Love adores:
A phantom of the dew!

A sense of silver bells
Swayed by light winds—a thrill
Keen as the leaf feels when the spring sap swells
And sculptures it at will.

And ere the lips can say
A song hath been—aware
Of mystery the soul hath lost its way—
Doubting and dreaming there,

As one in shadowed bowers
Of Sleep may hear a strain
Which haunts the memory in his waking hours,
Nor makes its meaning plain.

Soft as a ripple's plash
Against the shore's shelled walls—
O that the mystic melody would dash
Down like the waterfalls!

Yet all the wood is stirred
From violet to pine;
And I have heard—and yet I have not heard
A melody divine!

Voice of the woodland thrush!
Dewdrop of song, that fears
The rustling of a leaf—a rose's blush,
And dies when Love appears;

I lose myself in thee
  As one who, billow-tost
And drowning, hears strange music in the sea,
  Lulled by the sound and . . . lost!

ONE COUNTRY

From 'Comes One With a Song.'

I

After all,
One country, brethren! We must rise or fall
With the Supreme Republic. We must be
The makers of her immortality;
Her freedom, fame,
Her glory or her shame—
Liegemen to God and fathers of the free!

II

After all—
Hark! from the heights the clear, strong, clarion call
And the command imperious: "Stand forth,
Sons of the south and brothers of the north!
Stand forth and be
As one on soil and sea—
Your country's honor more than empire's worth!"

III

After all,
'Tis Freedom wears the loveliest coronal;
Her brow is to the morning; in the sod
She breathes the breath of patriots; every clod
Answers her call
And rises like a wall
Against the foes of liberty and God!

THE GRAVEYARD RABBIT

From 'Comes One With a Song.'

In the white moonlight, where the willow waves,
He halfway gallops among the graves—
A tiny ghost in the gloom and gleam,
Content to dwell where the dead men dream,

But wary still:
For they plot him ill:
For the graveyard rabbit hath a charm
(May God defend us!) to shield from harm!

Over the shimmering slabs he goes—
Every grave in the dark he knows;
But his nest is hidden from human eye
Where headstones broken on old graves lie.

Wary still!
For they plot him ill:
For the graveyard rabbit, though skeptics scoff,
Charmeth the witch and the wizard off!

The black man creeps, when the night is dim,
Fearful, still, on the track of him;
Or fleetly follows the way he runs,
For he heals the hurts of the conjured ones.

Wary still!
For they plot him ill;
The soul's bewitched, that would find release,
To the graveyard rabbit go for peace!

He holds their secret—he brings a boon
Where winds moan wild in the dark o' the moon;
And gold shall glitter and love smile sweet
To whoever shall sever his furry feet!

Wary still!
For they plot him ill;
For the graveyard rabbit hath a charm
(May God defend us!) to shield from harm!

HIS GRANDMOTHER'S WAY

From 'Comes One With a Song.'

Tell you, gran'mother's a queer one, shore—
  Makes yer heart go pitty-pat!
If the wind jest happens to open a door,
She'll say there's "a sign" in that!
An' if no one ain't in a rockin'-chair
An' it rocks itself, she'll say: "Oh, dear!
    Oh, dear! Oh, my!
I'm afeared 'at somebody is goin' to die!"
    An' she makes me cry—
    She makes me cry!

Once wuz a owl 'at happened to light
  On our tall chimney-top,
An' screamed and screamed in the dead o' night,
  An' nuthin' could make it stop!
An' gran'ma—she uncovered her head
An' almos' frightened me out the bed:
    "Oh, dear! Oh, my!
I'm certain 'at some one is goin' to die!"
    An' she made me cry—
    She made me cry!

Jest let a cow lean over the gate
  An' bellow, an' gran'ma—she
Will say her prayers, if it's soon or late,
  An' shake her fingers at me!
An' then, an' then you'll hear her say:
"It's a sign w'en the cattle act that way!
    Oh, dear! Oh, my!
I'm certain 'at somebody's goin' to die!"
    Oh, she makes me cry—
    She makes me cry!

Skeeriest person you ever seen!
  Always a-huntin' fer "signs";
Says it's "spirits" 'at's good, or mean,
  If the wind jest shakes the vines!

I always feel skeery w'en gran'ma's aroun'—
An' think 'at I see things, an' jump at each soun':
"Oh, dear! Oh, my!
I'm certain 'at somebody's goin' to die!"
Oh, she makes me cry—
She makes me cry!

THE WARSHIP DIXIE

From 'Comes One With a Song.'

They've named a cruiser "Dixie"—that's what the papers say—
An' I hears they're goin' to man her with the boys that wore the gray;
Good news! It sorter thrills me and makes me want to be
Whar the band is playin' "Dixie" an' the "Dixie" puts to sea.

They've named a cruiser "Dixie," an', fellers, I'll be boun'
You're goin' to see some fightin' when the "Dixie" swings eroun'!
Ef any o' them Spanish ships'll strike her east or west,
Jest let the ban' play "Dixie" an' the boys'll do the rest!

I want to see that "Dixie"—I want to take my stan'
On the deck of her, an' holler: "Three cheers for Dixie lan'!"
She means we're all united—the war hurts healed away,
An' "Way Down South in Dixie" is national to-day!

I bet she's a good 'un! I'll stake my last red cent
Thar ain't no better timber in the whole blamed settlement!
An' all their shiny battleships beside that ship are tame,
Fer, when it comes to "Dixie," thar's somethin' in a name!

Here's three cheers an' a tiger—as hearty as kin be,
An' let the ban' play "Dixie" when the "Dixie" puts to sea!
She'll make her way an' win the day from shinin' east to west—
Jest let the ban' play "Dixie" an' the boys'll do the rest!

LI'L' FELLER WID HIS MAMMY'S EYES

From 'Songs From Dixie Land.' Copyright, Bobbs-Merrill Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

All dat I got on de whole plantation,
All dat I love in de whole creation—
In de roun', green worl', or de big blue skies,
Is a fat li'l' feller wid his mammy's eyes—
Li'l' feller wid his mammy's eyes!

He play in de san', en he roll in de clover,
He watch fer me w'en de day wuck over;
He look so cunnin', en he look so wise—
Dat fat li'l' feller wid his mammy's eyes—
Li'l' feller wid his mammy's eyes!

Fur ways off he kin see en know me,
En I h'ist 'im up on de mule befo' me;
En I rides 'im home, en his mammy s'prise
At dat fat li'l' feller wid his mammy's eyes—
Li'l' feller wid his mammy's eyes!

He's got sich ways en tricks erbout 'im,
I knows dat I can't git 'long widout 'im;
En I thanks de Lawd, in de big blue skies,
Fer dat fat li'l' feller wid his mammy's eyes—
Li'l' feller wid his mammy's eyes!

SWEETES' LI'L' FELLER

From 'Songs From Dixie Land.'

Sweetes' li'l' feller—
  Everybody knows;
Dunno what ter call 'im,
  But he mighty lak' a rose!

Lookin' at his mammy
  Wid eyes so shiny-blue,
Mek' you think dat heaven
  Is comin' clost ter you!

W'en he's dar a-sleepin'
In his li'l' place,
Think I see de angels
Lookin' thoo' de lace.

W'en de dark is fallin'—
W'en de shadders creep,
Den dey comes on tip-toe
Ter kiss 'im in his sleep.

Sweetes' li'l' feller—
Everybody knows;
Dunno what ter call 'im,
But he mighty lak' a rose!

AT BAY

From 'Songs From Dixie Land.'

Ay, come in, if you will—you froth of the frenzied night!
I shall wreak the rage of my soul as I trample your crest of white!
Trample you—trample you down, as the world has trampled me—
Come in, you wraiths of the clouds—you ghosts of the hills and sea!

Rattle the icy panes where the sleet-drop pelts and reels—
Wind that bites the beggar—a baying hound at his heels!
Ay, come in to this icy hearth, where the fires of life are dim,
And rock the roof and the casement with the howl of your hated hymn!

Ne'er knock at a beggar's door—O Spirit of Storm and Night!
Hurl your thunders against it and beat it down with your might!
Never a right hath a beggar—no word at court shall he win:
Down with the doors, I charge you! let the wolves come snarling in!

The beggars crouch by the casements, and the saintly souls condemn:
They cry to the Lord for shelter, and He sends His storms on them;
A curse on a beggar's crying—a curse on his homeless head!
And preach of a far Christ dying for these that their hands strike dead!

I dare the worst! I am one with the wind and snow and dashing sleet—
Enemies they; but I mock them, and fearless their fury meet.
Have they not hounded me far? and when that I groaned in pain,
Did they ever cease for mercy? The pang and the prayer were vain!

The world shall slay a man when he dreams that the gods have given
The unspeakable fire to his soul: they shall slay him in sight of heaven!
They shall grind him down as they grind the stones—beaten, driven and led,
They shall give him rags for his shivering bones—a crust when he cries for bread!

There was a song in my soul—of Right in a world of Wrong;
And sweet to me was the singing, though the tears fell with the song;
Sweet as the sound of harbor bells that sing to the ships at sea—
As the dew is to the clover—as the bloom is to the bee.

And I sang for the joy of singing—not for the crown of years:
And there was peace in the pain for me, and there was light in the tears;
For a spirit came in a dream and whispered the hidden thing;
And the stars streamed down in splendor, and I heard the Morning sing!

And Love came from the copses—Love in his April-youth;
And I sang his praise in the cities, and crowned his brow with Truth;
And ever a rainbow shone for me over the storm and strife,
And I saw the light in the darkness, and garlanded Death with Life.

I gave my tears and my prayers, and the voice of my soul; and lo!
My answer comes in the beggar's den—in the pitiless pelting snow—
In the roar of the icy winds that envy the feeble flame
That flickers here in the ashes where I trace the Spirit's name!

Come in, O Ghosts of the Night! Knock not, O Wind, at my door!
Batter the barrier down and shake the roof with your roar!
What right—what wrong hath a beggar? No favor at court he'll win:
Enter—all foes and hatreds! let the wolves come snarling in!

And this is the end of all . . . of the toiling and the tears!
But I face the last undaunted; and reck not of the years;
Is the love of the world a lie, as the gold of the world is dross?
The bells are ringing the Christ in. . . . Come on—come with the Cross!

THE WAY TO THE MELON PATCH

From 'Up From Georgia.' Copyright, D. Appleton and Company, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

Don't want no moon, en not one match
Fer ter light my way ter de melon patch;
Night or day
(Dat what I say!)
I kin shet my eye en fin' my way!

De road ez white ez a streak er light;
But I takes de path whar de san' ain't bright;
Kaze de white man wait
By de shotgun gate,
Fer ter blow me clean 'cross Georgy state!

So, take yo' moon, en keep yo' match;
I knows my way ter de melon patch!
Night or day
Whilst you watch en pray,
I shets my eye en I fin's my way!

THE BACKWOODS SCHOOL

From 'Little Folks Down South.'

Mis'ry Jinkins!—Whar she at?
Ketch her arm, en shake her!
Come here, on dem foots so flat—
Rise up, en spell "Baker!"
"B-a, ba—
(Ain't dat de way?)
K-e-r, ker, baker!"
(Sence she spell
Dat word so well
Head de class I'll make her!)

Knock-knee Jinkins!—Whar he at?
Come out dar, en blossom!
Hit you on dat head so flat
Ef you don't spell "Possum!"
"P-o-s—
(Dunno de res'!")
Well, I'll give you sorrer
'Less you go
Whar 'possum grow,
En ketch me one termorrer!

All tergedder now in class—
Ever' li'l' sinner!
Don't you let de nex' word pass!—
Rise up, en spell "Dinner!"
"D-i-n—"
(Gentlemen!
Dis here ain't no funnin'—
Dar dey go!
En lightnin' sho'
Can't beat dem chillun runnin'!)

THE RIVER

From 'Little Folks Down South.' Copyright, D. Appleton and Company and used here by permission of the publishers.

Wish I could get back to-day
To the meadowy fields of May
Where we went the shadowy way
To the river;
Where a little world of joys
Blossomed round the barefoot boys
As they went with jocund noise
To the river.

Splash! Splash!
The wavelets dash,
And the splintered sunbeams flash
Where the maples
Used to quiver
On the cool road
To the river!

Wish I could get back to-day
Where the mosses trailed in gray
And the lilies felt the spray
Of the river;
Where, above its banks of green,
Well I loved to loll and lean
In the shadow and the sheen
Of the river.

Splash! Splash!
The wavelets dash,
And the splintered sunbeams flash
Where the oak leaves
Used to quiver
On the cool banks
Of the river.

Wish I could get back to-day!
But the gold has left the gray;
Long the winter, brief the May,
And the river

With its gloom and with its gleams,
Where life's dying sunset streams,
Ripples through an old man's dreams
Faintly ever.

THIS WORLD

From 'Comes One With a Song.'

This world that we're a-livin' in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You git a thorn with every rose,
But *ain't* the roses *sweet!*

THE MARSEILLAISE OF THE FIELDS

I

"What of the Night, O Watchman, are the shadows fast in flight?"
And the watchman cries: "O dreamer, the broad hills blaze with light!
The valley its voice has lifted, the color takes the clod,
And the harvest song rings clear and strong where the great fields smile to God."

II

Light all the loved land blesses: Autumn a garland weaves,
And with her glimmering tresses the reapers bind the sheaves;
The grainy fields a-glitter, as if, where the life-line runs,
God scattered the gold of the stars there, and the silver of the suns.

III

O fields, where the skies rain manna! where the fervid summers shed,
Burn beauty in the bloom, and change the wind-waved blades to bread!
You are reading now the story of Toil in the lavish land,
And the seed that dreamed of the harvest, low in its cell of sand.

IV

Ye knew the travail of heaven—the storm, with its thunder train
Of clouds, o'er the red stars driven: ye have thirsted for the rain,
When the seven-fold furnace-fires of the Sun came blinding-bright,
And the rose was a-flame, and the lily, only ashes of light!

V

Ye heard, in the midnight stillness, the murmur of hill and glen;
The world-winds wafted to you the voice of the dreams of men;
Ye heard the steps of the Morning—echoes of sweet prayers said
In the holiest hush of Heaven—"Give us our daily bread!"

VI

And ye answered, in the harvest—in the breath of all your blooms—
In a voice of low, sweet music—in the waving of bright plumes;
As ye received from heaven, so did ye ever give:
Your raiment to the needy—your life, that a world might live!

VII

But lo, your golden guerdon!—It blossoms in sweetest dreams:
In the whirr of the wheels, fleece-freighted—in the deep, barque-burdened streams;
In flame-lit cots and cabins, where joy in the light's impearled
And the lambs of the fold are sheltered from the dread wolves of the world.

VIII

Your fame, far-flown o er the waters, to the fettered and the free—
In the shouting of the captains—in the deep song of the sea;
A song of the sea-winds echoed from far Atlantic strands,
As the brave barques cleave the billows, with joy for the waiting lands.

IX

Sing me no song of battles—of guns and glittering shields:
Sing me the soil's song—Poet—the Marseillaise of the Fields!
There wave your Freedom-banners—there stand the bright brigades
Life in their glistening columns—Liberty in their blades!

X

Hear what the Soil sings to you—borne on the inland gales:
"Ye bind the high heaven's blessings as ye bind my sheaves and bales:
I answered the toil of the human, where the plowshare clave the sod,
And the labor of mute millions—the dumb brutes, serving God!

XI

"O'er the naked world the splendor of my raiment I have thrown;
The City's firm foundations are strong in my strength alone;
For me ascend to heaven the Temple's thunder-strains—
The litany of my lilies, the pæan of my plains!

XII

"My sons, they bear me witness from ample east to west;
They stand in the courts of Kingdoms, who knew my mother-breast;
But for food and raiment, would ye build your towers strong?
Your seas were shipless deserts, your cities, a dreamer's song!"

XIII

Thanks for the Soil's brave lesson! Where the humblest daisies nod,
Each breath is praise, all perfect—each bloom is a Thought of God!
And the world shall wear a garland of the Harvests' gold and white,
Till toil is done, and the reapers shall sing Life's last "Good-night."

HENRY THROOP STANTON

[1834-1899]

CHARLES W. KENT

HENRY T. STANTON was born in Alexandria, Virginia, on June 30, 1834. His father, Richard H. Stanton, a native Alexandrian, was the son of Richard Stanton, a Virginian by birth and of English descent. The grandfather was a soldier of the War of 1812, but moved later in life to Memphis, where he died in 1846. The father, Richard H. Stanton, was educated at Hallowell Academy in Alexandria, and in pursuance of his choice of a profession, read law. In 1833 he married Miss Asenath Throop, the daughter of the Rev. P. Throop, a minister in the Methodist Church. In 1834 a son, Henry T., was born to them, and in the next year the small family moved to Kentucky, where many good Virginians go. Dr. Broadus used to call Kentucky an *edition de luxe* of Virginia. Richard H. Stanton edited the Maysville *Monitor* until 1841, when he saw his way clear to devote himself exclusively to the law. To be a lawyer and a Virginian presaged a political career, upon which he entered in 1849 as a member of the House of Representatives. He was returned several times, and during a part of his career had the pleasure of serving with his brother, who represented a Tennessee district. He served his county as Commonwealth Attorney and his State as Circuit Judge, being recognized by his legal writings as an authority of weight.

Henry T. Stanton was educated in the Maysville Seminary, where before him had been trained Ulysses S. Grant, William N. Haldeman, and other well-known men. He studied also at La Grange and at Shelby colleges, and became a West Point Cadet in 1849, the year his father went to Congress. For some reason he left in 1851 and accepted an unimportant government position under James Guthrie, another Kentuckian of Virginia lineage. In 1855 he followed his father's footsteps by becoming editor of a Maysville paper, *The Express,* and also by studying law. In 1856 he joined his father in the practice of law, continuing until 1860, when he went to Memphis, Tennessee, to find a larger field; but he was immediately recalled by the war alarm. He came back to Kentucky, raised a company, and with it joined General John S. Williams. Serving as Adjutant-general with this officer until 1864, he later occupied a similar posi-

tion successively with Generals Morgan, Breckinridge and Echols, receiving his parole on May 1, 1865, in Greensboro, North Carolina. Of his gallant service throughout the entire war and in uncounted engagements, numerous reports, official and private, are current. Returning to Maysville with the retiring rank of major, he combined the employments of practitioner of the law and editor of the Maysville *Bulletin*. In 1870 he moved to Frankfort as State officer, and remained as editor of the Frankfort *Yeoman* from 1876 to its suspension in 1886. It was by his editorial work on this paper that he increased his reputation for scholarly form and peculiar aptitude of expression.

Later he moved to Louisville, Kentucky, but returned to Frankfort in 1897, and after a period of broken health passed away without pain on May 9, 1899.

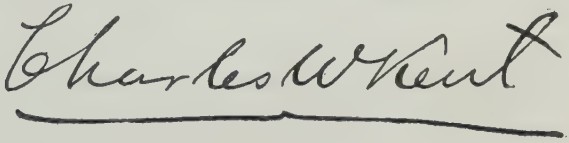
In 1856, when he joined his father in the practice of law, he married Martha R. Lindsay, and this union was blessed with nine children, all of whom were living in 1896 when Colonel J. Stoddard Johnston wrote, for the 'Memorial History of Louisville,' the sketch to which the author of this meager story is indebted for his facts. It is not by his gallant services as a soldier, his loyalty as a Democrat or his virility as an editor that Major Stanton lives, but by his poetry, which made him known as the Poet Laureate of Kentucky.

His mother, a lady endowed with unusual gifts, had transmitted to her son her intellectual powers, and had impressed his plastic mind with her own cultivated taste and her love of poetry. He began writing verse early, and so mastered the simple laws of his art as to avoid, within his limited scope, all errors of technique and blemishes of inartistic form. His most famous poem, "The Moneyless Man," was among his earliest, and established the fact that his poetic gift was rather a permanent possession than a developing power.

In 1871 he collected his poems, fifty-four in number, into a small volume entitled 'The Moneyless Man, and Other Poems.' In 1875 he issued a smaller volume, 'Jacob Brown, and Other Poems.' In the very brief preface to this small volume he states rather than defends his view that humor is the most desirable quality of verse. In 1900 some friends prepared a little volume called 'Poems of the Confederacy.' This volume contains but one poem not contained in the other volumes, namely, "Heroic Sleep," delivered at the unveiling of a Confederate Monument in Chicago, in May, 1895.

"The poetry of Major Stanton," wrote Colonel Johnston, "is characterized by a faultlessness of measure and a smoothness of rhythm combined with vigor of thought and strength of expression. His versatility has a wide range, his poems embracing all subjects.

from the discussion of grave problems to most humorous incidents. He is a true son of Nature, and never sings more sweetly than in his bird songs and communings with the trees and fields and flowers. No one is readier as the writer of impromptu verse, and an epigram or acrostic comes as readily from his pen as water from a perennial spring. By universal accord he has worn for many years the title of Poet Laureate of Kentucky, and has, without fee or reward, filled the honorary part, without challenge or competition."



THE MONEYLESS MAN

From 'The Moneyless Man, and Other Poems.'

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue has birth?
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
When the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?
Is there no place at all, where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah, search the wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for a Moneyless Man!

Go, look in yon hall where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night,
Where the rich hanging velvet in shadowy fold
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold,
And the mirrors of silver take up, and renew,
In long lighted vistas the 'wildering view:
Go there! at the banquet, and find if you can,
A welcoming smile for a Moneyless Man!

Go, look in yon church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives to the sun his same look of red fire,
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;

Walk down the long aisles, see the rich and the great
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate;
Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew to a Moneyless Man.

Go, look in the Banks, where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor,
Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore!
Walk up to their counters—ah, there you may stay
'Til your limbs grow old, 'til your hairs grow gray,
And you'll find at the Banks not one of the clan
With money to lend to a Moneyless Man!

Go, look to yon Judge, in his dark-flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down;
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right whilst he justifies wrong;
Where juries their lips to the Bible have laid,
To render a verdict—they've already made;
Go there, in the court-room, and find, if you can,
Any law for the cause of a Moneyless Man!

Then go to your hovel—no raven has fed
The wife who has suffered too long for her bread;
Kneel down by her pallet, and kiss the death-frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;
Then turn in your agony upward to God,
And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod,
And you'll find, at the end of your life's little span,
There's a welcome above for a Moneyless Man!

THE PATH

From 'The Moneyless Man, and Other Poems.'

Just by the road we are journeying fast,
  Down to the Lake of Tears,
A blind old man has tottered at last,
Out of the Present into the Past,
  Over the brink of years.

What were his virtues, what were his crimes,
  Nobody cares to-day;
Once he was ours—now he is Time's—
For lives are but as murmuring chimes,
  Coming and going away.

Up on the hill there's a patter of feet—
  A voice in the flowers wild;
Carelessly down to the busy street,
Many to pass, and many to meet,
  Rambles a little child.

This is "the dead man's son and heir"
  Coming along the road;
He gathers the lightest treasures there,
The violet bloom and crocus fair,
  Bearing a childish load.

Soon he will be in the hurrying crowd,
  Pushing his way ahead—
Some of them broken—some of them bowed,
Some for the altar and some for the shroud,
  Some who are leading and led.

Soon on the way to the Lake of Tears,
  The little one's feet must go;
For thorns are thick in the path of years,
And the way to death is a way of fears,
  All down to the silent flow.

THE BIVOUAC

From 'The Moneyless Man, and Other Poems.'

A soldier lay on the frozen ground,
With only a blanket tightened around
His weary and wasted frame;
Down at his feet, the fitful light
Of fading coals in the freezing night
Fell as a mockery on the sight,
A heatless, purple flame.

All day long, with his heavy load,
Weary and sore, in the mountain road,
And over the desolate plain;
All day long, through the crusted mud,
Over the snow, and through the flood,
Marking his way with a track of blood
He followed the winding train.

Nothing to eat at the bivouac
But a frozen crust in his haversack—
The half of a comrade's store—
A crust, that, after a longer fast,
Some pampered spaniel might have passed,
Knowing that morsel to be the last
That lay at his master's door.

No other sound on his slumber fell
Than the lonesome tread of the sentinel—
That equal, measured pace—
And the wind that came from the cracking pine,
And the dying oak, and the swinging vine,
In many a weary, weary line,
To his pale and hollow face.

But the soldier slept, and his dreams were bright
As the rosy glow of his bridal-night,
With the angel on his breast;

For he passed away from the wintry gloom
To the softened light of a distant room,
Where a cat sat purring upon the loom,
And his weary heart was blest.

His children came, two blue-eyed girls,
With laughing lips and sunny curls,
And cheeks of ruddy glow;
And the mother pale, but lovely now,
As when, upon her virgin brow
He proudly sealed his early vow,
In summer, long ago.

But the réveille wild, in the morning gray,
Startled the beautiful vision away,
As a frightened bird in the night;
And it seemed to the soldier's misty brain
But the shrill tattoo that sounded again,
And he turned with a dull, uneasy pain,
To the camp-fire's dying light.

A PIPE AFTER TEA

From 'The Moneyless Man, and Other Poems.'

Bring me a coal for my old clay pipe—
A coal that is glowing and red,
And draw up my chair
To the fireside there,
And hasten the children to bed:
We have finished our task and finished our tea,
And the evening prayer is said.

Now place at the hearth a faggot or two,
And carry the kettle away;
I'm thinking, my wife,
Of the pleasure in life
We have known this many a day;
For our hearts are warm and our spirits young,
Though our heads be turning gray.

Ah, now you look, with your knitting, there,
So cheerful and pleasant, my dear
That I feel, full well,
My old heart swell
As it did in its bridal gear,
And I know it throbs as faithful still
In the Autumn-time that's here.

Come back with me to the early day,
The Spring of our tender love,
When a fair young bride,
At the altar-side,
Looked up to the Heaven above,
And God was nigh, and His summer wind
Sang joyous in the grove.

Our fathers were there, our mothers too—
We cherish the blessings they gave;
And tears must fall
To know they're all
In the cold and silent grave,
Where the slow years pass
In the dropping glass,
And willows o'er them wave.

But all of us die, and day by day
We pillow each other to sleep,
And the tears may rise
To our saddened eyes
From the heart in its sorrow deep;
But God hath an eye to the sparrow's fall,
And the humblest soul will keep.

For two score years we have kept our faith,
And true to our earliest tryst,
We have found the goal
Of a quiet soul,
That many a heart hath missed,
And many a spirit hath wandered away
To the tones we would not list.

Ah, wife, I feel my old blood course
And tingle away in my veins,
When I think how true
Both I and you,
Together, have guided the reins,
With nothing on earth to mar our love,
And fret and bother our brains.

And here we sit, on this Winter night,
A cozy and happy old pair,
And loving as true
As we used to do
When I was young and you were fair,
And the silver thread from the loom of years
Came not in your raven hair.

I shake the coal from my old clay pipe,
For now it is blackened and dead,
And the faggot gone,
And the fire wan,
And the lamp-wick nearly fled,
And the clock, with a nervous stroke, says TEN,
And it's time to go to bed!

THE LITTLE BOY GUIDING THE PLOW

From 'The Moneyless Man, and Other Poems.'

When a bugle-note rang in the quivering trees,
And a drum beat the nation to arms,
Our people came up from the shore of the seas,
And away from their blue-mountain farms;
All stalwart and strong as the hardy old pines,
Or the wave-breaking rocks of the shore,
They came in their long gleaming columns and lines,
Till the bugle-note sounded no more.
There are hearts in the ranks, as light as the foam;
There are those of a gloomier brow;
And some who have left but a mother at home,
With her little boy guiding the plow.

There are silver-haired men, the tide in their veins
  Leaping down the red alleys of youth,
All fresh as the water-fall thrown to the plains,
  And as pure as the beautiful truth;
There are sons, too, and sires—the old and the young—
  In the midnight and morning of life,
Who came from the hills and the valleys among,
  To be first in the glorious strife;
And many, how many beneath the blue dome,
  Are bending in solitude now,
To plead for the weal of a mother at home,
  And her little boy guiding the plow!

Oh, the pang of his heart, and the keenest of all
  That a wandering father may know,
Is the vision of home with its agony-call,
  Its hunger and shivering woe;
And who would not chafe in the sacredest chain
  At a memory bitter as this,
Though he knew in his heart that each moment of pain
  Would but hallow his future to bliss?
And who would not weep in a vision of gloom,
  When the Evil One whispered him how
The toil grew apace to the mother at home,
  And her little boy guiding the plow?

But courage, keep courage, oh, parent away!
  Be noble, and faithful, and brave!
And the midnight shall pass, and the glorious day
  Shall be shed over tyranny's grave!
Though a desolate thing is a fenceless farm,
  And as dreary, a furrowless field,
Still, God in his mercy shall strengthen the arm
  Of the little boy asking a yield;
And the stubbornest clay shall be as the loam,
  When the patriot spirit shall bow,
And ask for a friend to the mother at home,
  And her little boy guiding the plow.

Oh, God will be kind to the needy and poor
  Who shall suffer from tyranny's hand;
His foot-print shall be by the loneliest door,
  And his bounty shall cover the land;
And broken the glebe in the valley and mead,
  Where the poorest and weakest shall be,
And plenty shall spring of the promising seed,
  Till a people shall live to be free;
And never, oh, never shall tyranny come,
  With iron-bound bosom and brow—
May God give him back to the mother at home,
  And her little boy guiding the plow!

THE MIDNIGHT ROSE

From 'Jacob Brown, and Other Poems.'

There is a flower that loves to shun
The kisses of the morning sun;
There is a rose that never knew
The sparkle of the morning dew.

But when the mellow evening dies
Upon the glinting summer skies,
It gently breaks the sepal close
And opens out—a perfect rose.

Oh, ye who wander down the days,
In crocus, fern, and fennel ways,
There has not broken on your sight
The rose that glorifies the night!

Go call the buttercup that yields
Its gold florescence to the fields—
Go gather all your noons disclose,
But leave to me my midnight rose!

DOWN THE ROAD

From 'Jacob Brown, and Other Poems.'

The overhead blue of the summer is gone,
The overhead canopy gray'd;
The damp and the chill of the winter is on,
And the dust of the highway laid.
I sit in the glare of the simmering beech,
At the hearth of the old abode,
And I look with a sigh at the comfortless reach
Of the farm-lands down the road.

The wind is astir in the camp of the grain,
The tents of the grenadier corn;
The sentinel stalk at the break of the lane
Hath a wearisome look and lorn;
Yet it hasn't been long since into the blades
The sap of the summer-time flowed
When I and my ox-team loitered the shades
Of the oak-trees down the road.

There wasn't a day that I didn't go by
The house at the swell of the hill—
The cattle had broken the close of the rye,
Or something was wanted at mill;
And Kitty—she stood in the porch at her wheel,
And the gold to her shoulder flowed;
And what did I care for the "turn of the meal,"
Or the rye-field down the road?

In the seeding-time, when I followed the plow
And furrowed the mellow ground,
There wasn't that labor-like sweat of the brow
That honester husbandry crowned;
For the fairy was there at her wheel and spun
As I plowed or planted or sowed,
And my labor was never right faithfully done
In the grain-fields down the road.

And then in the heat of the harvesting-day,
When the sickle and scythe went through,
It was only the veriest time for play
That ever a harvester knew;
For there was the maid at the humming wheel yet
Just fronting the swath that I mowed,
And the scythe ran slow, for my eyes were set
On the old porch down the road.

Then the autumn at last came into the year,
And life took a mellower mood;
We gathered the grain, and the quail with a whirr
Went out of the field to the wood.
And I tried to be steady and brisk, but still
It was hard to be plying the goad
When my indolent oxen balked at the hill
By the farm-house down the road.

Now Kitty has eyes of the tenderest blue,
And hair of the glossiest gold,
But never a word of my loving so true
To Kitty have ever I told.
And the winter is here and the winter may go
And still I can carry the load—
The green of the spring cometh after the snow
In the grain-fields down the road.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS

[1812—1883]

LOUIS PENDLETON

AMONG the Southern statesmen of the old régime, Alexander H. Stephens is a peculiarly interesting figure, commanding attention not merely because, as Vice-president of the ill-fated Confederacy, he was always a battling representative of state sovereignty (his life covering practically the whole period of disunion agitation in the United States), but because, among all the Confederate leaders, he was the ablest defender of the right of secession. His 'Constitutional View of the Late War Between the States' presents the most scholarly, and perhaps the most literary, argument to be found in any of the controversial works dealing with that subject.

When a delicate male child was born on a Georgia farm in 1812, no local prophet could have found the slightest basis for the prediction that he would become a great lawyer; that he would serve with distinction in the forum of the nation for many years; that he would be chosen Vice-president of the Southern Confederacy; that, after the tragic collapse of the secession movement, in spite of life-long physical frailty, he would survive the nightmare of reconstruction, write enduring history of great events from intimate knowledge, retain his hold on the confidence of his people, and die in the Governor's mansion of his native State. For such was the poverty and obscurity of his family that only through the aid of a charitable institution was he enabled to secure a college education. Like most of the leaders of men in this country's earlier period, he was what might be called an accident, rising to power and fame from humble surroundings, and illustrating afresh the truth that the fire of genius, raining down from the stars, may light a flame where least expected.

When a striving young lawyer, constitutionally frail and worn by his excessive labors of preparation for admission to the Bar, Stephens wrote in his diary: "My weight is ninety-four pounds, my height sixty-seven inches, my waist twenty inches in circumference, and my whole appearance that of a youth of seventeen." The rising lawyer and legislator was mistaken for a boy even when he was past thirty, and was often addressed as "son" or "buddy." During one of his earlier political campaigns the landlady of a way-

side inn, entering the public room where he was resting exhausted in the one easy-chair, while another man stood, said to him reprovingly: "My son, give the gentleman this seat." He was thirty-eight years old when the Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer,* while comparing him to John Randolph and paying enthusiastic tribute to his powers as an orator and debater, described him as "slender in stature, with the face and head of a young girl." Throughout life he was the victim of physical frailty, being practically a brain without a body; and to this may in part be attributed the incurable melancholy that plainly afflicted him during his entire career.

But, unlike John Randolph's, Stephens's bodily infirmity did not sour his temper. On the contrary, it developed his capacity for human sympathy and strengthened his desire to help others to reach the happiness he seemed unable to secure for himself. After prosperity came to him, his works of philanthropy were constant and countless. He was lavish of hospitality and gave to all who asked, the unfortunate and even the undeserving, such pity and sympathy as only a tried and travailing spirit could feel. He provided a college education for more than fifty young men and women. He was the friend of all, including his own and other negro slaves. In a letter written to his brother in 1842 he tells of securing the acquittal of a negro "charged with the offence of assault and battery, with intent to murder, on a white man." Later he volunteered in defence of a slave woman in his own county who was accused of poisoning, but of whose innocence he was convinced, and secured her release. In 1850 he wrote from Washington consenting to the marriage of one of his female slaves, directing that a wedding gown and a pair of fine shoes be purchased for her, that "a good wedding supper," with a roast pig and pound-cake, be prepared, and that the couple be married by a minister "like Christian folks." Being once asked late in life what he considered the highest compliment he had ever received, Stephens gravely replied by telling how a white-haired old negro at Crawfordville, in answer to the inquiry of a stranger as to whether he knew the master of "Liberty Hall," said: "Yas, suh, I knows Mars' Aleck—I knows him mighty well; he's kinder to dawgs'n other mens is to people." Stephens's extraordinary influence over a jury was due to this sympathy for the lowly and unfortunate, as well as to his intellectual force, logic, and persuasive eloquence.

His powers as an orator on the floor of Congress perhaps never received a more genuine tribute than when Abraham Lincoln wrote to his law partner in Illinois in 1848: "I take up my pen to tell you that Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, a little, slim, pale-faced, consumptive

man, has just concluded the very best speech of an hour's length I ever heard. My old, withered, dry eyes are full of tears yet." In 1849 *The Pennsylvanian,* though opposed to him politically, spoke of Stephens as the ablest member of the House, referred to his "towering, commanding intellect which has held the congregated talent of the whole country spellbound for hours," and added: "You feel convinced that the feeble being before you is all brain—brain in the head, brain in the arms, brain in the legs, brain in the body—that the whole man is charged and surcharged with the electricity of intellect—that a touch would bring forth the divine spark!"

The critical modern reader of the speeches of our earlier statesmen is apt to wonder a little at the profound effect they produced and the enthusiastic praise they evoked. The explanation of this feeling of disappointment is perhaps to be found in a letter written by Stephens in 1846 complaining of the imperfect reporting of one of his speeches, and stating that "the reporter's notes" preserved the order of his utterances, but neither his language nor the structure of his sentences.

Stephens's career in Congress, from the period of the Mexican War to the secession of the Southern States, was one of continuing activity and brilliant achievement. As a Whig, he boldly and scathingly attacked the policy of President Polk in forcing a war on Mexico with the un-American aim of territorial aggrandizement and in order to distract public attention from the humiliating issue of the Oregon boundary dispute. Driven into the Democratic party by the violence of the slavery controversy, and by the long and bitter fight over the question of the extension of the institution into the territories, he was no less determined and successful in tearing the mask from those Northern leaders who pretended to stand by a Constitution providing for slavery and protecting it, yet hearkened more and more to the "higher law" doctrine and connived at the enactments of a dozen Northern States nullifying the Constitution by repudiating a fugitive-slave law which was only an elaboration of a provision of the Federal Constitution itself. Speaking once in 1845 from the standpoint of a peculiarly sympathetic and humane individual, Stephens declared that he was "no defender of slavery in the abstract" and that he would "rejoice to see all the sons of Adam's family in the enjoyment of those rights which are set forth in our Declaration of Independence;" but then, and until the argument was closed by the sword, he contended that the natural and necessary position of the imported negro was one of subservience to a directing superior, going to the Old Testament for confirmation of his view that, under certain conditions, slavery was a divinely-permitted

and a desirable institution. He labored with all his power for the cause of the extension of slavery into the territories, and after secession he even suggested the reopening of the slave trade, which had been brought to an end in 1808 by a provision of the Constitution itself. Probably the greatest mistake of his career was his speech at Savannah on March 21, 1861, in which he exalted negro slavery as ideal and as the very "corner stone" of the new and proud edifice of the Confederacy. It is true enough that such a race as the negro, when placed in association with Americans or Europeans, must inevitably occupy a subordinate position; but to see in this unquestionable condition an excuse and mandate for either formal or actual slavery is to confuse two distinct things. Stephens did this in all honesty, and imagined that where this subject was concerned he and the later Southern leaders were wiser than Washington, Jefferson, and the other slavery-condemning "fathers" of the South. The modern student wonders that in this "corner stone" speech, which all the world was to hear, a man of Stephens's foresight should have so emphasized the "peculiar institution" instead of dwelling on the violated Constitutional rights of the Southern States as the imperative cause of secession.

Opposed to secession in 1861 only as bad policy, and having always upheld the theoretical right, there was no inconsistency in his acceptance of the office of Vice-president of the Confederacy, but his views, habits, and tendencies unfitted him for that station. He was too uncompromisingly devoted to the principle of separate state sovereignty, too enthusiastic an advocate of strictly constitutional government, even in the midst of revolution, and too outspoken when adopted policies did not meet his approval, to take part in a government that was born one day and compelled to fight for its life the next, and that could have little hope of success without a resort to desperate measures. His openly expressed criticism did much damage to the cause he represented. His attack on Davis before the Georgia Legislature in 1864, and the "peace resolutions" of that body, which he inspired, succeeded only in encouraging the North and disheartening the South. At the Hampton Roads conference he labored ably and valiantly, but could gain nothing because the conference itself, as Lincoln shrewdly perceived, was a confession of the South's despair.

As a rebuilder after the war, Stephens ranks high among constructive statesmen. In the dark days of reconstruction he set himself to the noble task of lifting up a fainting people, binding their wounds, and suggesting to them how they might do the best for themselves amid almost unparalleled misfortunes. He was not of

those who stood aloof in proud despair, but was even willing to be accused of kissing the hand that smites in order to conciliate in every way consistent with honor and thus serve his people by hastening the return of good feeling between the sections.

It was during the earlier part of this period, when disfranchised and thrust aside, that he undertook the most important of his historical writings. Although handicapped by physical weakness and not infrequent attacks of severe illness, he accomplished in about two and a half years (1867-'70) the task of writing his 'Constitutional View of the Late War Between the States,' a book of fourteen hundred pages in two octavo volumes. His replies to his critics were published later in a volume entitled 'Reviewers Reviewed.' A brief history of the United States, afterward extensively employed in Southern schools, was written in 1870-'72. A more ambitious and extensive 'History of the United States' was then undertaken, and was published during the last year of his life (1883), but, owing to growing infirmities, the want of the same keen interest in a subject in large part already handled, and the distractions of a resumed political career, the book lacked the vigor of his earlier work and did not achieve the same success.

His 'Constitutional View' is worth the attention of all students of American history, not only as the ablest defence of secession that has been written, but as a masterly appeal for home rule and constitutional government as opposed to Federal centralization of power. Discussing the first volume in April, 1869, the disinterested London *Saturday Review* said:

"In justice to a brave, high-minded and most unfortunate people it is even now worth while to hear what a scholar, a man of deep political learning, of moderate opinions and temperate spirit, has to say in defense of principles which the South deemed worth upholding with her whole wealth and her best blood. . . . It is impossible, within our limits, to give a fair idea of such an argument; much more to convey a just impression of the lucidity, power of thought, vast and appropriate reading, and vigorous reasoning by which it is sustained. It would be difficult to name a more perfect masterpiece of constitutional reasoning and political disquisition; a work which might with greater advantage be placed in the hands of a young lawyer, who desired to see how those high questions, which are the common ground of the lawyer, the historian and the statesman, can be treated by one who combines the qualifications of all three. . . . The book is indispensable to every one who wishes to understand either the Federal Constitution or the Civil War."

The Latin phrase, *Non sibi sed aliis,* on the tomb of Georgia's

"great commoner" at Crawfordville is not mere official eulogy, but tells the true story of his life. Though not a source of strength to the warring Confederacy, Alexander H. Stephens served the South well before the great crisis; and after it his wisely directed efforts, including his masterly historical defence of a defeated cause, were no small factors among the forces that brought to an end the era of passion and despotism. Of his wider usefulness it may be said that the thanks of all American patriots are due to him as an untiring champion of constitutional government and State rights as opposed to threatening encroachments of the Federal branch of our dual system. For these he wrought mightily when they were most imperiled; and the possible day when the republic of North America shall be merged into the all of empire except the name has been made more distant as a result of his efforts.

Louis Pendleton

THE SEAT OF PARAMOUNT SOVEREIGNTY

From 'The War Between the States.'

We are then, it seems, by the assent of all, brought to the conclusion that the Constitution of the United States was formed by separate, distinct, and Sovereign States. This is the conclusion to which we are all, however willingly or reluctantly, compelled to come at last, not only by the testimony of witnesses of the highest order, and by the decisions of the judicial tribunal of the highest authority, the Supreme Court of the United States, Chief Justice Marshall at its head, but by the everlasting records themselves, by all the great facts of our history, which can never be obliterated or effaced.

We have seen that the Union existing between these States, anterior to the formation of the new Constitution, was a Compact, or as Judge Marshall expressed it, nothing but "a league" between Sovereign States.

We have seen that in remodelling the Articles of the old Confederation, it was not the object, or design of any of the parties, to change the nature or character of that Union; but

only to make it more perfect, by an enlargement of the delegation of powers conferred upon the Government thereby established with such changes in its organic structure, touching the mode and manner of exercising them, as might be thought best to attain the object of their delegation.

We have also seen, both by the instrument itself, and by the understanding of all the parties at the time, that this was what was done by the adoption of the present Constitution, and nothing more. In other words, we have seen, and come to the conclusion from a review of all the facts, that the Constitution, as the Articles of Confederation, is a Compact between "the Sovereign members of the Union" under it, as General Jackson styles the States.

With these essential points first settled, beyond dispute or question, we are now prepared to go a step further and approach the end of our immediate and important inquiry, touching the nature and character of the Government, so formed and constituted, and to see clearly where, under it, Paramount or ultimate Sovereignty necessarily resides.

That the Government of the United States is a Confederated Republic, or Confederacy, of some sort, and not a Consolidated Government, is now no longer a matter of investigation or question. Whatever other characteristics, peculiar or anomalous, it possesses, it is beyond doubt, cavil, or dispute, Federal in its nature and character.

That it presents, in its structure, several new features, wholly unknown in all former Confederacies of which the world's history furnishes examples, all admit. This was well understood at the time of its formation, as well as ever since. No exactly similar model is to be found amongst all the nations of the earth, or in the annals of mankind, in the past or present. But we have seen the model which was in the minds of its authors at the time it was framed, and which formed the basis of their conceptions and designs. That was the model of a Confederated Republic given by Montesquieu. This model was not only in the minds of the Convention which framed the Constitution, but in the minds of all the Conventions of the States which adopted it. This has been shown from the proceedings of those bodies. That model exhibited several small Republics so united into a larger one, for foreign

and inter-State purposes, as to present themselves in joint Combination to the world, as one Nation, while as between themselves each one retained unimpaired its own inherent, innate Sovereignty and Nationality. This was the ideal before all the States of this Union, at the time of the formation of the Constitution. According to this model, which was as far as the wisdom of men then had gone in forming Governments for the preservation of free institutions, and to prevent the principle of universal Monarchical Rule, the action of the larger and conventional State or Nation, so formed for external or foreign purposes, was confined in its internal operations exclusively to the integral members of the Union or Confederation. No power was conferred upon this joint agent of all to interfere, in any way or under any circumstances, with the individual citizens of the separate Republics.

But a new idea had for sometime been in embryo. It was then struggling into birth. Jefferson's brain had first felt the impulse of its quickening life. The framers of the Constitution saw its star, as the wise men of the East saw the star of Bethlehem. They did homage to it, even in the manger, where it then lay in its swaddlings, as the political Messiah just born for the regeneration of the down trodden Peoples of the Earth. That idea was to apply a new principle to the model before them, to improve upon it by a division of its Powers, and by extending its operations, without changing the basis upon which it was formed. It was simply for these separate Republics to empower their joint agent, the artificial or conventional Nation of their own creation, to act, in the discharge of its limited functions, directly upon their citizens respectively, and to organize these functions into separate departments, Executive, Judicial and Legislative, as their own separate systems were organized. This, it is true, was a new and a grand development in the progress of the science of Government, which, of all sciences, unfortunately for mankind, is the slowest in progress.

But this was the idea—this the design, and this was just what was done.

The great object was to obviate the difficulties and the evils, so often arising in all former Federal Republics, of resorting to force against separate members, when derelict in

the discharge of their obligations under the terms and covenants of their Union. Difficulties of this sort had already been felt under their own Confederation, which they were convened to remedy. Some States had failed to meet the requisitions upon them for their quota of taxes to pay the common expenses, and to sustain the common public credit. By the laws of Nations, the Confederates of States thus derelict, had the clear right to compel a fulfilment of their solemn obligations, though the very act of doing it would necessarily have put an end to the Confederation. The question of coercion in the collection of unpaid requisitions, on the part of some of the States, had been raised during the old Confederation. Jefferson saw that this would be necessary if that system could not be amended. All, however, saw that a resort to force, in such cases, would result in war which might become general, and the loss of the liberties of all might, perhaps, ensue. This newly born idea presented an easy solution of the whole vexed question. It was adopted, by the Parties agreeing in the Compact itself, that in the collection of the taxes for the common defence and general welfare, and in some other cases, this common agent of all the members of the Confederacy, should act directly upon the individual citizens of each, within the sphere of its specific and limited powers, and with a complete machinery of functions, for this purpose, similar to their own. This is the whole of it.

It is this exceedingly simple, but entirely new feature, in Confederated Republics, which has so puzzled and bewildered so many in this as in other countries, as to the nature and character of the United States Government. It is this feature, in the American plan, which struck the learned and philosophic De Tocqueville, who, of all foreigners, seems most deeply to have studied our institutions, and to have become most thoroughly imbued with their spirit and principles. On this point he says:

"This Constitution, which may at first be confounded with the Federal Constitutions which have preceded it, rests, in truth, upon a wholly novel theory, which may be considered as a great discovery in modern political science. In all the Confederations which preceded the American Constitution of 1789, the allied States, for a common object, agreed to obey

the injunctions of a Federal Government; but they reserved to themselves the right of ordaining and enforcing the execution of the laws of the Union. The American States, which combined, in 1789, agreed, that the Federal Government should not only dictate, but should execute its own enactments. In both cases, the right is the same, but the exercise of the right is different; and this difference produced the most momentous consequences."

In all this he is perfectly right. The principle thus introduced was a new one. It was unknown to the old world. Unknown to Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Grotius, Puffendorf, or Montesquieu. It was, indeed, a grand discovery. The honor, the glory, of this discovery, was reserved for this Continent, and for those who had first proclaimed the great truth that all "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." From this simple discovery, did, indeed, follow the most momentous consequences. From it sprang that unparalleled career of prosperity and greatness which marked our history under its beneficent operations for nearly three quarters of a century!

These momentous consequences in rapid growth and development, and the unsurpassed happiness and prosperity, resulted from this simple, but wonderful improvement made by the Fathers, in 1787, upon Montesquieu's model of a Confederated Republic. This new feature, however, in the workmanship of their master-hands has been what has caused so much confusion in the minds of many as to the nature and character of the Government. They do not seem to understand how this new feature is consistent with a strictly Federal System. The difficulty with them seems to arise entirely from the fact, that none such ever existed before. They have no specific name for this new development or discovery in the science of Government. Hence the great variety of sentiments in the several State Conventions, some calling it a consolidated Government, and some of its friends styling it a mixed Government—partly Federal and partly National—Federal in its formation and National in its operation. Of this class was Mr. Madison. And hence, also, some in later times have styled it a Compositive Government.

A little analysis and generalization may enable us to bring

order out of this confusion. In one sense it is a National Government. In this, however, there is nothing new or peculiar in the Government established by the New Constitution. In the same sense in which it is National, and none other, was the old Confederation National. The United States, under that, we have seen was called and properly called a Nation, for certain purposes. For the same purpose, and in the same sense, and none other, may they now properly be called a Nation. Their present Government is National in the same sense in which the Governments of all Confederated Republics are National, and none other. The very object in forming all Confederated Republics is to create a new and entirely artificial or conventional State or Nation, which springs from their joint Sovereignties, and which has no existence apart from them, and which is but the Corporate Agent of all those Sovereignties creating it, and through which alone they are to be known to Foreign Powers, during the continuance of the Confederation. This Conventional Nation is but a Political Corporation. It has no original or inherent powers whatever. All its powers are derived—all are specific—all are limited—all are delegated—all may be resumed—all may be forfeited by misuser, as well as non-user. It is created by the separate Republics forming it. They are the Creators. It is but their Creature—subject to their will and control. They barely delegate the exercise of certain Sovereign powers to their common agent, retaining to themselves, separately, all that absolute, ultimate Sovereignty, by which this common agent, with all its delegated powers, is created. This is the basis, and these are the principles, upon which all Confederated Republics are constructed. The new Conventional State or Nation thus formed is brought into being by the will of the several States or Nations forming it, and by the same will it may cease to exist, as to any or all of them, while the separate Sovereignties of its Creators may survive, and live on forever.

A Government so constructed, being itself founded on Compact between distinct Sovereign States, is necessarily Federal in its nature, while it at the same time gives one national character and position amongst the other Powers of the world, to all the Parties constituting it! In this sense, all Confederated Governments are both Federal and National. The Gov-

ernment of the United States is no exception to the rule. In this sense, Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson, spoke of the United States under the Constitution as a Nation, as well as a Confederated Republic. In this sense, it is properly styled by all a Nation. This was the idea symbolized in the motto, "E pluribus unum." One from many. That is, one State or Nation—one Federal Republic—from many Republics, States or Nations. This is what is meant by the Nation when properly applied to the United States. It is not the whole people, in the aggregate constituting one body united on the principles of a social Compact, but that conventional State which springs from and is dependent upon the several State Sovereignties creating it, as in all other cases of Confederated Republics. The bare fact that it operates on the individual citizens of the several States, in specified cases, and has in its organization the requisite functions for this purpose, does not change, in the least, the nature of the Government, if this arrangement is agreed upon in the Compact between the Sovereign Parties to it. That depends entirely upon the great fact which we were so long in establishing, that the Government itself, with all its powers as well as machinery, was founded upon Compact between separate and distinct Sovereign States. If this be so, as has been conclusively established, then the Government, so constructed, must of necessity be Federal, and purely Federal, in its character. This character is not changed by the adoption of any machinery, for its practical workings, which may be thus agreed upon. For it is perfectly competent for independent and Sovereign Nations, by treaty or compact, to make any agreement they please touching the enforcement of such treaties, or the terms of such compacts, over their respective citizens or subjects, and by such agencies as they may please jointly to agree upon, without the least impairment whatever of their respective Sovereignties.

The great question, therefore, in this investigation was, is the Constitution a Compact between Sovereignties? If so, the Government established by it is purely, entirely, and thoroughly Federal in its nature, and no more National in any sense than all former Federal Republics. All those features in its operation directly upon individuals, instead of upon States, which give rise to ideas of Nationality, or of its being of a

mixed nature, spring themselves from the Federal Compact. Ours, therefore, is a pure Confederated Republic, upon the model of Montesquieu, with the new principle referred to incorporated into the system, without changing, in the least, the basis of its organization—at least, so thought the Fathers by whom it was established. It is true we have as yet no apt distinctive word in political nomenclature, by which to characterize this specific distinctive improvement in the purely Federal system. This only shows the barrenness of language. Actualities often precede nomenclature. And, hence, De Tocqueville, perceiving this in our system, said of it, that "the new word, which ought to express this novel thing, does not yet exist." "The human understanding," says he, "more easily invents new things than new words, and we are hence constrained to employ many improper and inadequate expressions." No truer remark was ever made about the Government of the United States. All the difficulty or confusion on the subject, however, relates only to the name. It is one of nomenclature, and not substance. That stands out perfectly distinct in all its features, however unlanguaged it, with these features, may yet be. This want of a suitable name applies, also, only to its specific character, that name which will perfectly characterize its specific difference from other Confederacies, ancient or modern. There is no difficulty as to the proper generic term applicable to it. That is unquestionably Federal. Its genus, with all the incidents of the class, is a Federal or Confederated Republic. That is fixed by the fact that it is founded upon Compact—Confederation between distinct Sovereign Powers.

What makes any Government Federal, but the fact that it springs, with all its powers and functions, to whatever character, from covenants and agreements between the Sovereign contracting parties creating it! And is it not as competent for a Sovereign State to agree, that the Federal agent or Government shall act upon her citizens, in specified cases, as it is for her to agree, that the same agent or Government may act upon herself? May pass edicts of equal force and obligation upon her, which she is equally bound by the Compact to execute by her own machinery of laws? Where is the difference? What makes the Union between any States Federal is not the

manner of its action, but the Foedus, the Covenant, the Convention, the Compact upon which it is founded!

So much for the nature of the Government of the United States, and the terms by which it may be characterized.

Where, under the system so constituted, does Sovereignty reside? This is now the great and last question. It must reside somewhere. It must reside, as all admit, with the people somewhere. Does it reside with the whole people in mass of all the States together, or with the people of the several States separately? That is the only question. The whole subject is narrowed down to this: Where, in this country, resides that Paramount authority that can rightfully make and unmake Constitutions? In all Confederated Republics, according to Montesquieu, Vattel, and Burlamaqui, it remains with the Sovereign States so Confederated. Is our Confederated Republic an exception to this rule? If so, how does it appear? Is there any thing in its history, anterior to the present Compact of Union, that shows it to be an exception? Certainly not; for the Sovereignty of each State was expressly retained in the first Articles of Union. Is there then anything in the present Compact itself that shows that it was surrendered by them in that? If so, where is the clause bearing that import? None can be found! Again: if it was thereby surrendered, to whom was it surrendered? To whom did it pass? Did it pass to all the people of the United States? Of course not; for not one particle of power of any sort, much less Sovereignty, is delegated in the Constitution to the people of the United States. All powers therein delegated are to the States in their Sovereign character, under the designation of United States. Is it then surrendered to the United States jointly? Certainly not, for one of the main objects in forming the Compact, as before stated, and as clearly appears from the instrument itself, was, to preserve and perpetuate separate State existence. The guarantee to this effect, from the very words used, implies their Sovereignty. There can be no such thing as a perfect State without Sovereignty. It certainly is not parted with by any express terms in that instrument. If it be surrendered thereby it must be by implication only. But how can it be implied from any words or phrases in that instrument? If carried by implication, it must be on the

strange assumption that it is an incident only of some one or all of those specific and specially enumerated powers expressly delegated. This cannot be, as that would be making the incident greater than the object, the shadow more solid than the substance. For Sovereignty is the highest and greatest of all political powers. It is itself the source as well as embodiment of all political powers, both great and small. All proceed and emanate from it. All the great powers specifically and expressly delegated in the Constitution, such as the power to declare war and make peace; to raise and support armies, to tax and lay excise duties, etc., are themselves but the incidents of Sovereignty. If this great embodiment of all powers was parted with, why were any minor specifications made? Why any enumeration? Was not such specification or enumeration both useless and absurd?

All the implications are the other way. The bare fact that all the powers parted with by the State were delegated only, as all admit, necessarily implies that the greater power delegating still continued to exist.

If, then, this ultimate absolute Sovereignty did reside with the several States separately, as without question it did, up to the formation of the Constitution; and if, in the Constitution, Sovereignty is not parted with by the States in express terms; if, as Mr. Webster said, in 1839, there is not a word about Sovereignty in it; and if, further, this greatest of all political powers cannot justly be claimed as an incident to lesser ones, and thereby carried by implication; then, of course, was it not most clearly still retained and reserved to the people of the several States in that mass of residuary rights in the language of Mr. Jefferson, which was expressly reserved in the Constitution itself?

It is true it was not so expressly reserved in the Constitution at first, because it was deemed, as the debates in the Federal Convention, as well as the State Conventions, clearly show wholly unnecessary; so general was the understanding that it could not go, by inference or implication, from any thing in the Constitution; or in other words, that it could not be surrendered without express terms to that effect. The general understanding was the universally acknowledged principle in public law, that nothing is held good against Sovereignty by

implication. But to quiet the apprehensions of Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, and the Conventions of a majority of the States, this reservation of Sovereignty was soon after put in the Constitution amongst other amendments, in plain and unequivocal language. So cautious and guarded were the men of that day that the Government had hardly commenced operations before all inferences that had been drawn against the reserved Sovereignty of the States, from the silence of the Constitution, in this particular and some others, were fully rebutted by several amendments, proposed by the States, in Congress assembled, at their first session. These amendments were preceded by a preamble, which shows that they were both declaratory and restrictive in their object. Here is what was done:—

"The Conventions of a number of the States, having, at the time of their adopting the Constitution, expressed a desire, in order to prevent misconstruction or abuse of its powers, that further declaratory and restrictive clauses should be added: And as extending the ground of public confidence in the Government, will best insure the beneficent end of its institution;

"Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, two thirds of both Houses concurring; that the following Articles be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States, as amendments to the Constitution of the United States, all, or any of which Articles, when ratified by three fourths of the said Legislatures, to be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of the said Constitution."

The language of one of the amendments then proposed, on the subject we are now upon, is as follows: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people."

This amendment, which was promptly agreed to by the States unanimously, declares that all powers not delegated were reserved to the States respectively; this, of course, includes, in the reservation, Sovereignty, which is the source of all powers, those delegated as well as those reserved. This reservation Mr. Samuel Adams said, we have seen in the

Massachusetts Convention, was consonant with the like reservation in the first Articles of Confederation. And such was the universal understanding at the time. Most of the other amendments, then proposed, were likewise agreed to by the States, but not unanimously.

Can any proposition within the domain of reason be clearer, from all these facts, than that the Sovereignty of the States, that great Paramount authority which can rightfully make and unmake Constitutions, resides still with the States? Does not this declaratory amendment, added to the original covenant in the Constitution, which provides for its own amendment, show this beyond all doubt or question? Why were further amendments to it to be submitted to the States for their ratification before they could be binding, but upon the indisputable principle or postulate that Sovereignty, which alone has control of all such matters, still resides with the States severally? There is, my dear sirs, no answer to this.

The Government of the United States, however new some of its features are in the machinery of its operation, is no exception to the general rule, applicable to all Federal Republics, as to where the ultimate absolute Sovereign or Paramount authority resides. According to that rule, in all of them, it is retained by the Parties to the Compact. Such was the case in the model of Montesquieu. Such is the case in all Confederacies of this character, according to Vattel, as we have seen. Such is, necessarily, the case in our system, built upon these models. All unions of separate States, under Compacts of this sort, are founded upon the same essential basis. Sovereignty, with us, therefore, upon these fixed and indisputable principles, now resides, as I said before, just where it did in 1776—just where it did in 1778—and just where it did in 1787: that is, with the people of the several States of the Federal Union. This Sovereignty, so residing with them, is the Paramount authority to which allegiance is due. Allegiance, a word brought from the Old World, of Latin origin, from *ligo,* to bind, means the obligation which every one owes to that Power in the State, to which he is indebted for the protection of his rights of person and property. Allegiance and Sovereignty, as we have seen, are reciprocal. "To whatever Power a citizen owes allegiance, that Power is his Sov-

ereign." To what Power are the citizens of the several States indebted for protection of person and property, in all the relations of life, for the regulation of which Governments are instituted? Certainly not to the Federal Government. That Government, in its operations, has no right to interfere, in any way whatever, with the citizens of the several States, but in a few exceptional cases; and then, not for protection, but in the enforcement of laws, which the State would have been bound, by her plighted faith, to execute herself, had not this new feature been introduced into the Federal system. The Government of the United States, in its internal polity, is known to the citizens of the several States only by its requisitions upon individuals, instead of States, except in a very few specified cases. In its National character, it gives ample protection abroad. This was one of its main objects. In its postal arrangements, it furnishes many conveniences, for which it is duly paid. In these particulars, there is no difference between the Constitution and the first Articles of Confederation. But it was no part of the objects of either to afford protection to the citizens of the States, respectively, in all those relations of life which mark the internal polity of different States and Nations. These, now, as before, all depend upon the Sovereign will of the States. This Sovereign will fixes the status of the various elements of Society, as well as their rights. In the States, severally, remains the great right of Eminent Domain, which reserves to them complete jurisdiction and control over the rights of person and property of their entire population. With them remains, untrammelled, the power to establish codes of laws—civil, military, and criminal. They may punish for what crimes they please, and as they please, and the Government of the United States cannot interfere. To their own Legislatures, their own Judiciaries, their own Executives, their own laws, established by their own Paramount authority, do all the citizens of all the States look for whatever protection and security they receive, possess, or enjoy, in all the civil relations of life. In all such matters as require that protection to which allegiance is due, the Government of the United States is unknown to them.

It is true that the States did covenant, in the Constitution, that no State should "pass any law, making any thing but gold

and silver coin a legal tender in the payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, or *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts;" but this, in no wise, changes the principle. Those provisions were put in by each State, to protect the rights of her citizens against the unjust legislation of other States, and not against her own legislation. By the Constitution, the citizens of each State have all the privileges and immunities of all the citizens of the several States, in their intercourse with each other. Hence, the propriety and wisdom of these provisions. It is, in itself, only a negative protection, and such as each State provided, in the Compact, for the protection of her own citizens, in other States, against the acts of the other States, and not against their own. It was inserted from no such view as that the citizens of the several States were to look to the Federal Government for that protection, in any sense, which is the foundation of all allegiance. The guarantee of rights, in the amendments to the Constitution, such as the right to bear arms, freedom from arrest, etc., apply, exclusively, to the Federal Government. They were but bulwarks, thrown around the citadel of State Rights, to protect the citizens of the respective States from the exercise of unjust powers over them by the General Government. They were not inserted with any view of protecting the citizens of the respective States from the action of their own State Governments.

On the several State authorities, therefore, are all the citizens, of all the States, under our system, entirely dependent for the protection of all those civil rights and franchises, for which, mainly, human societies are organized, and for which, mainly, Governments are instituted by men. To this several State authority, when properly expressed, is the allegiance proper of every citizen due. This is his Sovereign.

These things being so, I think I have made it very clearly appear, why I acted as I did, in going with my State, and obeying her high behest, when she resumed the Sovereign Powers she had delegated to the United States, by entering into a Compact of Union with them in 1788, and asserted her right to be a free and independent State, which she was acknowledged to be by George the Third of England, in the treaty of peace, in 1783.

The rightfulness of this act, on the part of the State, is now the question. We will come to that presently. But the question now is, was it not the duty of all her citizens to go with her in her solemn Resolve? Was not every one bound to do so, or become guilty of incivism, the highest of all political offences against the society of which one is a member? Would not every one, refusing to obey the mandate of the State, in such case have subjected himself to her laws against treason to her Sovereignty? In that case, could the United States, either *de jure* or *de facto,* have saved him or afforded him any protection whatever against the prescribed penalty? By the very terms of the Compact, if that was still in force, if he had escaped, and gone into another State, he would, necessarily, upon demand, have been delivered up to the State for trial and punishment! But in point of fact, the United States had not an officer, civil or military, within the State. All had retired, either voluntarily or by compulsion. Not an emblem even of their authority was to be found within her borders. To whose authority then could any citizen look for any sort of protection, but the authority of the State? Was not obedience both proper and due to that authority which alone could accord proper protection, both *de jure* and *de facto?*

Now as to the rightfulness of the State's thus resuming her Sovereign powers! In doing it she seceded from that Union, to which, in the language of Mr. Jefferson, as well as General Washington, she had acceded as a Sovereign State. She repealed her ordinance by which she ratified and agreed to the Constitution and became a party to the Compact under it. She declared herself no longer bound by that Compact, and dissolved her alliance with the other parties to it. The Constitution of the United States, and the laws passed in pursuance of it, were no longer the supreme law of the people of Georgia, any more than the treaty with France was the supreme law of both countries, after its abrogation, in 1798, by the same rightful authority which had made it in the beginning.

In answer to your question, whether she could do this without a breach of her solemn obligations, under the Compact, I give this full and direct answer: she had a perfect right so to do, subject to no authority, but the great moral law which governs the intercourse between Independent Sovereign Pow-

ers, Peoples, or Nations. Her action was subject to the authority of that law and none other. It is the inherent right of Nations, subject to this law alone, to disregard the obligations of Compacts of all sorts, by declaring themselves no longer bound in any way by them. This, by universal consent, may be rightfully done, when there has been a breach of the Compact by the other party or parties. It was on this principle, that the United States abrogated their treaty with France, in 1798. The justifiableness of the act depends, in every instance, upon the circumstances of the case. The general rule is, if all the other States—the Parties to the Confederation—faithfully comply with their obligations, under the Compact of Union, no State would be morally justified in withdrawing from a Union so formed, unless it were necessary for her own preservation. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, with States or Nations, as it is with individuals.

But in this case the breach of plighted faith was not on the part of Georgia, or those States which withdrew or attempted to withdraw from the Union. Thirteen of their Confederates had openly and avowedly disregarded their obligations under that clause of the Constitution which covenanted for the rendition of fugitives from service, to say nothing of the acts of several of them, in a like open and palpable breach of faith, in the matter of the rendition of fugitives from justice. These are facts about which there can be no dispute. Then, by universal law, as recognized by all Nations, savage as well as civilized, the Compact, thus broken by some of the Parties, was no longer binding upon the others. The breach was not made by the seceding States. Under the circumstances, and the facts of this case, therefore, the legal as well as moral right, on the part of Georgia, according to the laws of Nations and nature, to declare herself no longer bound by the Compact, and to withdraw from the Union under it, was perfect and complete. These principles are too incontestably established to be questioned, much less denied, in the forum of reason and justice.

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD

[1858—]

BENJAMIN SLEDD

IT was along in the early '90s, if I remember aright, that readers of our better magazines began to be attracted by the sonnets of Mr. Stockard. I can recall the surprise and delight with which I first came upon them. Let me quote one of these sonnets. It will serve at once as an illustration and a text:

THEOCRITUS

"Upon the arm of Time his hand he laid,
And claimed with all-compelling power his eyes;
The gray, unsleeping spirit with fierce surprise
In his destroying course a moment stayed.
'Grant me this guerdon, ravening Time,' he prayed,
'That through the future's dateless centuries
The light from off these valleys, fields, and skies,
Until thy reign be past, may never fade!'
Years have not scathed those immemorial springs;
On swaths of thymy grass and osier-shoots
By wimpling streams Theocritus pipes to-day;
Unhurt down vales of amaranth Thyrsis sings,
And Pan's clear syrinx calls, and far away
O'er sweet Sicilian fields the shepherds' fifes and flutes!"

Now, this is in every way beautiful and noble. The workmanship is well nigh perfect, the characterization is at once correct and luminous, and the feeling is genuine and well sustained. Mr. Stockard was unknown to me then, and I put him down in my mind as an Englishman, one of that group of critic-poets to which belong William Watson, Andrew Lang, and Ernest Myers—men who find in literature, rather than in life, their inspiration. Judge of my added surprise and delight when I discovered that Mr. Stockard was not only a native of the South, but was living within a stone's throw, as it were, of my own new-made home in the old North State.

Henry Jerome Stockard was born in Chatham County, North Carolina, September 15, 1858, coming of good Revolutionary stock on both mother's and father's side. To the mother, left a widow when the boy was but twelve, and herself possessing unusual qualities of

head and heart, her poet son has paid loving and beautiful tribute in song. Mr. Stockard was educated in the public schools of his native county and at the University of North Carolina, from which he received the degree of Master of Arts in 1889. After serving the public schools of the State in various capacities, he was, in 1890, made associate in the English department of the University of North Carolina. In 1896 Mr. Stockard went to Fredericksburg College, Virginia, as professor of English, and in 1900 he returned to North Carolina as professor of Latin in Peace Institute, Raleigh. Of this latter institution he was made president in 1907. It is needless to add that Mr. Stockard has been successful as a teacher. Perhaps, had he been less successful, he might have been compelled to give more undivided allegiance to the muses.

While, as I have said above, Mr. Stockard has drawn inspiration for some of his best work from literature and the past, none the less has he kept in lively touch with the present, and especially with life immediately around him. Indeed, a certain critic has called Mr. Stockard "the voice of North Carolina." And this high praise has been well deserved. When the Guilford battlegrounds were dedicated, Mr. Stockard was called upon to celebrate in ringing verse the bravery of the North Carolina riflemen; at the unveiling of the State's memorial at Appomattox, it was Mr. Stockard who spoke, in stirring measures, not alone for North Carolina, but for the South, and for the Union. And his verse has paid loving tribute to our Confederate dead, among whom would seem to be his own brothers:

> . . . "The boy-soldiers twain
> That sleep by purling stream or old stone wall
> In some far-off and unknown grave."

Of nature Mr. Stockard always writes with grace and feeling, although one questions whether the poet is quite the lover of the fields and woods that he is of men and books. Still, there is in such poems as "Knee-Deep" and "My Pipe" the authentic nature-thrill.

While Mr. Stockard has been a generous contributor to the better magazines, he has published only one volume of verse.* But this little book writes his title clear to the name of Poet. Weights and measures are nowhere so futile as in poetry. Gray's place in literature is more secure than Dryden's. Then, too, Mr. Stockard is but in the prime of manhood, and of his poetry we can confidently hope the best is yet to come. Perhaps we are warranted in saying he never can be a "popular" poet. His audience must needs be few, though

*'Fugitive Lines,' G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1897. See also 'The Biographical History of North Carolina,' Vol. V.

fit. Of his place in literature we are equally warranted in predicting that, while it may not be large, it will be high and secure. His sonnets have already taken their place among the best.

Benjamin Sledd

COME TENDERLY, O DEATH!

From 'Fugitive Lines.' Copyright, G. P. Putnam's Sons, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

Come tenderly, O Death!
Yet not with silence palpable, but come
To me as comes a mother to her sick,
Dream-troubled child, singing with tone subdued
Sweet songs that seem to its poor fevered brain
Voiced by some far-away singer.

And when it will not rest,
Even as she bends above its bed, and lifts
It to her heart where it forgets to cry,
So do thou, Angel of Death, above me lean
With gentleness unspeakable, and uplift
Me in thy kind, strong arms, and croon thy song
Until its charming cadence wind and wind
Through all the secret passes of my soul,
And I am stilled, and griefs are all unlearned,
With days and months and years!

THE MOCKING-BIRD

The name thou wearest does thee grievous wrong.
No mimic thou! That voice is thine alone!
The poets sing but strains of Shakespeare's song;
The birds, but notes of thine imperial own!

"KNEE-DEEP, KNEE-DEEP!"

"Knee-deep, knee-deep!" I am a child again!
I hear the cow-bells tinkling down the lane
The plaintive whippoorwills, the distant call
Of quails beyond the hill where night-hawks fall
From lambent skies to fields of golden grain.

I hear the milkmaid's song, the clanking chain
Of ploughman homeward bound, the lumbering wain,
And down the darkling vale 'mid rushes tall,
"Knee-deep, knee-deep!"

We're all at home—John, Wesley, little Jane—
Dead long ago—and the boy-soldiers twain
That sleep by purling stream or old stone wall
In some far-off and unknown grave—we're all
At home with mother!—heartache gone, and pain—
"Knee-deep, knee-deep!"

MY PIPE

When the summer breeze steals thro' the trees,
And the sickle moon is low;
When o'er the hills the whippoorwill's
Clear flutings come and go;
When the katydid, in the tree-top hid,
Calls ever across the dark,
And down the marsh where the frogs sing harsh
The fire-fly lights its spark—

Then the golden crumbs for me!
My pipe and reverie!
The voices grand from childhood's land,
And the scenes that used to be!

When the days are cold, and o'er the wold
The winds of winter sweep;
When the darkness falls, and upon the walls
The shadows dance and leap;

When the full moon shines thro' the snow-capped pines
  Where the midnight witches brew,
While the embers die and the great owls cry
  Their weird "tu-whit, tu-whoo!"—

Then my pipe and the crumbs of gold!
And the future's gates unfold!
  Thro' the lifting haze rise the braver days
That the untried seasons hold!

THE HERO

To be a hero must you do some deed
  With which your name shall ring the world around?
With blade uplifted must you dare to lead
  Where armies reel on slopes with lightning crowned?

Or must you set for polar seas your sails,
  And chart the Arctic's silent realms, and gray?
Or drag your barge through virgin streams in pales
  Of undiscovered lands? I tell you, Nay!

Who is earth's greatest hero? He that bears,
  Deep buried in his kingly heart, his lot
Of suffering; and, if need be, he that dares
  Lay down his life for right, and falters not!

AT FORDHAM

(The Home of Edgar Allan Poe)

Not here he dwelt, but down some path unknown
  That winding sinks into night's spectral vale,
  Where prisoned, uneasy winds forever wail,
And plangent seas on dolorous shores intone.
His charmed, cloud-builded home was there upthrown,
  Engirt by marsh and mere and wastes of bale;
  No foot save his e'er trod those reaches pale;
His were those tracts abandoned, his alone.

There with hushed breath he heard the thin, far strains
Of Israfel steal through his haunted room,
Or caught the nearer, clearer clank of chains:
Now o'er him leaned Lenore in deathless bloom;
Now, while the blood slowed, freezing in his veins,
Some goblin shivered in upon the gloom!

AFTER READING A TREASURY OF SONNETS

Vague visions fill my brain to-night—high deeds
Round Ilium's shadowy wall; old Memnon gray
With vacant gaze looks toward the rising day,
And breathes with mystic lips of ancient creeds.
Through Morven's haunted halls my fancy leads,
And Loda's spirit bends o'er me—far away
On unblessed shores—through cities of Cathay—
By perilous passes where the eaglet feeds.
Confusing sounds awake—celestial strings,
The clash of cymbals, tramp of armèd bands,
Songs fugitive from Pelion's height outblown:
Round Anthemusia's slumberous island sings
Brave Orpheus to his comrades, of home lands
Dim-visioned long across the seas unknown.

MY LIBRARY

At times these walls enchanted fade, it seems,
And, lost, I wander through the Long Ago—
In Edens where the lotus still doth grow,
And many a reedy river seaward gleams.
Now Pindar's soft-stringed shell blends with my dreams,
And now the elfin horns of Oberon blow,
Or flutes Theocritus by the wimpling flow
Of immemorial amaranth-margined streams.
Gray Dante leads me down the cloud-built stair,
And parts with shadowy hands the mists that veil
Scarred deeps distraught by crying winds forlorn;
By Milton stayed, chaotic steeps I dare,
And, with his immaterial presence pale,
Stand on the heights flushed in creation's morn!

"SOME VERSES CAROL"

Some verses carol blithely as a bird,
  And hint of violet and asphodel;
  While others slowly strike a funeral bell,
Or call like clarionets till, spirit-stirred,
We hear the mustering tramp in every word.
  In some, the ocean pounds with sledges fell,
  Or Neptune posts with blare of trumpet-shell
By shores that visionary seas engird.
As soft as flutes, they croon the lullabies
  Of cradle-years; play clear as citherns; wail
  Like harps Æolian in the grieving wind;
Some are the deep-drawn human moan by pale
  And silent faces—'neath lack-lustre skies—
  Peering through panes on darkness unconfined!

A DAY

The songs of bonny birds from many a spray
Greeted the golden day;
No fleck of cloud, all the wide heavens through,
Loitered along the blue.

But soon a mist, before I was aware,
Had stolen upon the air,
Which denser grew till, over hill and plain,
Drizzled the chilling rain.

Around my door a monitory wind,
Like a wolf, snarled and whined;
And joy seemed, with the radiance of the dawn,
For evermore withdrawn.

But, ere the night drew down, a lambent zone
About the west was thrown:
The sun's full splendors fell across the world,
As at the morn, impearled.

So may the clouds that have concealed the sun
Lift when life's day is done;—
So take a glory on their sinking bars
As night kindles the stars!

IN THE LIGHTHOUSE AT POINT LOOKOUT, NORTH CAROLINA

Upon these dreary bars the ocean rolls,
Billow on billow and forevermore!
Age after age, with unremitting roar,
They curl and break and churn on sands and shoals.
What means that deep-voiced dolorous monotone?
Chants it a dirge o'er its unnumbered dead?
O'er empires that once flourished where its bed
Now slopes to depths unfathomed and unknown?
Or, haply, is't a monster's vicious tones,
Crouching to spring upon its prey, I hear—
Waiting to swallow up earth's mighty thrones,
And raise new worlds from its own gloomy sphere?
Or sobs, perchance, man's kingdoms to efface,
Only to whelm again some distant race?

MOLLUSKS

Down where the bed of ocean sinks profound,
Lodged in the clefts and caverns of the deep,
Where silence and eternal darkness keep,
These dumb primordial living forms abound.
What know they of this life in the vast round
Of earth and air?—how wild the pulses leap
At love's sweet dream—what storms of sorrow sweep,
What hopes allure us, and what terrors hound?
And scattered on these slopes and plains below
This atmospheric sea, one with the worm
And beetle, for a momentary term—
What know we more of those ethereal spheres—
What rapture may be there, what poignant woe,
What towering passions, and what high careers?

TO MY MOCKING-BIRD

I labor at my desk with aching brain,
  Around me mortgage, bond, and balance-sheet—
  Imprisoned, fettered in this dim retreat
With shackles galling as a ball and chain.
Thou singest in thy cage—beyond the pane
  A gray sky-glimpse and pavements glazed with sleet—
  Free as thy parent sang in the orchard sweet
Along the dear old homeward-leading lane.
Would I might learn of thee, ethereal bird!
  Since thou mayst never fly from hence at will,
  And chant while, charmed, the summer choirs are still;
Lo, thou hast made thy span of prison here
A blue-skied world, and hither hast transferred
The gladness of thy lost ancestral sphere!

SCIENCE

She leads the sea through hills of Darien,
  And brings the east and west to every door,
  With silent influence drawing more and more
Into close brotherhood the tribes of men.
She holds the trail of Pain to his secret den;
  The dim process of being dares explore,
  Spells slowly out on mountain, rock, and shore

The syllables of God to mortal ken.
  She yet may sail from vague, cloud-builded piers,
And lay along the darkness and the wind
A cable vast which world to world shall bind:
  Breathless may catch the deep, slow speech of Mars,
  Now, haply, passing on from outer spheres
The grave, tremendous message of the stars.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE

Brooded on crags, his down the rocks,
He holds the skies for his domain;
Serene, he preens where thunder shocks,
And rides the hurricane.

The scream of shells is in his shriek;
His wings as swords, whiz down the air;
His claws, as bayonets, gride; his beak,
As shrapnel-shards, doth tear.

Where Shasta shapes its mighty cone,
Where Mitchell heaves into the skies,
Silent he glares, austere, alone,
With sun-outstaring eyes.

BETHLEHEM

From slope and field and valley, where
They watched their flocks at night,
Roused by the flaming Messenger,
And pointed to the Light,
They pressed, the simple shepherd folk,
By alley, street, and lane,
Through Bethlehem, little Bethlehem,
Upon Judea's plain.

From courts luxuriant as the east,
Beyond the deserts far,
Bearing their bales of costly gifts,
And led by the blazing Star,
They urged, the graybeard Magians,
With their resplendent train,
Toward Bethlehem, lowly Bethlehem,
Across Judea's plain.

From mansions builded of the morn,
In majesty arrayed,
Their line like to a silver cloud
Along the darkness laid,

They winged, the shining angel hosts,
Singing that glad refrain,
For Bethlehem, chosen Bethlehem,
Adown Judea's plain.

From every nation, race, and tongue,
Where frost eternal keeps;
Where summer islands, crowned with palms,
Abound in austral deeps,
They throng, the generations throng
O'er continent and main,
To Bethlehem, glorious Bethlehem,
On far Judea's plain.

The stars that light the firmament,
Slowly their beams decay;
And London town, as Nineveh,
Was built to pass away:
But the Star above Judea's hills,
Its fire shall never wane;
Nor Bethlehem, hallowed Bethlehem,
Pass from Judea's plain.

DAVID HUNTER STROTHER

[1816—1888]

DANIEL B. LUCAS

DAVID HUNTER STROTHER, the son of Colonel John Strother and Elizabeth Pendleton Hunter Strother, was born September 26, 1816, in Martinsburg, Virginia, now West Virginia.

Gifted with artistic ability from the outset, he produced, at the age of three years, a picture representing the burning of his father's house, which occurred at that time, in which the likenesses of the onlookers were distinctly recognizable. He received his early education at the Old Stone Schoolhouse in Martinsburg and at Washington College (now Washington and Jefferson College), Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. At the age of twelve he was sent to Philadelphia, where he studied art under Professor Morse, later the inventor of the electric telegraph.

In his early manhood he traveled in what was then the Far West, and in 1840 went to Europe to complete his art studies, arriving in Paris in time to witness the second funeral of Napoleon I. After spending a year in this city he went to Italy, returning to the United States about 1843.

For several years Mr. Strother followed his profession, producing several paintings of merit and a number of illustrations for the books of the day, notably for 'Swallow Barn,' written by his kinsman, John Pendleton Kennedy. In 1849 he married Anne Doyne Wolff, of Martinsburg, by whom he had one daughter, Emily Strother.

His taste for literature now asserted itself, and shortly after the establishment of *Harper's Magazine* he began, under the pen-name of "Porte Crayon," the contribution to that periodical of a number of serial and short articles on American subjects, which continued until about 1877. These were all copiously illustrated by his own hand, and the happy combination of pen and pencil procured for him a national reputation among the writers of his time.

His principal books were 'Virginia Illustrated,' published in book form by the Harpers; 'The Blackwater Chronicle'; 'A Summer in New England'; 'A Winter In the South'; 'North Carolina Illustrated'; 'The Mountains'; and 'Personal Recollections of the War.'

His wife died in 1859, and in 1861 he married Mary Elliot Hunter,

of Charles Town, Virginia, now West Virginia, by whom he had two sons, David Hunter and John.

At the beginning of the war Mr. Strother joined the National Army with the rank of Captain and was attached to the Topographical Corps, for which his knowledge of Eastern theaters of war, acquired during hunting and pedestrian excursions in his youth, particularly fitted him. In this capacity he served in the Patterson campaign in the Valley of the Shenandoah, on the staff of General McClellan at Ball's Bluff, on that of General Banks in the Valley, and on that of General Pope in the second Bull Run campaign. At this time he was commissioned Lieutenant-colonel of the Third West Virginia Cavalry and later Colonel of the same regiment. In the autumn of 1862 he was again on McClellan's staff at South Mountain and Antietam, and later accompanied General Banks to Louisiana, where he served on the Bayou Tesche and at Port Hudson. Returning North in 1863, he served under General Kelley as Chief of Cavalry, and in 1864 was on the staff of Sigel in the Shenandoah Valley and on that of his kinsman, General David Hunter, on the Lynchburg raid; and at the close of the war, having passed through thirty-odd battles and skirmishes unwounded, he was mustered out with the rank of Brevet Brigadier-general of Volunteers, until 1866 serving as Adjutant-general of the State of Virginia, then retiring to his home at Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, to resume his favorite occupations of art and literature.

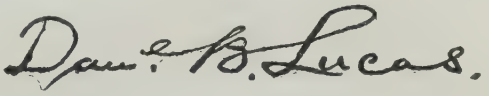
In 1879 he was appointed by President Hayes Consul-general to Mexico, with residence at the capitol, and in this position was instrumental in securing the recognition by the United States of the Diaz government, then not long in power. In 1885 he was relieved from these duties by President Cleveland, and returned to Charles Town, West Virginia, where he resided until his death on March 8, 1888.

To General Strother, as an author, belongs the credit of having introduced to the American public, with pen and pencil, the genuine Southern Negro. Comparing his sketches with any other representations, one soon discovers the original genius which recommended Strother over all other artists in his own peculiar field.

His adventures as a young man, around and about Virginia, are well worth preserving, and we shall owe a debt of gratitude to the historian who will secure them to us in their original fidelity and humor.

He lived the greater part of his life at Berkeley Springs, and at the Centennial of Berkeley County (1877), at the invitation of the Honorable Charles James Faulkner, Sr., General Strother delivered an address, in which he pointed out very clearly the two strains of origin

that characterize the Valley: that from Pennsylvania and that from Virginia. For example, the Strothers and the Hunters, were on one side, the Washingtons and the Seldens on the other; one being Scotch-Irish and the other Virginia Cavaliers. They were all equally brave, many of them gifted. But it was reserved for General Strother to be first to employ his pen in the sketches of Virginia scenery, many points of which have now become quite familiar to the traveler through the old State. Beginning at Harper's Ferry, and going south to the Natural Bridge and the Ozark Mountain, the scenes of extraordinary beauty, now well-known, were all celebrated for the first time through the pencil of "Porte Crayon."



VIRGINIA HOSPITALITY

From 'Virginia Illustrated.'

Our hero was relieved from hearing further reminiscences of his early friend by the approach of an elderly gentleman, whose dress and deportment, to the practiced eye, showed him to be one of the lords of the soil.

"Your servant, Sir. Traveling, I presume? Returning from the Springs?"

"I have been making an excursion in the mountains; have visited the principal watering-places; and am now homeward bound: —— County, on the banks of the Potomac."

"A Virginian, Sir, of course? Happy to make your acquaintance. My name is Hardy, at your service."

"And mine, Sir, is Crayon."

"Indeed! bless my soul! I am delighted to hear it. You must be a relative of my wife. That was her maiden name. Spells it *C-r-a-n-e.*"

"Our family spell the name *C-r-a-y-o-n.*"

"All Frenchified nonsense. Your father didn't know how to spell, young man. But you must go to my house, and make it your home while you remain in this part of the country—several weeks of course. Mrs. Hardy will be delighted to see you. We are a great people for blood."

Crayon intimated that his plans did not admit of his remaining longer than that night; and, besides, he had a party of ladies with him.

Squire Hardy's countenance brightened.

"Ladies! So much the better; my girls will be delighted to see their cousins. Tom, get my buggy immediately;" and the squire drove off in hot haste.

"The old gentleman is gone," said Crayon, rather mystified by this manoeuvre.

"Bless your soul, Sir," said the host, with a sad smile, "he'll be back directly. He's not going to let you off. This is a poor place, Sir, for my business, Sir. There's not much travel at best; and when I do get a genteel customer, I can't keep him on account of Squire Hardy and the like of him. He only lives two miles from town, keeps a much better tavern than I do, and nothing to pay, and good liquor into the bargain."

In a marvelous short time a carriage drove up, and the old gentleman, with two bouncing daughters, stepped out. The ladies were presented; the Squire kissed the girls all around, and in an incredibly short space of time, without any particular agency of his own, our hero found himself, bag, baggage, and responsibilities, transferred to the old-fashioned, roomy mansion of the Hardys.

Everybody was delighted. The old lady left off in the middle of a cut of yarn she was winding, to welcome her newly discovered relative, and Crayon was entertained for two hours with the genealogy of the family. It was ascertained beyond a doubt that they were connected, not only on the Crayon side of the house, but likewise on the Hardy side. These interesting discoveries were confirmed next morning by a message from an aged domestic, Aunt Winnie, who informed Mr. Crayon that she had nursed his father, and insisted on receiving a visit from him at her cabin.

Crayon says his father must have been a remarkable child, for he had already heard of some fifty or sixty old women who had nursed him. However, Aunt Winnie was a person of too much importance on the estate to be slighted, and the visit was made in due form next morning. Her little whitewashed cabin stood at no great distance from the "great house,"

and was fitted up with due regard to the comfort of the aged occupant, not forgetting the ornamental, in the shape of highly-colored lithographs and white-fringed curtains.

"Lord bless us!" said the old woman, "don't tell me dis is Mass' Nat's son. Mussy on us! What you got all dat *har* on your face like wild people? Good Lord! Can't tell who de boy looks like on account of dat *har!*"

Crayon smiled at the old nurse's comments, and having made the donation usual on such occasions, turned to depart.

"Thank'ee, young marster; Lord bless you. You'se 'mazin' good lookin' behind, anyhow."

Aunt Winnie was supposed to be upward of a hundred years old, and could count among her descendants children of the fifth generation, one of whom stood at her side when Crayon took a sketch of her. She walked with difficulty, but her eyes were bright, and her other faculties apparently complete. Her memory was good, and her narratives of the olden time replete with interest. One story which she told of revolutionary times is worth preserving:

In one of Tarleton's marauding expeditions into the interior of Virginia, his troops stopped to breakfast at the plantation of old Major Hardy, the father of the present Squire. All those of the household that drew the sword were with the armies of their country, but they had by no means carried with them all the pluck and patriotism.

The good lady received her visitors with such spirit that it seemed she still considered her house her own, and she still appeared to give with haughty hospitality what her unwelcome guests would have taken as a matter of course. The officers who breakfasted in the house were awed into respect by her manner, and her houses and barns were spared a fate that befell many others. But the passage of such a troop was like a visit of the locusts of Egypt. Fodder-stacks had disappeared, granaries were emptied, meat-houses rifled, piggery and poultry-yard silent as the grave. The matron contemplated the devastation with swelling indignation. All gone—all. If they had been Washington's troopers she would have gloried in the sacrifice; but to be forced to feed the host of the oppressor—to give nourishment and strength to those who might soon meet her husband and sons in battle—that was hard indeed.

The negroes had returned from their hiding-places, and stood grouped around, with eyes fixed upon their mistress, but not daring to break the silence. Presently an old Muscovy drake crept out from beneath the corn-house, where he had taken refuge during the Reign of Terror. The sight of this solitary and now useless patriarch was the feather that broke the camel's back. The matron's patience gave way under it.

"Jack," she screamed, "catch that duck!"

With the instinct of obedience, Jack pounced upon the wheezing waddler.

"Now, mount that mare—mount instantly!"

With countenance of ashy hue, and staring eyes, Jack obeyed the order.

"Now ride after the troopers—ride for your life. Give my compliments to Colonel Tarleton—mind, to no one else—the officer on the black horse—give him my compliments, and tell him your mistress says he forgot to take that duck."

Away went the messenger at full speed after the retreating cohorts. . . .

"Well, Jack, did you deliver that message?"

"Sartain, Missus."

"To Colonel Tarleton himself?"

"Sartain, Missus."

"And what did he say?"

"He put duck in he wallet, and say he much 'bliged." . . .

The old nurse was not the only character on the estate. The Squire himself was the type of a class found only among the rural population of our Southern States—a class, the individuals of which are connected by a general similarity of position and circumstance, but present a field to the student of man infinite in variety, rich in originality.

As the isolated oak that spreads his umbrageous top in the meadow surpasses his spindling congener of the forest, so does the country gentleman, alone in the midst of his broad estate, outgrow the man of crowds and conventionalities in our cities. The oak may have the advantage in the comparison, as his locality and consequent superiority are permanent. The Squire, out of his own district, we ignore. Whether intrinsically, or simply in default of comparison, at home he is invariably a great man. Such, at least, was Squire Hardy.

Sour and cynical in speech, yet overflowing with human kindness; contemning luxury and expense in dress and equipage, but princely in his hospitality; praising the olden time to the disparagement of the present; the mortal foe of progressionists and fast people in every department; above all, a philosopher of his own school, he judged by the law of Procrustes, and permitted no appeals; opinionated and arbitrary as the Czar, he was sauced by his negroes, respected and loved by his neighbors, led by the nose by his wife and daughters, and the abject slave of his grandchildren.

His house was as big as a barn, and, as his sons and daughters married, they brought their mates home to the old mansion. "It will be time enough for them to hive," quoth the Squire, "when the old box is full."

Notwithstanding his contempt for fast men nowadays, he is rather pleased with any allusion to his own youthful reputation in that line, and not unfrequently tells a good story on himself. We cannot omit one told by a neighbor, as being characteristic of the times and manners forty years ago:

At Culpepper Court-house, or some court-house thereabout, Dick Hardy, then a good-humored, gay young bachelor, and the prime favorite of both sexes, was called upon to carve the pig at the court dinner. The district judge was at the table, the lawyers, justices, and everybody else that felt disposed to dine. At Dick's right elbow sat a militia colonel, who was tricked out in all the pomp and circumstance admitted by his rank. He had probably been engaged on some court-martial, imposing fifty-cent fines on absentees from the last general muster. Howbeit Dick, in thrusting his fork into the back of the pig, bespattered the officer's regimentals with some of the superfluous gravy. "Beg your pardon," said Dick, as he went on with his carving. Now these were times when the war-spirit was high, and chivalry at a premium. "Beg your pardon" might serve as a napkin to wipe the stain from one's honor, but did not touch the question of the greased and spotted regimentals.

The colonel, swelling with wrath, seized a spoon, and deliberately dipping it into the gravy, dashed it over Dick's prominent shirt-frill.

All saw the act, and with open eyes and mouth sat in as-

tonished silence, waiting to see what would be done next. The outraged citizen calmly laid down his knife and fork, and looked at his frill, the officer, and the pig, one after another. The colonel, unmindful of the pallid countenance and significant glances of the burning eye, leaned back in his chair, with arms akimbo, regarding the young farmer with cool disdain. A murmur of surprise and indignation arose from the congregated guests. Dick's face turned red as a turkey-gobler's. He deliberately took the pig by the hind legs, and with a sudden whirl brought it down upon the head of the unlucky officer. Stunned by the squashing blow, astounded and blinded with streams of gravy and wads of stuffing, he attempted to rise, but blow after blow from the fat pig fell upon his bewildered head. He seized a carving-knife, and attempted to defend himself with blind but ineffectual fury, and at length, with a desperate effort, rose and took to his heels. Dick Hardy, whose wrath waxed hotter and hotter, followed, belaboring him unmercifully at every step, around the table, through the hall, and into the street, the crowd shouting and applauding.

We are sorry to learn that among this crowd were lawyers, sheriffs, magistrates, and constables; and that even his honor the judge, forgetting his dignity and position, shouted in a loud voice, "Give it to him, Dick Hardy! There's no law in Christendom against basting a man with a roast pig!" Dick's weapon failed before his anger; and when at length the battered colonel escaped into the door of a friendly dwelling, the victor had nothing in his hands but the hind legs of the roaster. He re-entered the dining-room flourishing these over his head, and venting his still unappeased wrath in great oaths.

The company reassembled, and finished their dinner as best they might. In reply to a toast, Hardy made a speech, wherein he apologized for sacrificing the principal dinner-dish, and, as he expressed it, for putting public property to private uses. In reply to this speech a treat was ordered. In those good old days folks were not so virtuous but that a man might have cakes and ale without being damned for it, and it is presumable the day wound up with a spree.

After the Squire got older, and a family grew up around him, he was not always victorious in his contests. For example, a question lately arose about the refurnishing the house. On

their return from a visit to Richmond, the ladies took it into their heads that the parlors looked bare and old-fashioned, and it was decided by them in secret conclave that a change was necessary.

"What!" said he, in a towering passion, "isn't it enough that you spend your time and money in vinegar to sour sweet peaches, and sugar to sweeten crab-apples, that you must turn the house you were born in topsy-turvy? God help us! we've a house with windows to let the light in, and you want curtains to keep it out; we've plastered the walls to make them white, and now you want to paste blue paper over them; we've waxed floors to walk on, and we must pay two dollars a yard for a carpet to save the oak plank! Begone with your nonsense, ye demented jades!"

The Squire smote the oak floor with his heavy cane, and the rosy petitioners fled from his presence laughing. In due time, however, the parlors were furnished with carpets, curtains, paper, and all the fixtures of modern luxury. The ladies were, of course, greatly delighted; and while professing great aversion and contempt for the "tawdry lumber," it was plain to see that the worthy man enjoyed their pleasure as much as they did the new furniture.

THE FALLS OF THE BLACKWATER

From 'The Blackwater Chronicle.'

Such pure, unalloyed charm of soul as we felt that morning, it would be worth any hardship to enjoy. No disturbing thought had any place in the mind. It seemed that we had entered into a new existence, that was one of some land of vision. As for the world we had left, it was as unknown to our thoughts as if we had never heard of it; it was absolutely lapsed from all memory, and nothing but the beauty and the bliss of the untrodden Canaan entered into our hearts.

As for myself—without pretending to speak at all for the Master, or the Signor, or the two hunters—I am certain I had no idea of having ever been born of woman—no idea of having ever known a passion of mortal joy or sorrow: I was some creation of an undiscovered paradise (hitherto undreamed of

even) altogether, for these few hours of a new soul. And it seems to me now, when I revert my thoughts to that morning's exploration of the Blackwater, that all the divinities of old fable must have had their dwelling-place out there; that surely Pan and Faunus dwelt in those wilds; that Diana lived there, and Latmos, on whose top she nightly kissed the boy Endymion, was the mountain that bordered the Blackwater; that Venus—she of the sea—Anadyomene, sometimes left the sea-foam and reposed her charms in the amber flow of the river; that Diana, the huntress, with all her attendant nymphs, pursued those beautiful deer I saw; that the naiads dwelt in the streams, and the sylphs lived in the air, and the dryads and hamadryads in the woods around; that Egeria had her grotto nowhere else but in the Canaan—all the beautiful creations of old poesy, the spirits or gods that now

> No longer lived in the faith of reason—

all were around me in the unknown wild—

> The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
> The fair humanities of old religion,
> The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
> That had their haunts in dale or piny mountains,
> Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and watery depths.

—Sometimes the fancy has possessed me that I saw Undine sitting in all her beauty by the foam of the little Niagara, the most beautiful of all the falls. Sometimes, too, I have seen Bonny Kilmeney—who was

> As pure as pure could be—

sleeping on the purple and gold-cushioned rocks, even as the Shepherd Poet has so exquisitely created her—her bosom heaped with flowers, and lovely beings of the spirit world infusing their thoughts of heaven into her spotless soul—her

> Joup of the lily sheen,
> Her bonny snood of the birk sae green,
> And those roses, the fairest that ever were seen.

All these images, and many more innumerable, of the creations of the genius of mankind, are associated in my mind,

henceforth and for ever, with the Blackwater; and although I am fully aware that in here giving expression to these fancies, I run some little risk of stamping this historic narrative with the character of fiction, yet the judicious reader will observe that this chronicle was intended in its inception to be an impress of the body and soul of the expedition—the motions and affections of the mind were to be recorded, as well as the motions and affections of the body—therefore he will see that it is all in keeping with the high aim of our undertaking. In accordance, then, with this just view of things, I have no hesitation in writing it down here, that the whole expedition felt themselves in a paradise all the morning; and I will take this occasion to observe in regard to myself especially, that I know something of the joys of this world—have had my reasonable share, and more too, of the joys that comes of passion—but that perfect bliss of the soul—that feeling of entire happiness, which has no taint of our mortal lot in it—which is a beatific, such as an angel ever lives in, I never had any distinct idea of—never anything but a glimmering, vague, mystified conjecture of, until I felt the heaven of that morning down the exquisite stream.

The reader no doubt is a little startled at this apparent extravagance, but let him restrain himself. It is all true, every word of it—as near as any felicities of the English language will convey a meaning; and although he may deem the brain of the chronicler of the expedition a little turned (by thunder, maybe), yet I call confidently upon Mr. Butcut, upon Adolphus, upon the Master of St. Philip's, upon Triptolemus Todd, Esq., upon the Signor, and the two hunters, to say if it does not but poorly convey to their minds the feelings they experienced. Why, Mr. Butcut, forgetful of all his sufferings, grows enthusiastic when he thinks of the Blackwater, even at this day; and Trip chuckles from ear to ear, with a joyous *ugh—uh!* if you but point your finger in the direction of the Alleganies!

While we have stopped to dilate a little on the heavenly delights of the Canaan, the exploring expedition did not stop, but wound its way down the bed of the stream; and presently turning a rocky promontory that jutted from the mountain-side, the Blackwater, some hundred yards ahead, seemed to have disap-

peared entirely from the face of the earth, leaving nothing visible down the chasm through which it vanished, but the tops of fir-trees and hemlocks—and there stood on the perilous edge of a foaming precipice, on a broad rock high above the flood, the Signor Andante (who had gone ahead), demeaning himself like one who had lost his senses, his arms stretched out wide before him, and at the top of his voice (which couldn't be heard for the roar and tumult around him), pouring forth certain extravagant and very excited utterances; all that could be made out of which, as the rest drew close to his side, was something or other about

> —The cataract of Lodore
> Pealing its orisons.

and other fragments of sublime madness about cataracts and waterfalls, to be found at large in the writings of the higher bards.

Not stopping at all to benefit by the poetic and otherwise inspired outpouring of the wild and apparently maddened artist, thus venting himself to the admiring rocks and mountains and tumbling waters around, the expedition stepped out upon the furthest verge and very pinnacle of the foaming battlements, and gazed upon the sight, so wondrous and so wild, thus presented to their astonished eyes.

No wonder that the Signor demeaned himself with so wild a joy; for

> All of wonderful and wild,
> Had rapture for the artist child;

and perhaps in all this broad land of ours, whose wonders are not yet half revealed, no scene more beautifully grand ever broke on the eye of poet or painter, historian or forester. The Blackwater here evidently breaks its way sheer down through one of the ribs of the backbone of the Alleganies. The chasm through which the river forces itself thus headlong tumultuous down, is just wide enough to contain the actual breadth of the stream. On either side, the mountains rise up, almost a perpendicular ascent, to the height of some six hundred feet. They are covered down their sides, to the very edge of the river, with the noblest of firs and hemlocks, and as far as the eye can see, with the laurel in all its most luxuriant growth—

befitting undergrowth to such noble growth of forest, where every here and there some more towering and vast Balsam fir, shows his grand head, like

Caractacus in act to rally his host.

From the brink of the falls, where we now stand, it is a clear pitch of some forty feet. Below, the water is received in a large bowl of some fifteen or twenty feet in depth, and some sixty or eighty feet across. Beyond this, the stream runs narrow for a short distance, bound in by huge masses of rock —some of them cubes of twenty feet—then pitches down another fall of some thirty feet of shelving descent—then on down among other great rocks, laying about in every variety of shape and size—all the time falling by leaps of more or less descent, until it comes to something like its usual level of running before it begins the pitch down the mountain. This level of the stream, however, is but

The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below;

for it leads you to a second large fall, a clear pitch again of some forty feet. From the top of this you look down some two hundred feet more of such shelving falls and leaping descent, as we have described above, until you come again to another short level of the stream. This, in its turn, is the approach to another large fall. Here the river makes a clear leap again of about some thirty feet, into another deep basin; and looking on before you, you see some two hundred feet or more of like shelving falls and rapid rush-down of the stream, as followed upon the other large falls. Getting down below all these, the river having now tumbled headlong down some six hundred feet, more or less, in somewhere about a mile, it makes a bend in its course, along the base of the mountain to the left, and mingles in amber waters with the darker flow of the Cheat: the Cheat some three times the size of the Blackwater; and roaring down between mountains (twelve or fifteen hundred feet sheer up above us), through, not a valley, but a rocky and savage chasm, scarcely wide enough to hold the river.

It will be perceived from this description, that the falls of the Blackwater must be extremely grand, picturesque, and wild in their character. A stream of good size, that breaks down

through one of the bold Allegany Mountains—a fall in the whole, of some six hundred feet, must affect the mind grandly. If, instead of a beautiful little river of some fifty feet in breadth, running some two or three feet deep in the main, it were as large as the Cheat, the predominating sense of the beautiful that now belongs to it, would be lost in the terror it would inspire. As it is, let the floods get out in the mountains —let the snows of winter linger on in the Alleganies into the spring; and all at once let the south wind blow, and the sun returning higher up this way, pour down his rays; then would you behold such a mad rush and tumult of waters, roaring down the Alleganies, as would strike such awe into your soul, as not even Niagara, in all his diffused vastness, could impress you with. But, then, it would be no longer the exquisite Blackwater, filling the mind with so wondrous and wild a sense of beauty, that now makes it a picture, such as no sons of genius, who had once hung it up in the galleries of his brain, would ever take down.

RUTH McENERY STUART

[1856—]

EDWIN LEWIS STEVENS

MRS. RUTH McENERY STUART was born in Marksville, Louisiana, the daughter of James McEnery and Mary Routh Stirling, and is thus representative of that strong type of Scotch-Irish stock which has given our country so large a portion of its best citizenship. Both sides of her family have been distinguished in the history of her native state, no less than five of her kinsmen having been governors of Louisiana; and during the last century there has scarcely been a time when the family was not represented in Congress. Her father, a cotton commission merchant of the old days in New Orleans, was born in Limerick, and belonged to a noble family whose estates were confiscated during Cromwell's time. John Stirling, her maternal grandfather ("Sir John" by inherent right) was a sturdy Scot who, when he left his native heath, and came with a colony of his kinsmen to Louisiana, where they invested in land and slaves, proudly repudiated the title, declaring it ill-becoming an American.

Mrs. Stuart was married in 1879 to Mr. Alfred Oden Stuart, a cotton planter of Hempstead County, Arkansas, who died four years later, leaving her with one son, Stirling McEnery Stuart, who recently passed out of life on the threshold of young manhood. After her husband's death, Mrs. Stuart returned to New Orleans, but removed to New York in 1888, since which time she has divided her time between her apartments there and a summer home in the literary and artistic colony of Onteora, in the Catskills. She frequently revisits relatives and friends in her old home State, and has made numerous tours through the country as a "reader," using her own works.

Her career as a writer has gained her a large circle of acquaintances and many near friendships among other writers of prominence, her talents winning a high place in their professional esteem.

On one occasion she served as temporary editor of *Harper's Bazar*, during the vacation of its regular editor, Margaret Sangster, the poet, but, although Mrs. Stuart has several times occupied editorial chairs by courtesy, in periods of transition, she has never desired editorial duties because of their conflicting with creative

work. She is identified with the Barnard, MacDowell and Wednesday Afternoon clubs—all organizations for culture rather than for causes—and composed largely of literary and artistic membership, and their affiliations. Although reared a Presbyterian, Mrs. Stuart has been, in maturity, non-sectarian. She is in favor of suffrage for women, although she would have the qualifications of the American voter raised somewhat above the present level.

Although not the first to treat the negro in fiction, Mrs. Stuart has perhaps been the first to show him in his home life independently of his relations with the white man. Joel Chandler Harris wrote Mrs. Stuart some months before his death: "You have got nearer the heart of the negro than any of us." While she has not painted the negro as a saint or tried to obscure the faults of his race, the reader is ever sensible of a sympathetic pen which depicts him at his worst more as a child, with much to learn, than as a flagrant despiser of the decalogue; and never for a moment has she held him up to ridicule.

In like manner, she treats the Caucasian type which might be designated as the "hill-billy"—the Southern counterpart of the backwoods "Yankee" farmer of the "Old Homestead" type, though not so keen for trade and husbandry.

Mrs. Stuart has sometimes been called "a master of dialects," and while her readers pass from her stories of the negro and the poor whites of the hill-country to the tales dealing with the Latin-American element of New Orleans (these including not only the descendants of the French and Spanish of the romantic old city, but the considerable Italian contingent, and finally, the concomitant Latin-American negro, the last speaking a jargon of commingled French and English, modified by the characteristic African carelessness of enunciation) they feel that she is sure of her ground, knows her people, and is thoroughly familiar with the life and speech which she so sympathetically depicts.

In this rich Southern field Mrs. Stuart discerned a wealth of literary material going to waste. Indeed, she says that when she returns to her native State she always feels the elements of romance in the very air, no matter whether her journeyings take her to the cane-fields of plantations among the bandana folk, or down in old New Orleans among the fields of purple fleur de lis, or beyond to the quadroon environs, where speech and manner are doubly typified in the low-lying swamp-lands and the "Flower of France."

Mrs. Stuart began her writings in 1888, and success met her work from the start. The principal medium of expression which she has so admirably adapted to her purpose is the short story. Recognizing the laws and limitatons of this literary form, as so clearly

laid down by Poe, and having for her object in larger part the study of characterization, she has generally subordinated plot and setting to persons, mental attitudes, and manners of action and speech as revealed in conversation. She has been especially faithful in giving lifelike naturalness to the colloquial speech of both black and white, taking such care in spelling the phonetic representations of the spoken word that even a reader who has never heard an original vocal deliverance of the speech represented will obtain a fairly correct impression of it—all except the drawl. The drawl of the Arkansas "hill-billy" cannot be represented on paper; nor can the soft musical carelessness of the negro's speech—and for this reason, Mrs. Stuart's literary purpose could never have been so fully accomplished without her supplementary work as a "reader," in which she has appeared with great success, reading from her own stories with a simplicity and naturalness that always charms and delights her audiences.

A somewhat generalized statement of Mrs. Stuart's theme, based upon a reading of all her stories, might be simply: Glimpses of Southern Life Just After the Civil War, although many of her studies of these people reach back into the slave days. The *negro-ness* of it is, therefore, clearly seen as a necessity. Not only was the negro brought into portrayal as part of the theme of Southern life, but the backwoods country white man of the "In Simpkinsville" type was no less conspicuous an element to be represented in the picture —and more important. He it was, as with the farmer in all places and times, upon whom depended the return to economic independence through direct application of labor to land and natural resources. The wealthy slave owner of the former time was now in poverty, without the experience of labor with his hands. He had brains, culture, statesmanship and the heroic will that would in a few years assert themselves; and he is in every way an interesting and dominating figure; but Deuteronomy Jones, the drawling, unlearned, but pious, earnest and hard-working backwoods farmer, whose life and character are so clearly read in his exquisite monologues about Sonny, was, in fact, the type of citizen whose simple life and humble labors were to become important factors in the new structure of Southern life. Mrs. Stuart makes no effort to outline the industrial and economic side of the life of either white or black, contenting herself with presenting merely a portrait in each case; but, as in the case of a real portrait, the underlying forces show themselves in the facial expression. What the man's life stands for may, therefore, be pretty well inferred from some simple account of his conduct. Mrs. Stuart has shown a great *penchant* for Christmas stories —which means that she found her theme of Southern life quite well

adapted to presentation through its holiday Christmas phase. It means, besides, her own natural and unconscious optimism through which she sees her South suffused with the roseate glow of sentiment and romance. The anti-Christmas, anti-holiday, unchristianlike or unhappy side of life finds small expression from Mrs. Stuart's pen, for she is everywhere cheerful, looking on the bright side, and turning the flow of her drama away from tragedy and toward wholesome living, lightened by the play of comedy. Good humor shines ever with a mild persistence through all her stories; and elements of fun and wit, of the ludicrous and laughable, are quietly and skilfully wrought through almost every situation. As Charles Dudley Warner has said of her, "Her pictures of Louisiana life, both white and colored, are among the best we have—truthful, humorous and not seldom pathetic, but never overdrawn or sentimental"; and Eugene Field's comment upon the same point was that they are "remarkable for their humanity, naturalness and tenderness and the delicacy and persuasiveness of their humor." Indeed, contemporary critics of Mrs. Stuart's work have invariably accredited her with large human sympathy, broad sanity, keen and delicate humor, and intellectual poise. Almost any of her better-known stories will justify these favorable opinions. Perhaps our author's best and most popular story is 'Sonny,' the inimitable series of seven monologues by Deuteronomy Jones, the backwoods Arkansas farmer. Each chapter is an artistic whole in itself, and the seven together form a consummate group of the seven ages of Sonny. The first, "A Christmas Guest," is a touching and humorous account of his birth, on a moonlit Christmas night—an event in honor of which all the "critters" on the place had to have "an extry feed." But here again we feel the underlying reverence of the writer in her treatment of "the holy mystery of human birth, which comes ever near that greater mystery of which all Christmas days are memorials." These words are her own.

"The Boy" is the title of the second chapter, which affords a glimpse of Sonny's disposition at the age of two, when he would demand whatever he wanted, and if it "wasn't fo'thcomin' *immejate,* why he thess stiffened out in a spell" and wouldn't "come th'ough" till he got it. The third is "Sonny's Christenin'," describing the amusingly absurd situation of the Episcopal rector standing on the front porch and administering the rite of baptism to Sonny perched high in the top of the bean arbor out in the yard and stubbornly refusing to come down—an early instance of *wireless* service.

"Sonny's Schoolin'" and "Sonny's Diploma," the next two chapters, are probably unsurpassed for their simple and homely but

lively and irresistible humor, as they sketch Sonny's career in the three different schools he attended, going from one to the other at his own caprice, while kept on the rolls of all three—a plan that to quote verbatim, was "toler'ble expensive, lookin' at it one way, but lookin' at it another, it don't cost no mo' 'n what it would to edjercate three child'en, which many po' families have to do—*an' mo'* —which in our united mind Sonny's worth 'em all."

"Sonny's Keepin' Company" continues to hold our unflagging interest in all of Sonny's doings, and "Weddin' Presents" fittingly closes the story at the happy epoch—where Sonny has every prospect of "living happily ever afterwards," and where the dear old doting father is "askin' no mo' 'n thess to pass on whenever the good Lord wills." "But, of co'se," he adds, "I ain't in no hurry, an' they's one joy I'd like to feel befo' that time comes. I'd love to hol' Sonny's baby in my ol' arms an' to see thet the good ol' name o' Jones has had safe transportation into one mo' generation of honest folks." The closing sentence of the book is so characteristic of both writer and her mellow old hero, Sonny's father, that one cannot forbear giving it here:

"An' when I imagine myself a-settin' there with one little one a-climbin' over me while the rest swings away, why, seem like a person don't no mo' 'n realize he's a descendant befo' he's a' ancestor."

One of the best of the "studies in color" is Napoleon Jackson, the Gentleman of the Plush Rocker.' Its opening sentence—"The picture of the family group of Rose Ann, washerwoman, as gathered almost any day at her cabin door, was a pictorial expression of the great story of her life—its romance, its tragedy, and, fortunately for all concerned, its comedy"—is an admirable first sentence, epitomizing not only the character of the story about to be unfolded, but also the larger story it represents—the story of the simple, careless, happy, workful-playful life of the negro cabin of the period following the Civil War. The story turns upon the humorously exaggerated idleness of Rose Ann's husband, Napoleon Jackson, who, in striking contrast with the industrious hard-working Rose Ann, does nothing but loll and doze in a comfortable red-plush-lined Morris chair which Rose Ann had acquired as a premium for sixty soap coupons, saved up especially for this purpose. Though only fifty of the "soap-papers" were enough to entitle her to a sewing-machine, Rose Ann persevered and fainted not till the goal of the luxurious chair was won. "Yas, an' 'Poleon sho was proud an' happy when he see me pass de sewin-machine notch an' save up to de rocker. He sho was!" The story unrolls a *moving picture* of washtub scenes with piccaninnies around, negro laughter, talk, play, singing, dancing, working, shirking, idleness and superstitious fear

of "sperrits," and closes with a dramatic and humorous mock-trial of Napoleon Jackson for "vagrancy," in which Rose Ann's stout defence of her husband, pleading that she had married "for love an' not for labor," proved a winning argument. And the evidence of old "Granny Shoshone" is equally convincing, for when asked how long she had known the prisoner, she said: "I been knowed him sence his mammy was a baby. An' fust an' fo'most," she continued, "I know 'Poleon don't work beca'se he can't he'p hisse'f. He *can't* work. His mammy—why, you-all chillen, you 'member his mammy, ole 'Hoodoo Jane!' She was a hard worker, an' when she labored so hard for her las' marster, Eben Dowds, Jedge Mo'house's Yankee overseer wha' bought him out, she was so overdriv dat she swo' dat de chile dat was gwine come to her th'ough all dat endurin' labor shouldn't nuver lay a han' to a plow. *She marked him for rest.* She say she sho was gwine to leave one rockin'-cheer nigger to take her place when she died, an' she done it. An' I'm her witness to-day befo' Gord. An' 'Poleon's daddy, he nuver worked. He was ole man Dzugloo. He was a Af'ican Prince, so he say. Well, Napoleon heah he's ole Dzugloo's chile on his daddy's side, an' Hoodoo Jane's on his mammy's side, an' he ain't got no workin' blood in him." Following these two stories in excellence and popularity, in a somewhat doubtful order of precedence, are 'A Golden Wedding,' 'In Simpkinsville,' 'Moriah's Mourning,' 'The Woman's Exchange,' 'The Story of Babette,' 'Camelia Riccardo,' 'Carlotta's Intended,' and 'The River's Children.' In the three last named is illustrated the author's facility with the Latin-American dialects, which is perhaps quite equal to her technique in the Arkansas and African modes of this "illiterature." There is one little touch in dialect which we believe Mrs. Stuart alone has given, and that is the verisimilitude of emphasis to be obtained at times by italicizing the preposition *to,* as in the words of Miss Sophia Falena Simpkins: "Tell the truth, Sis, what *to* do I *don't* know." Another instance is when Bud Zunts said: "He knowed there wasn't but one person I'd keer *to* git a love-letter from." This is a common emphasis of this word in unlettered speech, but is only rarely represented in print.

'The Unlived Life of Little Mary Ellen' has been adjudged by some able critics as Mrs. Stuart's best story, though it is by no means the most representative, being wholly unusual, and containing tragic elements. It is the story of an exceptional psychologic situation arising from the hallucination of a young woman deserted at the altar; being impressed with the idea that she was duly married, she in due time imagines herself a mother—a large doll taking the place, to her disordered mind, of a living child, upon which she lavishes a

mother's affection. It is treated with all tenderness, reverence and pathos, and although the writer even dares to introduce or rather acknowledge the comedy which irresistibly plays with so bleak a tragedy, she carries the story to its pathetic conclusion with masterly art.

Edwin Lewis Stephens

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SONNY—A CHRISTMAS GUEST

(A MONOLOGUE)

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A BOY, you say, doctor? An' she don't know it yet? Then what 're you tellin' *me* for? No, sir—take it away. I don't want to lay my eyes on it till she's saw it—not if I *am* its father. She's its *mother,* I reckon!

Better lay it down somew'eres, an' go to *her*—not there on the rockin'-cheer, for somebody to set on—'n' not on the trunk, please. That ain't none o' yo' ord'nary new-born bundles, to be dumped on a box that 'll maybe be opened sudden d'rec'ly for somethin' needed, an' be dropped ag'in' the wall-paper behind it.

It's hers, whether she knows it or not. *Don't,* for *gracious* sakes, lay 'im on the *table! Anybody* knows *that's* bad luck.

You think it might bother her on the bed? She's that bad? An' they ain't no fire kindled in the settin'-room, to lay it in there.

S-i-r? Well, yas, I—I reck'n I'll *haf* to hold it, ef you say so—that is—of co'se—

Wait, doctor! *Don't* let go of it *yet!* Lordy! but I 'm thess *shore* to drop it! Lemme set down first, doctor, here by the fire an' git het th'ugh. Not yet! My ol' shin-bones stan' up thess like a pair o' dog-irons. Lemme bridge 'em over first 'th somethin' soft. That'll do. She patched that quilt herself. Hold on a minute, 'tel I git the aidges of it under my ol' boots, to keep it f'om saggin' down in the middle.

There, now! Merciful goodness, but I never! I'd ruther trus' myself with a whole playin' fountain in blowed glass 'n sech ez this.

Stoop down there, doctor, please, sir, an' shove the end o' this quilt a leetle further under my foot, won't you? Ef it was to let up sudden, I would n't have no more lap 'n what any other fool man 's got.

'N' now—you go to *her.*

I 'd feel a heap safeter ef this quilt was nailed to the flo' on each side o' my legs. They 're trimblin' so I dunno what minute my feet 'll let go their holt.

An' she don't know it yet! An' he layin' here, dressed up in all the little clo'es she sewed! She mus' be purty bad. I dunno, though; maybe that 's gen'ally the way.

They 're keepin' mighty still in that room. Blessed ef I don't begin to feel 'is warmth in my ol' knee-bones! An' he's a-breathin' thess ez reg'lar ez that clock, on'y quicker. Lordy! An' she don't know it yet! An' he a boy! He taken that after the Joneses; we 've all been boys in our male branch. When that name strikes, seem like it comes to stay. Now for a girl—

Wonder if he ain't covered up mos' too close-t. Seems like he snuffles purty loud—for a beginner.

Doctor! *oh,* doctor! I say, *doctor!*

Strange he don't hear—'n' I don't like to holler no louder. Wonder ef she could be worse? Ef I could thess reach somethin' to knock with! I dares n't lif' my foot, less'n the whole business 'd fall through.

Oh, doc'! Here he comes now—*Doctor,* I say, don't you think maybe he's covered up too—

How 's *she,* doctor? "Thess the same," you say? 'n' she don't know yet—about him? "In a couple o' hours," you say? Well, don't lemme keep you, doctor. But, tell me, don't you think maybe he's covered up a leetle too close-t?

That 's better. An' now I 've saw him befo' she did! An' I did n't want to, neither.

Poor leetle, teenchy, weenchy bit of a thing! Ef he ain't the *very* littlest! Lordy, Lordy, Lor*dy!* But I s'pose all thet 's needed in a baby is a startin'-p'int big enough to hol' the fam'ly ch'*ac*teristics. I s'pose maybe he is, but the po' little thing mus' feel sort o' scrouged with 'em, ef he 's got 'em all —the Joneses' an' the Simses'. Seem to me he favors her a little thess aroun' the mouth.

An' she don't know it yet!

Lord! But my legs ache like ez if they was bein' wrenched off. I 've got 'em on sech a strain, somehow. An' he on'y a half hour ol', an' two hours mo' 'fo' I can budge! Lord, Lord! how *will* I stand it!

God bless 'im! Doc! He 's a-sneezin'! Come quick! Shore ez I 'm here, he snez twice-t!

Don't you reckon you better pile some mo' wood on the fire an'—

What 's that you say? "Fetch 'im along"? An' has she ast for 'im? Bless the Lord! I say. But a couple of you 'll have to come help me loosen up 'fo' I can stir, doctor.

Here, you stan' on that side the quilt, whiles I stir my foot to the flo' where it won't slip—an' Dicey—where 's that nigger Dicey? You Dicey, come on here, an' tromp on the other side o' this bedquilt till I h'ist yo' young marster up on to my shoulder.

No, you don't take 'im neither. I 'll tote 'im myself.

Now, go fetch a piller till I lay 'im on it. That 's it. And now git me somethin' stiff to lay the piller on. There! That lapboa'd 'll do. Why did n't I think about that befo'? It 's a heap safeter 'n my ole knee-j'ints. Now, I 've got 'im *se*cure. *Wait,* doctor—hold on! I 'm afeerd you 'll haf to ca'y 'im in to her, after all. I 'll cry ef I do it. I 'm trimblin' like ez ef I had a' ager, thess a-startin' in with 'im—an' seein' me give way might make her nervous. You take 'im to her, and lemme come in sort o' unconcerned terreckly, after she an' him 've kind o' got acquainted. Dast you hold 'im that-a-way, doctor, 'thout no support to 'is spinal colume? I s'pose he *is* too sof' to snap, but I would n't resk it. Reckon I can slip in the other do' where she won't see me, an' view the meetin'.

Yas; I 'm right here, honey! (The idea o' her a-callin' for me—an' *him* in 'er arms!) I 'm right here, honey—*mother!* Don't min' me a-cryin'! I 'm all broke up, somehow; but don't you fret. I 'm right here by yo' side on my knees, in pure thankfulness.

Bless His name, I say! You know he 's a boy, don't yer? I been a holdin' 'im all day—'t least ever sence they dressed 'im, purty nigh a' hour ago. An' he 's slep'—an' waked up—an' yawned—an' snez—an' wunk—an' sniffed—'thout me say-

in' a word. Opened an' shet his little fist, once-t, like ez ef he craved to shake hands, howdy! He cert'n'y does perform 'is functions wonderful.

Yas, doctor; I 'm a-comin', right now.

Go to sleep now, honey, you an' him, an' I 'll be right on the spot when needed. Lemme whisper to her thess a minute, doctor?

I thess want to tell you, honey, thet you never, even in yo' young days, looked ez purty to my eyes ez what you do right now. An' that boy is *yo' boy,* an' I ain't a-goin' to lay no mo' claim to 'im 'n to see thet you have yo' way with 'im—you hear? An' now good night, honey, an' go to sleep.

They was n't nothin' lef' for me to do but to come out here in this ol' woodshed where nobody would n't see me ac' like a plumb baby.

An' now, seem like I *can't* git over it! The idee o' me, fifty year ol', actin' like this!

An' she knows it! An' she 's got *'im—a boy*—layin' in the bed 'longside 'er.

"Mother an' child doin' well!" Lord, Lord! How often I 've heerd that said! But it never give me the all-overs like it does now, some way.

Guess I 'll gether up a' armful o' wood, an' try to act unconcerned—an' laws-a-mercy me! Ef—to-day—ain't—been—Christmas! My! my! my! An' it come an' gone befo' I remembered!

I 'll haf to lay this wood down ag'in *an' think.*

I 've had many a welcome Christmas gif' in my life, but the idee o' the good Lord a-timin' *this* like that!

Christmas! An' a boy! An' she doin' well!

No wonder that ol' turkey-gobbler sets up on them rafters blinkin' at me so peaceful! He knows he 's done passed a critical time o' life.

You 've done crossed another bridge safe-t, ol' gobbly, an' you can *afford* to blink—an' to set out in the clair moonlight, 'stid o' roostin' back in the shadders, same ez you been doin'.

You was to 've died by ax-ident las' night, but the new

visitor thet 's dropped in on us ain't cut 'is turkey teeth yet, an' his mother—

Lord, how that name sounds! Mother! I hardly know 'er by it, long ez I been tryin' to fit it to 'er—an' fearin' to, too, less'n somethin' might go wrong with either one.

I even been callin' him "it" to myself all along, so 'feerd thet ef I set my min' on either the "he" or the "she" the other one might take a notion to come—an' I did n't want any disappointment mixed in with the arrival.

But now he 's come—*an'* registered, ez they say at the polls—I know I sort o' counted on the boy, some way.

Lordy! but he 's little! Ef he had n't 'a' showed up so many of his functions spontaneous, I 'd be oneasy less'n he might n't have 'em; but they 're there! Bless goodness, they 're there!

An' he snez presac'ly, for all the world, like my po' ol' pap—a reg'lar little cat sneeze, thess like all the Joneses.

Well, Mr. Turkey, befo' I go back into the house, I 'm a-goin' to make you a solemn promise.

You go free till about this time next year, *anyhow*. You an' me 'll celebrate the birthday between ourselves with that contrac'. You need n't git oneasy Thanksgivin', or picnic-time, or Easter, or no other time 'twixt this an' nex' Christmas—less'n, of co'se, you stray off an' git stole.

An' this here reprieve, I want you to understand, is a present from the junior member of this firm.

Lord! but I 'm that tickled! This here wood ain't much needed in the house—the wood-boxes 're all full—but I can't *de*vise no other excuse for vacatin'—thess at this time.

S'pose I *might* gether up some eggs out 'n the nestes, but it 'd look sort o' flighty to go egg-huntin' here at midnight—an' he not two hours ol'.

I dunno, either, come to think; she might need a new-laid egg—sof' b'iled. Reckon I 'll take a couple in my hands—an' one or two sticks o' wood—an' I 'll draw a bucket o' water too—an' tote *that* in.

Goodness! but this back yard is bright ez day! Goin' to be a clair, cool night—moon out, full an' white. Ef this ain't the *stillest* stillness!

Thess sech a night, for all the world, I reckon, ez the first Christmas, when HE come—

> When shepherds watched their flocks by night,
> All seated on the ground,
> The angel o' the Lord come down,
> An' glory shone around—

thess like the hymn says.

The whole o' this back yard is full o' glory this minute. Th' ain't nothin' too low down an' mean for it to shine on, neither—not even the well-pump or the cattle-trough—'r the pig-pen—or even me.

Thess look at me, covered over with it! An' how it does shine on the roof o' the house where they lay—her an' him!

I suppose that roof has shined that-a-way frosty nights 'fo' to-night; but some way I never seemed to see it.

Don't reckon the creakin' o' this windlass could disturb her—or him.

Reckon I might go turn a little mo' cotton-seed in the troughs for them cows—an' put some extry oats out for the mules an' the doctor's mare—an' onchain Rover, an' let 'im stretch 'is legs a little. I 'd like everything on the place to know *he's* come, an' to feel the diff'ence.

Well, now I 'll load up—an' I do hope nobody won't notice the *re*dic'lousness of it.

You say she 's asleep, doctor, an' th' ain't nothin' mo' needed to be did—an' yo' 're goin'!

Don't, for gracious sakes! go, doctor, an' leave me! I won't know what on top o' the round earth to do, ef—ef—You know she—she might wake up—or he!

You say Dicey she knows. But she 's on'y a nigger, doctor. Yes; I know she 's had exper'ence with the common run o' babies, but—

Lemme go a' set down this bucket, an' lay this stick o' wood on the fire, an' put these eggs down, so 's I can talk to you free-handed.

Step here to the do', doctor. I say, doc, ef it 's a question o' the size o' yo' bill, you can make it out to suit yo'self—or, I'll tell you what I 'll do. You stay right along here a day

or so—tell to-morrer or nex' day, anyhow—an' I 'll sen' you a whole bale o' cotton—an' you can sen' back any change you see fit—or none—*or none,* I say. Or, ef you 'd ruther take it out in pertaters an' corn an' sorghum, thess say so, an' how much of each.

But *what?* "It would n't be right? Th' ain't no use," you say? An' you 'll *shore* come back to-morrer? Well. But, by the way, doctor, did you know to-day was Christmas? Of co'se I might 've knew you did—but *I* never. An' now it seems to me like Christmas, an' Fo'th o' July, an' "Hail Columbia, happy lan'," all b'iled down into one big jubilee!

But tell me, doctor, confidential—sh!—step here a leetle further back—tell me, don't you think he 's to say a leetle bit undersized? Speak out, ef he is.

Wh—how 'd you say? "Mejum," eh? Thess mejum! An' they do come even littler yet? An' you say mejum babies 're thess ez liable to turn out likely an' strong ez over-sizes, eh? Mh-hm! Well, I reckon you *know*—an' maybe the less they have to contend with at the start the better.

Oh, thanky, doctor! Don't be afeerd o' wrenchin' my wris'! A thousand thankies! Yo' word for it, he 's a fine boy! An' you 've inspected a good many, an' of co'se you know—yas, yas! Shake ez hard ez you like—up an' down—up an' down!

An' now I 'll go git yo' horse—an' don't ride 'er too hard to-night, 'cause I 've put a double po'tion of oats in her trough awhile ago. The junior member he give instructions that everything on the place was to have a' extry feed to-night—an' of co'se I went and obeyed orders.

Now—'fo' you start, doctor—I ain't got a thing stronger 'n raspberry corjal in the house—but ef you'll drink a glass o' that with me? (Of co'se he will!)

She made this 'erself, doctor—picked the berries an' all—an' I raised the little sugar thet 's in it. Well, good-night, doctor! To-morrer, shore!

Sh-h!

How that do'-latch does click! Thess like thunder!

Sh-h! Dicey, you go draw yo' pallet close-t outside the do', an' lay down—an' I 'll set here by the fire an' keep watch.

How my ol' stockin'-feet do tromp! Do lemme hurry an' set down! Seem like this room 's awful rackety, the fire a-poppin' an' tumblin', an' me breathin' like a porpoise. Even the clock ticks ez excited ez I feel. Wonder how they sleep through it all! But they do. He beats her a-snorin' a'ready, blest ef he don't! Wonder ef he knows he 's born into the world, po' little thing! I reckon not; but they 's no tellin'. Maybe that 's the one thing the good Lord gives 'em *to* know, so 's they 'll realize what to begin to study about—theirselves an' the world—how to fight it an' keep friends with it at the same time. Ef I could giggle an' sigh both at once-t, seem like I 'd be relieved. Somehow I feel sort o' tight 'roun' the heart —an' wide awake an'—

How that clock *does* travel—an' how they all keep time, he—an' she—an' it—an' me—an' the fire roa'in' up the chimbley, playin' a tune all around us like a' organ, an' he—an' she—an' he—an' it—an' he—an'—

Blest ef I don't hear singing—an' how white the moonlight is! They 's angels all over the house—an' their robes is breshin' the roof whilst they sing—

His head had fallen. He was dreaming.

CONSECRATION

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Were I a crevice in a crumbling wall,
  Mayhap some bird would let me hold her nest;
  O blessed consciousness of home and rest!
  I'd feel the throbbing of her tender breast
And hear her answer to her fond mate's call.

Or, failing this, I'd be the empty space;
  'Twere better than a fullness less than best,
  And reverent longing for a homeless guest
  Would fill me, till my emptiness were blest:
Where welcome waits is ne'er a cheerless place.

* * * * * *

To be the darkness when the lamp is out—
  To free tired eyes from tyranny of light
  Which limits them to trivial things of sight—
  To hold the kiss of Love and know no fright—
O blessed darkness, thou art Love's redoubt!

I'd be the dark, earth's confidence to own;
  The venerable darkness, first to hear
  God's spoken word, and, trembling, disappear;
  The first His clemency to know—to wear,
In equal reign with Light, a star-gemmed crown.

* * * * * *

I'd be the silence, rather than the song—
  The stillness which abides when it is sung;
  And, better than the sun, its moons among,
  I'd be the azure space in which are flung
All constellations which to God belong.

* * * * * *

I'd be that last abstraction which abides,
  Diffused, invisible, through time and space—
  Which tints the roses—holds the stars in place—
  Which shines in radiance from a mother's face,
And, shy as opal flame, illumes the bride's.

I'd be the stir of life within the clod
  When it conceives the image of a flower;
  I'd be the throbbing secret of the bower;
  Yes, *I'd be Love—my nothingness all power:*
But wait! How dare one say, "I would be GOD!"

* * * * * *

BEAUTY-LAND

(A LULLABY)

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Kiver up yo' eye, my baby, wid yo mammy's sleeve,
When de windy elemints is callin' out aloud,
Dat 's de way de stars dey go to sleep, I do believe:
Mammy Night she kivers up her babies wid a cloud.

White mama, lady mama, she 's so mighty gay,
Beauty 's boun' to dance at de ball;
But black mammy, nigger mammy, ain't a-gwine away,
Nuver leave 'er sleepin' baby 't all.

All about in Slumber-lan' dey's beauty layin' 'roun'—
Layin' loose, a-waitin' for de chillen to come in;
Yisterday my baby went, an' what you think she foun'
But dem creases in 'er wris'es an' dat dimple in 'er chin?

White mama, lady mama, she 's so mighty gay,
Satins boun' to rustle at de ball;
But black mammy, nigger mammy, nuver gwine away—
Ain't expected nowhar else at all.

Lady mama walked in Beauty's garden as a babe;
Same ole nigger mammy settin' watchin' at de gate,
Trusted wid de treasure dough dey say she was a slabe—
Oh, chillen, quit yo' foolin', 'caze de times is gittin' late!

White mama, lady mama, she 's so mighty gay,
Boun' to grace de 'casion at de ball;
But black mammy, nigger mammy, ain't a-gwine away,
No, sir, Mister Angel, don't you call.

Baby 's gone to Beauty-lan'—de pinky gates is shet—
So mammy gwine a-noddin', too, to gyardens in de sky,
To view de heavenly mansions whar de golden streets is set,
An' mammy an' her babies will be gethered, by an' by.

Refrain of first stanza.

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